















# Emerson College Magazine

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WITH the opening of the present term, we welcome the new President of Emerson College, Doctor William J. Rolfe.

It would be unnecessary to speak of Doctor Rolfe's life-work and reputation as thinker and productive scholar. He is known already wherever the English speech is used, and even beyond those confines. To us, whose contact with him is from this time forth of a personal nature, the situation is one most fortunate: we shall be able to penetrate beyond the barrier of print and hear from Doctor Rolfe personally, with all the added charm of personality present, the results of his best years of research.

Let us congratulate ourselves, as students, upon the auspicious hours of our stay at Emerson, where we are brought into the immediate circle of which such a man as Doctor Rolfe is a part.

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THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE enters upon a new year, and at the same time undergoes a change of management. That the work of the new Editor and the new Business Manager may be as fruitful of good results as possible, the management solicits the hearty coöperation of every alumnus and undergraduate of the College, as well as the support of all those not immediately by the



hearthstone, but whose good-will has been so generously bestowed in the past.

It is the purpose of the management to make the Magazine, more than ever, if possible, a common ground where all may work and play together; a common room where all may be heard. We ask as a favor for your contributions and news items, with the understanding that such will be of interest and profit to our readers. We ask for your criticisms, knowing that whom we ask is a friend. We ask for your suggestions, being assured that they come from those whose motto is "Growth."

Not to deal in paradox, however, do we now call attention to the somewhat reduced page of the Magazine. Even in this condensation we are sure you will recognize, after a moment's consideration, a growth in the right direction. True, the size of the Magazine is diminished, but, in actual number of words, not to any great extent; four hundred words would bridge the difference in each number.

This change of size and style has come about for various reasons, too numerous to catalogue. It was not undertaken, however, without carefully considering the demands of the present subscribers, and is satisfactory so far as we can assure ourselves in advance. Bound, it will present a more handy surface for reading; unbound, it is assuredly more convenient for carrying about with one, and the remark of many students that "the Magazine is too big to go in a Boston bag unless you stand it on end, and then it is in the way of the handles," will no longer be possible. In addition, the substitution of gray covering for white is made with practical intent, as the latter is so easily soiled.

The new type we offer is one of the best now on the market; and considered an excellent medium for preparation of a most artistic page. When the Messrs. Everett, our publishers, to whom we are indebted for so many courtesies, showed us this type, and then kindly offered to buy sufficient of it for the Magazine use, we acquiesced with eagerness, so favorably did it appeal to us.

The Magazine in its new form is now before you; let



us, one and all, wish it well, each doing his part to that end. One of our great watchwords has been "Construction," and no better could be found; it embraces all others, and, if followed to its last analysis, can only be capped successfully with the ornament of Beauty. Let our contributions be constructive; constructive our criticism; and, most carefully so, our suggestions. The result will be the ornamentation suggested.

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## Opening-day

AFTER one of the busiest Registration-days the College has seen for some time, the morning of the opening exercises, September 27, dawned, fair and beautiful. The expectant students, old and new, thronged the corridors for over an hour before the doors of Chickering Hall were thrown open. At 10.30 the news was spread that the members of the Faculty were on their way to the stage, and amid hearty applause from the students, mingled with class "yells," they filed into view. Surely no student coming to the College for the first time but looked forward eagerly to the day when he or she might enjoy that mutual recognition of pleasure from the basis of personal acquaintance.

After the opening prayer by Reverend Frederick Towers, Dean Southwick stepped forward to deliver his address, given elsewhere in this number.

Next Baroness Posse was introduced to the new students, and, after a graceful compliment to the Dean relative to the future of the College, she spoke of the Swedish gymnastic work which, through her efforts, has become so popular with us. Baroness Posse spoke of the amount our students accomplished last year in their work with her, and of her belief that every one had been benefited who had implicitly followed the instructions received. She then referred to the practical side of physical culture saying that the strongest, healthiest girl was invariably the one who secured the position in school or academy.



Following Baroness Posse came one dear to the heart of all who hear him, Professor Ward. He warmly discussed the technical school, and spoke of the advantage to both pupil and instructor in a school where one goes to learn what one distinctly loves. Professor Ward spoke of teaching as it was and is, showing the advantages of learning to teach, of being taught to teach. "The idea of hearing recitations," he said, "has been dead—as long as I have been alive!"

Mrs. Alice Emerson was next called upon, and welcomed the students in her own sweet way, encouraging them especially to the deeper life and service of the College.

Mr. Kidder followed Mrs. Emerson, and spoke sympathetically and heartily of the added force of strength and happiness in returning to college each year; of the reserve of power stored up during the summer's vacation, and the hopes that all had returned with highest ideals for coöperative work. He concluded with the remark that it would not be possible that day to "move on time." (Applause.)

The students were still expectant, and they were not disappointed, for Mrs. Southwick came forward, and, after the welcoming hands had quieted in response to the silencing of her own, she spoke simply and directly to the hearts of her hearers of the grand possibilities for developing the natural powers of our organisms, of enlarging the meaning of the time, and of the personality as a living power.

"We are in a world of men and women; we must be what we stand for, and that not a spectacle. Art is a mission, a living power in the life of humanity. Let us start in our work, and make our life and our song one."

Mrs. Southwick then referred to the beauties of the natural world around us, and compared our lives to the prismatic character of the sunset, capable of reflecting the glory of the heavens, and of our special art as the medium for expressing our natures. "Our art is the reflectant potency of all arts," she said, and concluded with the de-



livery of "Life and Song," to which, by the way, a beautiful effect was added by nature herself; for just as Mrs. Southwick began the second stanza, the sun, which had been temporarily obscured by clouds, burst forth again, illuminating the hall, and falling especially, so it seemed, on the speaker.

If we believed in the potency of omens, we could not desire a more promising one for the valedictory of Opening day, 1904.

"Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn  
That winds into itself for sweet return."

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## The Class of '07

It does not always require long association with an institution for a class to acquire college spirit and class enthusiasm. This fact was strongly evinced Thursday afternoon, October 13, when the Freshmen of Emerson College of Oratory met in Room 9 for the purpose of effecting a class organization.

Mr. Frank Beck served as president, *pro tem*. After the class had assembled, the gavel descended, and order prevailed. The president then announced the purpose of the meeting, and stated that nominations were in order. Three nominees were named for each office. The election, which was made by ballot, resulted as follows: president, J. A. Garber, of Virginia; vice-president, Miss June Shaw; secretary, Frank LeRoy Beck, of Long Island; treasurer, Mrs. Maud Grant Kent; master-at-arms, Miss Jessie Jones, of Georgia.

The president-elect made a short speech, in which he emphasized the importance of a spirit ready for work, and the necessity of class union and sympathy in that work.

Modesty will permit us to say that '07 bids fair to make a record that will, like former classes, reflect credit on Emerson College. It is the largest that has entered for several years.



A Magazine representative will be chosen before this issue has appeared.

The Magazine congratulates '07 on the spirit of promptness which has resulted in its organization so "early in the game." '07 should do great team work with such a fine beginning.

As the Dean said to '06, "You are a fine baby, a large baby, and a good looking baby."

Let us hear your lisping words, dear child, and see your steps.

God be wi' you.—ED.

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## Training for the Stage

MARY ANDERSON holds that schools of expression are needed since the abolition or death of the old stock system has left no substitute for the training of actors. "While the stock companies existed," says she, "good, honest training was the rule, and those who were fortunate enough to be brought up in such companies were generally well-rounded, smooth, and pleasing in their work, even though they may not have been brilliantly endowed. Perhaps they followed tradition too slavishly; but the tradition was of the best and gave them ground on which to stand."

She notes that when first she went to England as an actress many players with the stock-company training were still before the public. She was much impressed by their intelligent comprehension of the great dramatists, and by the general completeness of all they did. As an observer, she remarks that since the death of so many of these older players the deterioration of the English stage has been very marked, and she says of the younger and minor actors of the day:

"Many of them seem to have no idea of the meaning of the great works they interpret, apparently knowing little or nothing of swordsmanship or of the arts of dancing, voice culture, or elocution. They come upon the stage devoid of equipment and dramatic art, embracing, as it does, all the arts, and used as it is in many cases either to show a pretty face, to gain notoriety, or—and this is the only worthy object—to make a livelihood. As



to realizing the seriousness of their art as an art, it is sadly evident that this does not enter their minds, they never having had an ideal or standard set before them.

“Considering, therefore, the sufferings of the would-be actor, who must paint his pictures directly before the critical public, and who, unlike his brother of the brush, cannot sketch in or rub out what he has done in private; considering also what the public endures in witnessing his blind and oftentimes frantic efforts at effect, it would, indeed, be a charity both to establish a State-aided theatre and training-school. What an incentive these would be to conscientious work! How suddenly serious would become the great art of acting! Nothing but good would come of such a venture: good to the public, whose amusement should be of the best; good to the young actor, who, having his work perfected and polished before presenting it to his public, would come upon the stage with confidence and authority.”

While genius rises superior to arbitrary schooling, there is no doubt whatever that any training along right lines is valuable. Thus the existing schools—or the better of them—do a good work.

Too many of the actors of to-day cannot illustrate the art of elocution, which in short is the art of impressively and naturally interpreting the meanings of an author, whether he be classic or modern. Too many mistake mere colloquialism for what is called “natural” reading, and those that can speak distinctly and at the same time bring out the thought in their lines are few.—*From the New York Dramatic Mirror.*

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## Julia King Parsons

ON July 8, 1904, there passed from among us Julia King Parsons, whom many of us have known and loved. She was always gifted along the lines of our art, and was deeply appreciated as a teacher who could inspire and help her pupils.

Those who remember her girlhood and the ripening of



her abilities have tender recollections of one who everywhere made herself beloved through the radiance of her personality, the versatility of her mind, and her dramatic and social gifts; and many cherish loving remembrance of her as a gifted woman who loved ideals.

As Julia King she entered Emerson College in 1889. She soon became known for her brilliant talents, and was graduated with high honors at the completion of her course. Afterwards she was given a place upon the Faculty of the College, and as a teacher she won the love and admiration of her pupils. Her great talent for public work insured her success wherever she appeared, and she became well known as a lecturer, and as an interpreter of the best literature, and inspired her pupils with appreciation of all that was beautiful and uplifting. She well deserved high admiration for her untiring earnestness, her loving helpfulness, and her devotion to the ideals she saw.

She filled her position as teacher in Emerson College until after her marriage to Mr. Charles Parsons, in 1901. Upon leaving professional life for the duties of home and social circles she did not lessen her interest in art and the ideals of advanced thought, but freely bestowed her gifts in the service of worthy objects and in gracious entertainment of her many friends.

Her sudden death thus in early womanhood, after a short illness resulting from a critical operation, is mourned by many, who cherish her in tender remembrance. But we know that

"Life is ever lord of death,  
And love can never lose its own!"

and so we offer the tribute of our love to her spirit beyond the veil of our mortal vision.

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The announcement has been made for the Fifth Annual Course of Recitals, to be given in the Hall at the New England Conservatory of Music, on Friday evenings, beginning Friday, October 14. The program will consist

of "Much Ado About Nothing," interpreted by Mrs. Bertha Kuntz-Baker; "The Tempest," by Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp; "The Merchant of Venice," by Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mr. George Riddle; "As You Like It," by Mrs. Maud Gatchell Hicks; and "Twelfth Night," by Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick.

The proceeds will be devoted to the equipment of the stage in Jordan Hall, where we hope to have the college plays hereafter.

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## Free Play and Responsibility

Dean Southwick's Address on Opening-day

*Fellow teachers and students:*

To all the individual words of welcome you have heard I add one which is general and yet more personal. I am glad that we are here to work together, to learn together, and to grow together. We begin again in the spirit of love the search for truth. Than this there is nothing higher.

On perhaps a dozen "Opening-days" I have welcomed the students home, and have always avoided discussing technicalities and all that relates to the method, the "how," of doing things. Important as this is, yet more fundamental is the thing itself,—the cause, the compelling spirit that calls it into life, the moral purpose of it all.

In the newer educational thought of to-day the old lines between moral education and physical, intellectual, or technical education are faint and hard to place. They are purely accommodative. There is no real demarcation, for all true education is moral education. It means getting into us in the largest measure and through all avenues of learning the God that is everywhere about us for the growth and enrichment of the God that is within us. And this is moral education. In our study here we try humbly yet passionately and intensely to take into our life more and more of the immortal and the



imperishable in the great nature world, in the fugitive and the permanent expression in art and in literature of the inspired human spirit; and then, through expression, to minister in human service. This is moral education. It is not less and cannot be more.

I am wondering if you all know just why you came here. Some will answer, because of the personal suggestion of a friend; some came because they know that the school is the largest and best equipped in the country, is leading the advance in technical work and in reputation; some because the graduates are known to be so well prepared that they have been successful and made money and have held leading positions everywhere. These are facts, and are obvious, and are relatively insignificant. Of course, if we have a school we should try to have it the best of its kind and to see to it that it leads the advance. That is our business, and we ought to give our students the best equipment and thus secure for them the best commercial return. But whether you know it or not, you have probably come for a reason that is deeper than any of these. Emerson College is what it is to-day because of something more than curriculum or technical excellence or the business success of its past students. Its real success is in the character and influence of the mass of its graduates, the kind of man, the kind of woman, it sends forth.<sup>11</sup>

Every institution has a tradition and gives a certain ethical imprint if it be more than a mere business enterprise; in other words, if it be an educational institution at all. It does its work in reference to the present and future relation of its children to the welfare of the community. It leads them to love and to live things from which no commercial return can be expected; to measure what they have, not merely in its relation to that "up-to-date-ness" of to-day which is pretty sure to be the "out-of-dateness" of to-morrow; not merely by standards which are special and technical, but by standards which are permanent. It gives another horizon of success and enjoyment.

<sup>11</sup> That which makes one's stay in an institution most significant and precious in his after and larger life and mainly determines the kind of service he shall render and the quality and color of the influence he shall exert is the atmosphere of that institution. <sup>12</sup> That atmosphere is constituted by its view of life rather than by the subjects in which it offers instruction or the technical efficiency of its teachers. It is the spirit born and nourished by the traditions, the ideas, which are dominant.<sup>13</sup> It is this atmosphere and the influence which has come of it that indirectly, if not directly, has brought us together, and it is this I would have you know something of at the beginning of our work, so that we may become more and more at one with it as we go on together.

And two of the dominant ideas are: first, the emphasis of the spirit of free play for the individual's natural powers, and, second, the directing of the pupil's effort to teach the truth, as he learns it, to those about him. Without the recognition of the spirit of free play for the expression of creative energy teaching tends to harden into formalism, and officious regulation of others is substituted for real helpfulness.<sup>14</sup> Fifty years ago the teacher was usually a regulator. He was a kind of human stopper, a suppressor.<sup>15</sup> The moral tendency of such a process is to produce a negative goodness. Why, there are some people to-day who have the reputation of being very good because they don't do things, and for no other cause whatever. They don't do anything evil—or anything good. The teacher was a governor. He spent so much time in "calling down" his pupils he had little left in which to call them up. But other forces and ideas were at work in education, and another type of teacher came to be recognized as the ideal. In place of the governor, the leader was regarded as the great teacher: the man of strong personality who made disciples and satellites, and whose followers adored him and received his utterances as Delphic, and gave to him glad service. This was an advance; students were drawn onward instead of being driven onward; sunshine succeeded frost. But the pupil often



believed himself to be thinking when he was echoing, and his joy of spirit concealed from himself that he was yet a dependent. From slavery to dependence is an advance; but if the largest development is not to be found in driving others into right thinking and living, it is far from certain that these ends can be secured by hypnotizing the pupil into following them. To-day we are beginning to see that while glad following is productive of higher results than forced repression, we must seek the ideal teacher not in him who makes satellites, but in him who makes his pupil independent of himself at the earliest possible moment; who exposes him to the conditions most favorable to his growth, helps him to draw most freely into his spirit all that which nourishes it; and like a wise gardener gives free play for growth according to the laws of his own organism. However heretical or insane such a view might have been pronounced fifty years ago, however reluctantly it may be conceded by the conservatism of to-day, to-morrow will leave it unchallenged.

Under free play the soul opens like a flower to the sun. And inasmuch as when we play we express what we love to do, and when we work we express what we have to do, so it is play rather than work which is most revelatory. It shows what we are or where we are. When we do what we love to do we play, and it is none the less play because it may be difficult in achievement or useful in result.

Nor are we to confuse the idea of giving free play, which is essential to the rounded growth of the pupil, with that of administering amusement. To strive constantly to entertain the child, and to make all things smooth and comfortable for him, is to coddle him, and to coddle him is to rob him. It is the child with many and costly toys, not the one with simple blocks and sand-heaps, who is bored, flaccid, and spoiled. When curiosity is satisfied he will tire of the elaborate toys. You must amuse him with other novelties or he will be peevish. Give him a sand-heap and a five-cent shovel, or a few blocks, and leave him alone; he will right himself in free play. Straightway he invents, discovers, creates, and he is happy.

Never will he work harder than when he is working out his own concept, and never will he be happier.

When a boy of ten, fresh from the reading of Napoleon's campaign, I once shovelled a load of coal through a cellar window. But I was not shovelling coal; I was attacking the Russians: I cut off the enemy's outposts, I worked around his flanks, made desperate dashes at his front, weakened his rear, captured detachments, overwhelmed him, at last, by a grand charge upon his centre, and sent the last stragglers in desperate flight through the cellar window! That load of coal was a joy to me; I loved it. I played hard.

The true child wants to do his own playing, and he is most happy when most creative, when most free. Nor does he hesitate at taking pains, nor dread hard work when carrying out his idea and doing what he loves. And this is equally true of the old and the young when the spirit is free and creative. That wonderful artist whose touch is so sure, so light, and seemingly so careless, has won his authority by ceaseless, remorseless drudgery. For his ease he has paid a heavy price. He knows that every noble achievement is costly; but his creative energy in glad, free play does not count the cost. It is his earnest desire for perfect fulfilment that makes him pay gladly all it costs to externalize and fix in form his glorious dream.

That for which the world gives its richest rewards is initiative. It is when in its free-play mood that the spirit is in its most creative mood; it is then upon the Mount of Beatification and feels its closeness of kindred with the great creative forces in which we live and move and have our being.

" The substitution of elective studies for the old-time fixed curriculum is a recognition that freedom alone makes initiative possible. And the use of the laboratory and the open field in the place of text-book instruction is another affirmation of the truth that the pupil must be free to do his own work, and that while he might memorize more facts from his text-book in a week than he will discover in a year, his knowledge will now be his own and in his



discovering will be joy and power. He must do his own work or he will be merely the possessor of tools he cannot use, the echoer of words he does not understand, the follower of some one whose work he cannot do, and yet without whom he would be helpless." The danger to the leaner is not so often in what he leans against as in the fact of leaning. Withdraw one support and straightway he seeks another. Our leaders cannot do our work. They can supply conditions, incentives, experiences, sympathy, but we ourselves must do the work, or for us it will remain forever undone. In education there are no short cuts."

Since the free-play mood is positive, creative, the parent of initiative, it is the antithesis of the critical attitude. True criticism has its high function and its undoubted service. It analyzes, discovers beauties, declares standards, separates the good from the bad, redeems us from low satisfactions and gross absurdities, and reveals ideals. It saves us from smug complacency, stirs us with that divine discontent which is the condition of progress."

It is farthest from my purpose to deny the usefulness of the critic or to belittle his office. But to you as students of expression I would say an earnest word. The phrase "creative critic" is a misuse of words. A creative critic is an impossibility. The creative and the critical faculties are antithetical. Criticism, however essentially useful and eventually and indirectly stimulating, is in its immediate effect inhibitive of creation. Creators are seldom critics, and the critics rarely create. If both powers are resident in one mind, they are not active at the same time. Their tendency is to neutralize each other. It is obvious that our Lowell's later work, after he had become a critic, was dampened by the self-dissection which prevents a man from "letting himself go;" that Matthew Arnold would have been a greater poet if he had not been a critic. It must not be forgotten that Coleridge himself, perhaps the greatest critic of them all, "the constructive critic," if there ever was one, ceased to be a poet when he became a critic. And much as we value his criticisms,—and the world would be poorer without them,—how gladly would

we give all his years of critical work for one more *annus mirabilis* like that which gave us "Christabel" or "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"!

<sup>11</sup> Criticism is repressive, while the creative is expressive. When "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought we lose the name of Action." We are studying expression:—the receiving and giving forth of truth, of beauty, of joy and grief:—the playful ripples and the tragic deeps of human life. We must, while developing power to adequately convey such perceptions and experiences of sense and soul, be essentially free from the critical attitude or we will heap ashes on the fire of our own endeavor. It is the spirit seeking truth, seeing truth, and bursting to give it utterance, in freedom and in gladness, that expands and fills the world with perfume.

And, after all, the danger in student life and work is that criticism will degenerate into mere faultfinding and that the degenerate will come to pride himself on his ability to see defects in others. That is the easiest of all tasks, and does not even require brains. It is useless to dwell upon the obvious. Besides, and that is the most unhappy moral aspect of the whole matter, the tendency usually settles into a habit, and the faultfinder becomes a chronic grumbler. He disparages what he cannot equal, stultifies growth in himself, makes ineffectual the efforts of those around him, paralyzes courage. Criticism cannot possibly be larger than the thing criticised.

<sup>12</sup> The world wants people who do things,—it will not lack critics. The supply is excessive. Do not forget this; it is vital to a healthful and successful student life. When you find yourself becoming critical get to work, and instead of criticising somebody or something else, get behind the load and push, and in the perspiration that follows you will throw off the disease and have the satisfaction of having done a little good to somebody or something.<sup>13</sup> The "free-play" spirit is a moral antiseptic to all such poison.

But if there be a limitation to the usefulness of the free-play spirit in education and growth, it would be in its frequent though not invariable tendency to be a law unto



itself, to ignore responsibility and to follow fancy. If we combine with it the teaching motive, the helping attitude, we shall banish irresponsibility and secure the ideal condition for inward enrichment and outward usefulness; and in inward enrichment and outward usefulness is the whole meaning of education and of life. And so with the glad free play out of which unfolds the richest efflorescence of creative energy must be the thought of the end, the use of it all. I said that every school, if it be an educational institution, and not a mere business or commercial enterprise, owes a certain obligation to the community in the type of men and women it sends forth to serve that community. And its first duty is to see that they are responsible; that they shall hold this concept, if they hold no other,—that they are being trained to serve; that they shall not be allowed to believe that the sum and substance of a man's life is to get all he can out of his fellow men; that they shall have some inkling of the truth that the desire to get and not to give is the foundation of all moral failure and depravity.<sup>17</sup>

I addressed you as "fellow teachers and students." Nor was it our Faculty that I had in mind when I said "fellow teachers," but all of our students. I spoke not so much prophetically,—for while the majority of you may have in mind teaching as a vocation, others have no thought of preparing for the class-room,—but with a meaning larger than formal school-teaching. You are students of expression. To express is to teach, and to teach is to learn, and one of the two dominant ideas which give efficiency and rapid development to our students is the idea of teaching others,—not in the far-off future after graduation, but in the now, every-day. The development of an enlightened responsibility for one's fellows is at once the foundation and the keystone of character, and is of the very pith and heart-blood of moral education. And it is also a means of learning, a test of one's present attainments, and a stimulus to reach the certain mastery of that which is unformed and insecure. You will all remember the schoolmaster, who, the poet tells us:—

“Taught, and taught so well, that he  
By teaching learned himself to spell.”

Teaching necessarily focuses all we have of fact, of relationship, of law, of illustration; it kindles the imagination, suggests, analyzes, finds new material, higher significances. That which was vague takes form; that which was dull takes color and glows with warmth; sympathy is enkindled; service to others becomes an immediate and practical working force. 'To truly teach is to grow and to help others to grow, and that is all of education and of human usefulness.'

In a climate permitting of the closest contact with nature in her serenest moods is the finest training-school for children I have ever known. It is a very Eden of loveliness, filled with the perfume of the roses that grow everywhere—in view of purple mountains, beside a summer sea, with all the shifting shapes on sky and shore wrought of air and shining dew and golden sand. Here the children live and play and grow. In the physical conditions under which the school's work is done it approaches the ideal. It reaches a yet higher excellence in the emphasis of the idea of teaching as a way of knowing and of directing the growing life into human service. There one may see children of eight and ten teaching toddlers the first steps in the daily studies, or the first lesson on violin or flute. It is all under adult and expert supervision; but just as soon as a child has mastered something and his guidance is safe he is set to helping along a smaller one. Thus the effectiveness of the work in the class-room is doubled or trebled by these scores of little workers helping to guide the footsteps of those yet younger, focusing knowledge and fixing it while imparting it, giving the incentive and the moral sinews for the larger service in the great outer circle of human endeavor and achievement by its exercise in the little inner circle of immediate personal relationship and duty. And all this in a spirit so free from constraint that task becomes play and service joy.\*

\* The Raja Yoga School, Point Loma, California.



And so within our own walls and under our differing conditions you will hear the unceasing echo of the same idea. "We shall not use helpfulness as a shibboleth or as a pleasant sentiment, but we try to make it a living force by setting all to work." You will teach not merely in your normal work, but whenever you are before your class,—making what you stand for and what you do, not a spectacle, but a lesson. Teaching develops intelligent responsibility, and without this we are rudderless in life; aye, and useless. We can only drift and bump and get bumped. And we shall come to recognize that he who would teach must understand, must recognize the best that is in us, must perceive the potential amid all the crude and the unfulfilled. He will encourage us,—not by flattery, by telling us we are what we are not, but he will cheer our every advance. He will not measure us by the standard of another's excellence, but by the possibilities of our own unfolding. He will help us where we are. He will show us the next step.

This, fellow teachers and friends, is the office of the true teacher; for the teacher is a friend and the friend is always a teacher. And he gives not only recognition and sympathy and encouragement, but he feeds needs which are even deeper. He recognizes that the most intense of all human longings is the hunger that those associations and loves and experiences which mean most to us may be permanent, may be ours again and always. And as it is true that we live not in time but in experience, not in length but according to fulness; that the mountain vision lasts and inspires through many a weary day and night of dull toil; that it is the high-water mark, not the average and the level, that governs all our life; that the memory of a great love, a great intellectual awakening, a profound experience, makes the ultimate seem nearer than the present,—so it is the teacher and friend who helps us to stand oftenest upon the Mount of Revelation. It is he who is by our side in those moments of glad free play of the soul in creative work when we feel closest to the great Creator. It is he whose understanding and sympathy are with us in

our deepest hunger for the permanence of those illuminations and experiences which show us what we may do and become; which give life its fulness and its greatness, its glory and its deepest meaning.

And while of the world's immortal few there may be some whom we perceive but do not fully understand and cannot follow—who seem far off and we cry to them:

“O ye, so far beyond me on the Height,  
I cannot hear your voices as ye stand  
Facing the Vast, invisible to me.  
But I can see your gestures of delight,  
And something guess of that wide glorious sea,  
The glimmering isles of that Enchanted Land,  
The winds which from that ocean freshly blow,  
And so your vision lifts me toward the Height,  
Although ye have forgot me far below.”

But to the teacher and friend we say:

“But you, my brother, you, my near of kin,  
Who some few steps above me on the steep  
Look smiling back to cheer me ever on,  
Who lend a hand as I the chasm leap,  
And stay your haste that I the crag may win,  
Thinking it scorn for strength to climb alone;  
You, with your morning song when sings the lark,  
You, with your surer footing where I fall,  
You, with unflagging purpose at high noon,  
And quiet-hearted trust when comes the dark,  
To you I owe it that I climb at all.”

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## Culture through Vocation

*Edward Howard Griggs*

IN the new thought of education we have changed our whole conception of the relation education should bear to human life. We no longer speak of finishing our education; we realize that in all our experience we are still carrying on our education. Looked at in this larger way, education is no longer a matter of schools or of books merely. The deepest part of our culture will come through two great schoolmasters at whose feet we sit day after day, from whom we learn more than can be learned from books or schools,—love and work. It is through the personal relationships we sustain with other individuals, through the ordinary business of human life, that we must gain the largest part of our culture. All other education of the schools or institutions is always subordinate to this deeper, more constant education that comes through human



life. When Goethe endeavored to study the meaning of life, in the first part of "Faust," he dealt with the problems of the individual life; in the second part he dealt with the larger world of public action, with the state and all forms in which public action manifests itself. These are the two great avenues through which culture may come. And in the work of life, nine tenths of our experience is in our vocation. Is it not astonishing that no great poet or philosopher has ever considered a great work of art or philosophy culture through vocation as one of the greatest problems of human life? To be sure, we have Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," in which the central theme is culture through vocation, but that is a work of imaginative literature rather than true philosophic thought.

One reason for the lack of interest in this great concrete problem is the fact that the ethical philosopher has too often isolated himself in his study; he has seldom faced life as it is in the real world, in all the relations in which we live. The result is his writing has seldom meant much when we come to apply it to the problem of real life.

I believe there is another reason for the ignoring of this problem. After all, in a very unusual way this is our modern problem. In the Greek or the Latin world there were but two vocations revered for themselves,—the work of war and statesmanship. There was no honor for the schoolmaster, the physician, for the men who did the world's hardest work, the tilling of the field, the exchanging of the products of industry. All such work was carried on by slaves or aliens. In the Middle Ages, with the development of ecclesiastical institutions, a third vocation was revered,—the priesthood. The great fact first appeals to the modern mind that man is to be revered in proportion to the nobility of his contribution to the world. We are learning to reverence only those who work, and in proportion to their earnestness and their devotion to the work they contribute to human life. Go to China or any other civilization atrophied in an early stage. You will find an aristocratic class that in its very dress and customs declares its inability and unfitness to work. A professor in the University of Chicago has studied the dress, the customs, and the habits of the rich in all ages, and he has discovered that much that is characteristic of the dress of the wealthy class has developed from the fact that in that costume work with the hands could not be done. To-day we are beginning to recognize that the great obligation of every man and woman is to leave the world as well off as we found it, to leave at least as much as we take; if we do not accomplish that we are dishonest.

This means a great change in the conception of life, a reverence of the vocations of life. There are some most important vocations which some of us still look upon with some measure of contempt. But it is just in those occupations that we find it most difficult to get good work done. We are coming to the point where we shall reverence all honest work as dignifying to manhood and womanhood. The coming up to the problem of existence of the great masses of people who were in the ranks of dependents, of serfs, of slaves, has vastly complicated the situation.

In the face of the fact that the wealth of the world is unparalleled in history, that mechanical invention, all expression of human genius and will by which

we make nature serve man, is beyond all past experience,—in spite of all this, the struggle for existence is more bitter, more severe, more cruel, than it ever has been before. We have largely lost the gentleman and the lady of the old régime. We look back with a kind of fond regret on the polished manners of the old society. We find some representatives of that society to-day. Occasionally you will find a man in touch with the older life who will always give up his seat in a street-car even in New York. You will find now and then a man who will always remove his hat in the presence of ladies, even in an elevator. And you will find, if you watch and think about the problem, occasionally a woman who will take time to thank courteously the man who gives her his seat, even to-day. And yet the culture of that older society was bought at a terrible price. It was a few women who were revered. The many had to work at the coarser occupations. The cultivated class stood apart from the uncultivated. We can keep no cultivated class permanently in existence to-day. Those who belong to what they regard as the aristocratic class cannot perpetuate that class distinction to their children or their grandchildren. There is a constant recognition of genius, a valuing of the worth of manhood and womanhood wherever found. Thus, even if we have a class set apart for a time, its members are constantly changing. The old-time régime has gone out, but nevertheless there is a possibility of a new kind of régime, a larger range of participation in human life. Our problem is to get culture, not by protecting ourselves from the problem of the struggle for existence at the sacrifice of that same end by a multitude of men and women, but we must find culture in the vocation, in all the life and work that makes up our daily experience; and if we fail to find our culture there the world will fail of culture in the larger sense.

And yet while this is true in the largest way, every grave thinker, every man who has seen life thoughtfully, will tell you action is a limitation. *As long as we dream we have the universe; the moment we act, we have a little fraction of it.* The ideal never can have adequate expression. The dream must outrun the limitation. It is as the youth of whom Emerson tells. The youth dreams of temples, and the middle-aged man ends by putting up a woodshed. That is about what we impotently construct with what we dream. Yet it is better to build a good, honest woodshed that may keep the fuel for the fire of life dry than to go on forever dreaming of imaginary castles in an imaginary Spain. It is this which gives all babies such a wonderful appeal to us. As you look into your baby's eyes and look forward to his life, it is with high dreams that he will think the thoughts of a Plato. You see him devoting himself to his fellow men like a St. Francis or a Savonarola. But what the average parent forgets is that out of all this undifferentiated potentiality this little child will realize but one small fraction; that in this world we have to build not only for eternity but for all time.

We must build for the perspective that time offers us. If we spend all our efforts on the foundation there is no superstructure. If we build a broad foundation and find the superstructure can go still further we are in danger of building a structure that exceeds the capacity of the foundation, and the building topples and we have no temple. We must be building for the entire life, not only for the potential but for the actual. It is a problem of fine proportion, of



artistic adjustment. Goethe, who understood this so well, expressed in "Wilhelm Meister" the secret of it. He says the world stands before every young man like a great mountain of marble. You may choose from the quarry any block you like; you may work at it a little while and then throw it aside and take another and another—the mountain is yours. But unless out of the mountain of marble you choose one block and work at it constantly until you have chipped off all the superfluous marble and chiselled out the form hidden within, you do not own the mountain. You own the mountain only by choosing a block you can utilize.

Give us opportunity, give us time, and we can accomplish anything. It may be impossible to reach the moral sublimity of a Savonarola here, but we can move indefinitely along that line. Thus only by choosing and utilizing one vocation and working constantly, earnestly, with all the idealism and consecration we can summon, do we become masters of the mountain. And when Michelangelo has taken a block of marble rejected by others because of a crack across the corner, and has wrought out from it his David, it is not only one more work of art to glorify Florence; it is that Michelangelo has by this achieving entered into the work of other artists; it is a doorway to what other men through all the world can be to him. That is the problem of the vocation, of action in relation to the great ideal that inspires action.

You can see this in science. Why do we insist on original work in our schools? Because it is better to be able to work one problem than to memorize a thousand. So we insist upon all nature-teaching by laboratory and field methods. One can get more information about nature from a book than one can learn in a year of field study. But a little effort to see into the truth of the objective world is better than the best sixteen weeks in botany or astronomy that anybody can write. The meaning of the work we do is the growth of our minds through the doing; it is not any sum of information, but the growth of mental power to think originally, independently, earnestly, on the work we do. That is why we value the scientific spirit.

Even more true is the same principle in reference to art. Art offers a perfect vocation. Human material is not ordinarily plastic, but the artist who works in color, in marble, in wood, in metal, if he be master of the technique, can impose the highest expression, get the largest insight into human life. Why should we go on making works of art? Why write more books? It is true we cannot master all that has already been achieved, but the meaning of this achievement is not that we have three million books; it is that every work of art is a means whereby the spirit of man has grown up toward that stature of the complete manhood which we call the image of God.

The work of the artist is a means of growth for himself and for the world. Thus the meaning of the art is not the accumulation of dead material, but the growth of the human spirit through the effort to achieve—more power to see and to do, that is the meaning of all art.

You say this may be well and good for the artist, but our lives are called to humbler spheres. We cannot express our dreams. But there is no vocation that is honest, no matter how humble, that cannot be made to some extent a fine art, and you get the meaning out of this vocation when you make it a fine

art. The one art most deserving of cultivation is the great universal art of fine living.

It is true there are callings so humble,—we call them humble,—so monotonous, that we can scarcely discover how they may be a fine art. Take the work of the bookkeeper, the clerk, the lawyer who must make out a careful brief for some petty quarrel. Take so much of the work of women. Much of it is the hardest dead work in the world, and you have to do it. There is one kind of work harder than anything else, and that is washing dishes. Washing dishes has always seemed to me the extreme symbol of dead work. It is so much harder than getting dinner. In getting dinner there is all the hope and anticipation. But after dinner is over, and the smell of the cooking disgusts, and you have to gather those dishes and clean them up and put them back on the shelf in the perfectly sure consciousness that in a few hours you will have to take them down and wash them over again—it is a symbol of the deadest sort of work any one has to do. But just that kind of dead work done faithfully day after day is the kind of work that gives us the very crown of all human culture. Thank heaven, culture is not a rare exotic, not something far off from the great fields of life. Culture is just to be loyal, patient, to cling earnestly to the truth through good and through evil report, to work in unseen little corners, perhaps unconscious of any relation to the larger universe, but with a fidelity that binds one's hand and brain to the work of God.

When you are in trouble, in doubt, when you want light on some problem of human life, to whom do you go? Perhaps the man of science, or learning; but if you do you frequently do not get much help. Sometimes you go to the woman of experience, who has brought up her family and lived through trials and difficulties, and get the help you need. Where did she find it? Not in any book, but out of daily, faithful, heroic living.

There is dead work in every vocation. We see the dead work in our own; we do not realize it in the work of others. You hear a great musician like Paderewski, and you are carried away by his genius; but you forget the days and nights of devoted toil, the sacrifice of pleasure and desires to master and keep the technique of just one art. Things that are done most easily always cost most in the doing. This world is no lottery, where you pay your money and get a ticket and draw your prize, but a place where nothing worth while comes but by hard, earnest effort. Some one has defined genius as a capacity for hard work. Genius is something more than that; but no great gift would mean much unless it rested on the power for hard, continuous, dead work. Spinoza dared to say in the last line of his "Ethics:" "All noble things are as difficult as they are rare." They are rare because they are so difficult.

While dead work educates, there may easily be too much of it in human life. We may through that work lose the view of the larger world. How may we overcome the deadening of the work and make the life we live most sublime?

First, we should be more ready to listen to the call of the spirit when it means we should pass from one kind of work to another. Very often it is true a man has exhausted the possibilities of culture in his line of work. If he be heroic, the course is open to find another field of activity. We are so anxious



in America to get settled in life! We think the first bit of work we do is to be our supreme calling. We should be willing to lose something, to give up commercial interests, to make material sacrifices, for the sake of a call to a higher contribution. Yet often we cannot do this. We have accepted a large responsibility, and the way to the larger possibilities is through following the work of to-day. So we must go on with the work we have chosen, realizing that the opportunity we have is so inadequate to express the idea we would give the world, and realizing our own development through the service we can give.

Then we may cultivate an avocation. Slovenly writers use the words "vocation" and "avocation" as if they meant the same thing. They mean opposites. Your vocation is your business in life, the work through which you pay running expenses. Your avocation is the work you choose to do because of your delight in it. We think of John Stewart Mills as a great psychologist and political economist. For thirty-five years of his life, from seventeen to fifty-two, he was a clerk in the office of the East India Company, working there all day long eleven months in the year. All the work for which we remember him was done in the margin of life that most people waste. Take our own Bryant, whom we think of as a poet, toiling for so many years at his desk as a journalist, and writing his poetry in the margin of life. Matthew Arnold said he did not write much poetry because it stirred him so he could not look over examination-papers. Is it not pathetic that England should have forced such men to toil at dead work instead of leaving them free to express the genius that was in them?

And yet the true test of genius is not to wait until the world has recognized us; it is not to feel that we ought to have our living and so be given opportunity to do some kind of fine work, but to fulfil our work in the vocation and yet use the time that remains in cultivating this avocation through which we may give a larger contribution to the world. The mathematics of the mechanical world does not apply to the spiritual world. You can prove it in experience. Every college student knows that if he has ten hours to study and takes one hour for play he has more than nine hours left. If a mother takes half an hour for relaxation, for her own spiritual repose, for intellectual recreation, for personal amusement, she has more time, more energy, left to give to her children. It is true everywhere in human life. Men say, "I dare not study, go to a concert or a lecture, because all my brain and heart and power are needed for the work that supports my family." If they would take time apart, utilize some fraction of every day for interests apart from the vocation, they would build up a business truer to the moral universe and of larger helpfulness to the world and to the individual who does the work.

Whatever the vocation, the value of the work is the manhood or womanhood put into it—never more, and, thank God, never less. You remember Emerson said that when a great soul takes to sweeping rooms we all take to hunting brooms, but about the time we find our broom the great soul is doing something else. It makes very little difference what you do; it is how much devotion you put into it.

You may do good work for one of three motives. First, all honest work pays, and you can do it because it pays. Higher than the business spirit is the

professional spirit. But there is something higher than that,—the spirit in which the work is done. That which gives it meaning for one's self and others is to regard one's work as a way of life and of service, and all good work as a mission to the human spirit. From that standpoint alone can the best work be done. Epictetus dared say, "Let us be willing to do all things to God." If the humble work you find in your fractional circle off in one corner of the universe—if that work is done to God, it becomes great work, illuminated, transformed with the idea expressed through it, and it means culture to the doer and opportunity to contribute something to the world. Only by reverence for the work can the work be well done. Therefore let us so balance these forces, so enrich life in the margin, and work so earnestly in the main business, that we shall learn the gladness of knowing the truth, the joy of insight into the world, and the satisfaction of feeling that the world is just a little nearer the truth, the ideal, because we have lived and served.

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## Good Form

*Delbert G. Lean, '05*

IT is not considered good form for a student to arrive in a large city, several hundreds of miles from home, more than one half a day ahead of his trunk. This is not good form, as I say, and may prove embarrassing. Let us suppose a case: a gentleman, living in a far city, makes a sojourn and carries in his hand a suit-case which surrounds, or engulfs, as it were, a dress suit, two collars, a tooth-brush, a nail-file, and one handkerchief.

If he is foolish enough to arrive ahead of his trunk he will find himself at a disadvantage in his initial struggle for existence, as it were.

After finding a room, he sits down to wait for his trunk—two days pass; the third and fourth days also pass, like the weaver's shuttle. His trips to the transfer office avail him nought. Is it reasonable to suppose that the two lovely collars are going to remain clean out of sympathy? On the contrary, they seem to take paltry delight in acquiring a sunburn a little sooner than usual. Of course, the nail-file in his grip is still good and his tooth-brush is still useful. But, "What of that?" I ask, in accents low but piercing—"What of that?" A tooth-brush is a good thing in its place, but its place is in the ample face, and not around the neck in the shape of a necktie.



A dress suit is to be worn outside and not inside.

One handkerchief is good for a time, but unless reinforced it becomes discouraged.

A nail-file also has its use, but it can't be worn on the feet.

It is useless for any one to attempt to dispute these facts; they are axioms and need no proof.

Woe be it to this man, then, if his roommate is not of the same size and shape, does not wear the same collar, etc. And here I might say that the "etc." is as important as the collar, though it appears puny in print.

Now, I have yanked my pen across the page a few times to show the unthoughtful that it is foolish to try and steal a march on your trunk by getting ahead. I know people who have done this, and they have lived to regret it; and besides, as I said before, it is bad form.

NOTE.—Mr. Lean is an authority on trunks—and dress-suit cases. For further particulars, wait until the class historian of '05 stalks her game.—ED.

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The Young Women's Christian Association of Emerson College is indeed glad to have again its share in welcoming students. The Christian Association most cordially invites all young women students of the College who are seeking to live a larger, richer, nobler life to become members of this Association. Our college organization belongs to the Eastern Student Conference. This conference is under the auspices of the American Committee, which is affiliated with the World's Young Women's Christian Association and the World's Student Christian Federation.

Each summer about six hundred girls from all the leading universities, colleges and secondary schools meet at Silver Bay, on Lake George. These young women spend ten days in Bible study, intercollegiate friendship, and conference concerning Christian work, in order that they may come to know Jesus Christ better than before.

A Silver Bay fund is soon to be started, for it is the earnest desire of the Emerson College Association to send

a large delegation to Silver Bay next summer. Our College ought to be as well represented as are other colleges of its size.

JOSEPHINE L. GOODSPEED.

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## Alumni Notes and College News

ONE of the busiest places in all Boston is the Emerson College of Oratory. This year, its enrolment of students is far beyond the average number, and a peep into the class-rooms and a walk up and down the corridors are inspiring. Here, life is real and life is earnest, and a spirit of good will and friendly fellowship prevails, which accounts for this famous and well-known College's success. In unity is strength, and the students of this school realize this potent fact. But it could not be otherwise. When one has met the Faculty and come under the genial and inspiring influence of Dean Southwick there is no further need to question the cause of the ultimate success of every student. This College stands for the best in art, music, and literature. It trains the dramatic instinct, brings out the latent talent, fosters a love for the beautiful in everything, and stands as an incentive for the American youth to do and be his best! The Emerson College of Oratory has a world-wide reputation, well merited and rightly earned, and the phenomenal success of its present yearly scholastic beginning can cause only another favorable comment, and serve as another attestation of this particular College's real worth.—*Boston Times*, Oct. 8, 1904.

Rev. Allen Stockdale, of Berkeley Temple, Boston, is taking some special work at the College this year. As well, Mr. Stockdale is conducting the chapel exercises in Chickering Hall each morning, and the students are enjoying intensely the Bible readings conducted by him. Mr. Stockdale has a remarkably sympathetic voice, to which he adds the vigor of a positive nature and the inspiration of one who is thoroughly alive to the opportunities of the moment, and a believer in his work. Let us hope that Mr. Stockdale will remain with us long.

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## The Opening Reception at College

THE reception given by the Young Women's Christian Association, on the evening of October 1, was a very pleasant social affair. Although the reception was tendered to the Freshmen, the Faculty and all members of the school were invited, and many took this opportunity of welcoming the new students. Miss Alberta Black, as president of the College Association, introduced Miss Margaret Matthew, the Student Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association for New England. The Entertainment Committee was most fortunate in having the assistance of two who need no introduction, and whose work needs no praise: Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick and Miss J. Estelle Mooney. Music was furnished by Mr. Ladd's orchestra, and refreshments



were served in rooms tastefully decorated in the college colors. About ten o'clock the guests departed, feeling that they had spent a profitable evening.

J. E. G.

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## Summer Doings

WE are in receipt of quite a number of programs and circulars from students past and present. This is an encouraging sign, showing, as it does, that affairs at the College are in a condition of thrift and enterprise. Let the good work extend, and "flow on with broadening time, forever."

On Monday evening, Sept. 5, 1904, Sophie Chestine Hemberson, '03, gave an interpretative rendering of "Peg Woffington" before a large and enthusiastic audience in Miss Hemberson's native city.

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 21, 1904, at Hartford, Conn., Miss Alice Marion Hastings, '04, gave a recital composed of miscellaneous numbers, prominent among which was a cutting from Stephen Phillips's tragedy "Herod," which Miss Hastings used so effectively when chosen reader by her classmates, representing them on Commencement Recital-day.

A notice is at hand announcing the rendering of "The Serious Family," a three-act comedy, by Mrs. Jessie Cromette, '93, on Sept. 30, 1904, at her studio in Newark, N. J.

Mr. Delbert G. Lean, '05, has just returned to College after a recital tour in the West. Mr. Lean used "Caleb West, Master Diver," for his biggest battle-horse, and, from what we hear of Mr. Lean's work, he must have ridden the animal to some purpose. Mr. Lean, by the way, is possessed of a sense of humor which will carry him over many a fence. He wrote recently, "When I saw your handwriting my beautiful face lit up with an angelic smile, and my beautiful eyes glistened with eagerness. Am I coming back? Aye, Father Abraham, a hundred thousand strong!" Elsewhere, this month, we are favored with an ebullition from Mr. Lean's facile pen.

Mr. Alfred Jackson, Spl., the designer of the Emerson College poster, is giving chalk-talks this year.

Miss Bertha Wyman Clowe, '99, gave a dramatic recital last month, in Hudson, N. Y. *The Register* says: "Miss Clowe is an elocutionist. Her voice is clear and sweet, her appreciation of her text is accurate, and her dramatic instincts strong and carefully trained. Many of those present spoke of the high grade and character of the entertainment and the smoothness with which it moved."

Circulars are out for Miss Louise Adelaide Irvine, '02, and Mr. J. Oliver Lawson, '05, in their new comedy sketch entitled, "A Good Substitute." We hope they will be so successful that they will not have to substitute anything else for a long while.

Miss Woodwell, Spl., is lecturing upon the Emerson system of physical culture at the Chatham Episcopal Institute.

Miss Molly Jane Reed, Spl. '05, of Canton, O., has undertaken platform work as her vocation. If the promise Miss Reed gave as a student is any guarantee for the future, she should be most successful in her new career.

Miss Helena M. Richardson, '03, is spending some months among the Cieneguita mines, Soñora, Mexico.

Mr. Luther Mark Langdell, '06, presented an original drama entitled "Shadow and Sunshine," during Old Home Week, on Friday evening, Aug. 26, 1904. Mr. Langdell played the leading part, and scored a success as actor, author, and manager as well.

The Misses Shellabarger have returned to their Colorado home from a trip around the world, and gave the first of a series of "Tourist Lectures" at Monte Vista, Col.

Mr. D. Floyd Fager, president of the class of '05, put on a big production of W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged" in Mankato, Minn., last August. The Opera-house was packed, and the audience was delighted with the comedy and the way it was acted. Mr. Fager played "Cheviot Hill," the man who has a chronic habit of becoming engaged. He was supported by a good company.

Later in the summer Mr. Fager gave interpretative readings of "If I Were King" at Mankato, Wells, and Marshall, Minn., and at Foreston, Ill.

Mr. Fred C. Patterson, '04, has opened a studio in New Haven, Conn., and is giving a series of Shakespearian recitals there. We have notice of his reading of "Twelfth Night," which was very well received.

In the *New Haven Chronicle* of September 24 appears an article by Mr. Patterson, entitled "Ideal Training for the Stage," in which the author discusses the value of a thorough and broad education for the stage aspirant.

Mrs. Irene E. Patten, '06, spent the summer in the Old World. After five weeks in Paris, she journeyed to Cologne, then up the Rhine to Heidelberg, Nuremberg, and Bayreuth, thence into Switzerland for a fortnight, and home via London.

Mrs. Patten stored up much rich material for use in connection with her work in the College.

George R. Laird, '02, is instructor in English, Rhetoric, and Oratory in Northwestern College, Naperville, Ill.

Marjorie Joy Hatmaker, '04, is teaching in Benedict College for Colored People, Columbia, S. C. Miss Hatmaker writes, "Good luck to the Magazine!" We wish good luck to Miss Hatmaker.

Katherine S. Brown, '03, is teaching Oratory and English at Vincennes University, Vincennes, Ind.

Edna Fischer, '02, has gone to Tilton Seminary, New Hampshire, to teach Elocution and Physical Culture.

Edith M. Pecker, '03, has taken the position left vacant by Miss Fischer at the Mankato Normal School, Mankato, Minn.



Lena Dickinson, '03, is teaching at the Normal School, Edinboro, Penn.

Palmer Smith is studying at Columbia University.

Margaret Mitchell, '03, has opened a studio for expression work at 432 Dobson Block, Main and Bowery Sts., Akron, O.

Alberta Thompson Darby, '03, is teaching Elocution and Physical Culture at Grove City College, Grove City, Penn.

Ethel Shallies, '04, is teaching Music and Oratory at Griffith Institute, Springville, N. Y.

Miss Helen Badgley, of Brandon, Manitoba, sends us an attractive circular. Her program is an unusually pleasing one, her repertoire containing some forty numbers.

The class of '06 has passed in its recent election report. The result is as follows: president, Brayton Byron; vice-president, Anna E. Marmein; secretary, Roy W. Zinser; treasurer, Ray Allen; Magazine representative, Nina E. Gray; sub-editor, Mrs. Irene E. Patten.

'06 says it does not need a master-at-arms, as it "is such a harmonious and well-behaved class." Get the shears and close the doors and windows!

The officers of '05 are: president, D. Floyd Fager; vice-president, Maude E. Hill; secretary, Luvia E. Mann; treasurer, Archibald F. Reddie; master-at-arms, Delbert G. Lean; Magazine representative, Vivian Cameron.

'05 does not actually need a master-at-arms, either; but then, we were a little afraid of Mr. Lean. He's so much "more than common tall," and we thought it safer to make him play police (reserve) than to have him at large.

Archibald Ferguson Reddie, '05, is teaching expression work, on Fridays, at Bradford Academy, Bradford, Mass.

Winifred Maud Williams, '03, is teaching Physical Culture and Elocution at the Industrial Institute, Ruston, La.

On the morning of October 14 the students received a treat through the courtesy of their good friend, Rev. A. E. Winship. It was in the form of an "Authors' Recital" by the following well-known poets: James Naylor, M.D., Nathan Haskell Dole, and Nixon Waterman.

The speakers were introduced by Dr. Winship, who made some appropriate remarks concerning each.

The time passed all too quickly for the audience, who thoroughly appreciated the kindness and generosity of the donor of such a rare gift.

## Romeo and Juliet

*Act 2, Scene 6, Lines 78 and 79*

Miss Sadie Foss Lamprell to Mr. Edwin M. Whitney, on Sept. 8, 1904, at Malden, Mass.

Miss June Winona Southwell to Mr. Joseph Waldron Farley, on Aug. 24, 1904, at Equinunk, Penn.

Miss Annie L. Newton, '01, to Mr. Ray Henry Hart, on Aug. 10, 1904.

Miss Fannie M. Sellick, '01, to Mr. H. Irving Pratt, on Aug. 25, 1904, at Orwell, N. Y.

Miss Florence Eugenia Vernon, '02, to Dr. Halbert Severin Steensland, on Sept. 7, 1904, at Madison, Wis. Dr. and Mrs. Steensland will reside at Syracuse, N. Y., where Dr. Steensland is in charge of the Department of Pathology at the Syracuse University Medical College.

Miss Marjorie Lincoln Allen to Mr. Ferdinand Jindrich Karasek, on Wednesday evening, June 29, 1904, at Providence, R. I.

Miss Calla Bickelhaupt, '04, to Mr. Earl Davison Hathaway, on Sept. 8, 1904, at Redwood, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway will live at Oriskany Falls, N. Y.

Miss Blanche Louise Keating, '96, to Mr. Paul Otto Reymann, on Saturday, July 9, 1904, at Wheeling, W. Va.

Miss Caroline Hannah Smith to Mr. Percy Herbert Carr, on Wednesday, April 13, 1904, at Saegertown, Penn.

Miss Mary Louise Anderson to Mr. Clarence Wesley Patten, on Wednesday, June 8, 1904, at Winchester, Va.

Miss Thelma MacClellan, '03, to Mr. L. Edward Bedell, on Tuesday, June 28, 1904, at Boston, Mass.

Miss Nellie Louise Cotton, '02, to Dr. Arthur William Doubleday, on Wednesday, June 29, 1904, at Windsor, Vt.

### The Gift

THE flow'rs I give you this fair day  
 Were planted lang, lang syne;  
 They sprouted, bushed. You went your way;  
 And I—God help me—mine.

The sun scorched east; the sun scorched west;  
 The sun scorched in the south:  
 The flow'rs withered—as seemèd best—  
 Beneath that blasting drouth.

But deep below the white, hard clay  
 The pregnant roots did part  
 The mould as God ordained. This day  
 My gift blooms in my heart.

C. F.

### Advice to Freshmen

“GUARD thee against the fatal grudge, beloved youth most excellent, and choose for thee the better course, enduring counsels! incline not to arrogance, thou mighty champion! Now is thy strength in full bloom for one while; efts-  
 soon it will happen that sickness or sword will bereave thee of puissance;—  
 go now to settle, share the festive joy, crowned with honors of war!”

BEOWULF.



## Cradle Song

I DON'T want to be an alumnus,  
 I don't want to go away!  
 I don't want to leave my classmates;  
 I should so much rather stay.  
 I don't want to be a Senior,  
 Murdering Shakespeare, oh, so much!  
 I don't want to be a Junior,  
 And be dignified as such.  
 I don't want to be a P. G.—  
 How I shudder at that fate!  
 I'd much rather be a Freshman;  
 Freshman year is simply great!

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On Thursday evening, November 3, the class of '05 will entertain the Freshmen, at Potter Hall, New Century Building, with a production of Tennyson's "Princess." The poem has been dramatized by one of the members of '05, and will be presented by the entire Senior class.

In the arrangement, the wonderful Tennyson Lyrics are introduced at the close of the respective acts, and will be sung by the Misses Mitchell, Latham, and Moulton.

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## The Red and White of 1906

N. E. Gray, '06

THE class of 1906 bows to the assembled multitude. We wish you all the best of luck this year and hope you passed a happy summer. We understand that this year's Freshman class is the finest yet. Ah, well aday! How well we remember when we ourselves were e'en considered so! Thus are the great forgotten. Nevertheless we are still here, and intend to be seen and heard.

The class of 1906 regrets that the colors chosen last year have not met with the approval of the "body politic"; but having developed an extreme fondness for those same colors, we will continue to flourish the cherry-red and white whenever necessity compels. What! shall we abandon, forsake, renounce, or cast off the red which flamed upon our breasts the day we brightened Chickering Hall for you? Think you the Dean would have had us dispense with the red and white carnations which we dispensed at his feet that day? Perish the thought! The red and white still waves, and the loyalty of 1906 will burn as brightly as flamed the cherry-red and the white last spring,—so:

"Ricka-racka! Ricka-racka! Ricka-racka-ray!  
 Dicka-dacka!" etc., etc., etc., *ad libitum, ad infinitum!!!*

Three cheers for the red, white—and '06.—ED.

# Emerson College Magazine

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## The Brownings

No matter to what scales the poet rose,  
Composing, nearing ev'n the mercy-seat  
With his fine fingering, making discords sweet  
And speaking anthems, poetry from prose  
Evolving, seerwise, still, it seems one knows  
When highest poet there he sang but bass;  
He dared not venture to the Holy-place  
Of that high heaven where but woman goes.  
And therefore, ever, must the poet's song  
For perfect concord claim the gamut's all,  
Fine-frenzied, basic, both, to round the whole;  
To which end, crowning C in alt — ah, long,  
High rapture, very treble's treble thrall! —  
The soul of Browning met a woman's soul.

C. F.

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“For an' it happeth an envious man once to earn worship he shall be dishonored twice therefore; and for this cause all men of worship hate an envious man, and will shew him no favour, and he that is courteous, and kind, and gentle, hath favour in every place.”

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR.



## Working One's Way

PERHAPS one of the questions most frequently asked in any technical institution of learning is, "What can be done to help pay one's expenses?"

Whether those who are spared the necessity of such query (very fortunately, indeed, for them) stop to think of what education means to those others, for the time being less favored by circumstance, yet it is this very happily elected number who can give the greatest help to the fellow student who is obliged to depend entirely on exertion put forth outside of college hours for his living, which is often meagre indeed.

In many cases it is never known, except by the individual making the experiment, just how little food one can eat and yet maintain an even temper and ability, if not health. The dividing-line between a minimum sufficiency and a maximum tolerance of starvation is not very great.

These are plain words. It is because I have known of several such cases that I make them. Usually they concerned high-spirited, proud, and self-reliant souls driven to the wall through accident, apparently; a very few were the result of biassed judgment resulting in poor business enterprise. All needed help, and all received help.

The remedy? If possible, hereafter, here. It is our desire, as elsewhere expressed, to make this Magazine, not a news sheet merely, but an active instrument for the common promotion of helpfulness in the student body. Having had considerable experience in earning one's own way, I think that it may be a possibility to help those students who require aid. The assistance of the more care-free (not through the giving of money) is earnestly asked.

If those who need work will speak to the Editor of the Magazine, it will facilitate matters on the one hand; on the other, it will aid the end in view if *any student able to employ a fellow student for any service whatsoever, however small, or any student who has an idea to contribute on this subject, will do so without delay.*

The economy of time is one of the first steps in business success. With the minutes, even hours, which some students waste in sitting around after classes, chatting with classmates, etc., one might have good stock in trade for opening shop, either as employer or employed.

Granted, then, to begin with, a clear understanding of utilizing every minute of time for organized work or play, what follows? The work which will guarantee the greatest financial return in a condensed space of time; work which must be put aside occasionally, to be taken up when opportunity offers.

In order, the next query is, What are one's qualifications? In what directions can one be most easily adaptable? (It is seldom that such chance work as students get is in direct line with their capabilities.)

It is necessary, therefore, to fit the possible supply to the demand

What is the demand?

Surely there are girls in our College who wish to dispense with the trouble of their mending, and who at the same time can afford to pay others to do it for them. Fine laundry work might be done by an enterprising girl; it is practicable, and many are those who have mourned the havoc caused by careless professional laundresses.

Then sofa-cushions can be made to order, and as well, the various kinds of impedimenta with which a college girl loves to decorate her room. Also, hand-painted posters, laundry-bags, shoe-bags, etc., offer possibilities; and, in a place where light housekeeping privileges were allowed, an enterprising girl might give breakfasts and teas to her college-mates, and earn at least her own table board thereby.

And there is the pedagogic way. Students who are conditioned on one or two studies upon entering the College can be coached by those informed on these subjects,—Ancient History, German, French, or Latin.

Men often have a wider field for earning a living; they can adopt a more aggressive policy, hunting up work where a girl could not. They can usher at concerts and



for theatres and other places of amusement, assume agencies for magazines or sell goods on commission, wait on table, take care of heaters, and act as companions or tutors.

Naturally, one turns most kindly to the work immediately in hand as a means, but it is harder for the Junior and Freshman to make way along this line than for the higher classman. This is largely a question of training and experience, the work of the under-class student being of a more preparatory nature. However, a student who has had experience may occasionally get an amateur play to coach, or a pupil in farce work.

The few avenues mentioned here are but thrown along as suggestions; the real key to the problem is in the enterprise of the individual. It is the student who unswervingly and doggedly persists in the search who finally succeeds in landing a means of livelihood sufficient for his needs. "Keep everlastingly at it" is the rule.

In conclusion, let me again ask any student or alumnus who has an idea to register upon this subject, to write to the Editor of the Magazine, or to see him personally. While you who can help are waiting, there are a number of students waiting who need help.

A. F. R.

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## Autobiography

### Reports of Lectures by Edward Howard Griggs

[Edward Howard Griggs, on Friday morning, Nov. 4, 1904, began his series of lectures on "Autobiography," at Emerson College. Owing to the comprehensive nature of the subject, and the fact that Mr. Griggs gives one so much material in a short space of time, only the substance of each lecture from week to week can be transcribed.]

*Nov. 4, 1904.* Personal human life is the most interesting phase of work, and personal human problems are the most difficult to solve. Our greatest joys, our most intense interests, are in proportion to the intensity with which we live. Ethical philosophy is invariably studied by idealists withdrawn from the actual, practical contact with life. Note the paradox. Poets, scientists, philosophers, during the Renaissance in Italy, turned to methods formerly used,

there being no mystery in science. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there was a great wave of development in chemistry, astronomy, and physiology; the discovery and investigation of fossil forms proved that they were not sports of nature, but the beginning of modern biology.

Men of to-day through the study of biology make the greatest advance in every department of thought. Ethics was the last phase to feel the modern spirit, because teachers gave for usefulness modern expediency. . . . One should begin with genetic psychology, the study of the child-mind, race-mind, with which every one has to work. . . . Great teaching depends on the cultivation of love, sympathy, appreciation, imagination; also, intuition, which is not knowledge, but a certain quality of personality.

Next to actual human experience, autobiography is the greatest teacher. It is a window to that most complex study, the human life.

E. C. R.

*Nov. 11, 1904.* What lines have we for developing self-expression? We have several: art, home, social and political life, vocation, business. The contrasting group may be found in our margin. They are friendship, love, helping others. Through our vocation our first duty is to pay our way so that we may leave the world as well off as we found it.

If we can do more than this, so much the better, and through this vocation or business of life we have our main chance of self-development, self-culture. The higher the vocation the more danger there is of overlooking the cardinal virtues of character. The humbler and simpler the vocation, the more easy it is to cultivate them. For instance, Thoreau engaged in mechanical surveying as a means of living, thereby cultivating patience, industry, unselfishness.

Next to work comes love. To love well is to work well. To be worthy of love bestowed, one should be able to do without it. Love and work are complementary to each other, and could only interfere with each other on the lower planes.



Next to work and love comes education, another avenue for self-development. Education is the initiation of each into the experience of the race through science and art. In science, aim to give the child not only the facts, but the ability to see them for himself. In art, not only to initiate him in art, but teach him to create for himself. Nature protects childhood as it does not protect maturity, by giving it a passive rather than an active love; but at the same time it is the natural vocation of the child to learn. As education is a permanent problem in human life, one should teach the child the permanent truths.

We now come to religion, the fourth avenue through which we develop. Carlyle says that fundamental religion is how you love, how you live, what you believe to be the relation of each to each.

Does the Universe rest in the Divine mind, or does it return to chaos from chaos? What is the ultimate law of process? Is man dominated by his or another's will? Sooner or later these questions must be answered. We may put them aside for a time, but must eventually come to terms with the universe. Religion is focused in every act, and every act is focused in religion. Faith, religion, life,—these cannot be separated.

E. C. R.

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## The Mornynge's Tale

WHAN the sonne is uppe and th' alarum clock has range,  
 Than risen Trippet on pilgrimage to gange,  
 The slepie Hamlet Seniors for to seke,  
 And forwarns with hem so early for to meke.  
 And somme ther be thatte slepen al the whyle  
 Fynd whan they weke and fain would hent the stile  
 As whan that they fresh dates with Trippet would y-make  
 They fynd, alas, that they are al too late.  
 For in the boke, as it is writ, we lerne  
 That 'tis the early foule that eke will catch the worme.\*

\*Alumni, take note! Mr. Tripp now requires three tabulated rehearsals for all "Hamlet" scenes. Then he makes appointment with each set for a fourth, and gives the participants the benefit of his criticisms. These rehearsals are sometimes at 8.30 A.M.—ED.

## Sairey Gamp: a Monologue

*Adapted from "Martin Chuzzlewit" by D. Floyd Fager*

GAMP is my name, and Gamp my nater. Ah dear! when Gamp was summonsed to his long 'ome, and I see him a-lying in hospital with a penny-piece on each eye and his wooden leg under his left arm, I thought I should have fainted away. But I bore up. If it was n't for the nerve a little sip of liquor gives me (I never was able to do more than taste it) I never could go through with what I sometimes has to do.

"Mrs. Harris," I says, "leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when so disposed." "Mrs. Gamp," says she, "if ever there was a sober creetur to be got for eighteen pence a day for working people and three and six for gentlefolks, you are that inwallable person." "Mrs. Harris," I says to her, "don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my fellow creeturs out for nothink I would gladly do it, sich is the love I bears them; but, be they ladies or be they gents I sez to them, 'Leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed; but, I am not a Rooshan or a Prooshan, and cannot afford to have spies set over me. Some people may be Rooshans and some may be Prooshans; they are born so and will please themselves. Them which is of other naters thinks different.'"

Ah, whether I nusses or lays out, I hope I does my dooty; but I am but a poor woman and I earns my living hard; therefore I do require it to be brought reg'lar and drawn mild.

There was a gent bad abed at the Bull in 'Oburn, and I was night-nussin' 'im. "Now, suppoging," says I, "that the gent should die, I hope I might take the liberty of remembering my friend in the undertaking business, as does the thing pleasantly and in a great variety of styles?" I am but a poor woman, and money is a objick. Rich folks may



ride on camels, but it ain't so easy for 'em to see out of a needle's eye!

But, the place where I was night-nussin'—Betsy Prig, she was day-nussin' for 'im, she says, "He's quiet, but his wits is gone," she says, "an' the pickled salmon is quite delicious. I can quite recommend it," she says, "but don't have nothing to do with the cold meat, for it tastes of the stable." The drinks is all good. But, the easy chair ain't soft enough, so I have to take his piller, an' he's quite easy without. Ah! when I looks at him an' straightens out his arms (from force of habit) I thinks he'd make a lovely corpse! Then I orders my supper, an' never let 'em bring me more than a shillin's worth of gin an' water when I rings for the second time, for that is my allowance and I never takes a drop beyond! Ah! what a blessed thing it is—living in a wale—to be contented! The cowcumbers at his house is the finest ever growed!

But now he's gone away into the country an' got a country nuss. (Drat them country nusses! Much the orkard hussies knows their business!) So, the day he left, Betsy an' me got 'im ready. An' such a man! He would n't have been washed if he'd had 'is own way! "She put the soap into my mouth," says he. "Could n't you keep your mouth shut, then?" says Mrs. Prig. "Who do you think 's to wash one featur an' miss another for half-a-crown a day? If you wants to be tittivated you must pay accordin'," says Betsy. An' then, deuce take the man, if he ain't been an' got my night bottle in his coat pocket! I made a little cupboard of his coat when it hung up behind the door when he was bad abed, an' forgot it.

I goes out working for my daily bread but I maintains my independency. I has my feelin's as a woman, but make the least remarks on what I eats or drinks and though you was the favouritest young for'ard hussy of a servant-girl as ever come into a house, either you leaves the place or me. I will not be impoged upon. Bless the babe an' save the mother is my mortar, but don't try no impogician with the nuss! An' I'd repeat it if I was Martha led to the stakes!

I knows a lady, which her name is Harris, her husband's brother bein' six foot three an' marked with a mad bull in Wellington boots on his left arm, an' often have I said to Mrs. Harris, "Blessed is the man as has his quiver full of sech, as many times have I said to Gamp when words has roge betwixt us." Drat the creetur!

As I says to Mrs. Harris, "Buttered toast is good, first cuttin' off the crust in consequence of tender teeth an' not too many of them," which Gamp himself at one blow struck out four, two single an' two double, as was took by Mrs. Harris for a keepsake an' is carried by her at this present hour in a nutmeg-grater. But their absenge don't interfere with other joys. No! "I'm easy pleased," is my mortar. "It is but little as I wants, but I must have that little of the best an' to the minute when the clock strikes."

So I says to Mrs. Harris, an' if you have anything to say contrairy to the character of Mrs. Harris you must say it behind her back which is not to be impeaged. I have known that sweetest and best of women five an' thirty year in her troubles great an' small. She is a-expecting of me at this minnit and is a-looking out of window down the street with little Tommy Harris in her arms (her ninth), bless his little mottled legs, an' I've known him since I found him with his small red worsted shoe a-gurglin' in his throat while they was leavin' of him on the floor an' they a-huntin' for it through the 'ouse an' 'im a-chokin' sweetly in the parlor!

Well, it's a pleasant evenin' which though we must expect when cowcumbers is three for twopence. Ah! the weakness of man is not to be exceged, which is well beknown to Mrs. Harris as has one sweet infant (though she do not wish it known) in her own family by the mother's side kep' in spirits in a bottle, an' that sweet babe she see at Greenwich Fair a-travelling in company with the pink-eyed lady, Prooshan dwarf, an' livin' skeleton, which judge her feelin's when she was showed her own dear sister's child when the barrel-organ played the same not being expected from the picters outside, where it was painted quite contrairy in a livin' state an' playing on the 'arp!



An' Mrs. Harris has knowed me for many year in this wale, an' can give you information that any as is so dis-poged can't do better and may do worse than let me nuss or lay 'em out, which I 'ope to do. Permittin' the sweet faces as I see afore me.

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## The Duty of the Critic

*If there is any place where flippancy and self-conceit are unpardonable, it is in the criticism of the creative work of others.* Into the production of every genuine book, fresh-born out of the author's own heart or brain or experience, has gone an amount of labor and time and persistence which is not easily understood save by those who have themselves tried to create instead of being satisfied to criticize or to copy. It is true—and more's the pity—that the labor and time and persistence might often have been put to better use; and those to whom is given the right to pass serious judgment on the work of others must often, in common justice, say as much, and warn aside the public from wasting their time or money on unprofitable books. Here, however, as in many other departments of life, it matters less what one does than the manner in which he does it. It is not the wise, intelligent, fair-minded criticism that really hurts a sincere writer, who has tried honestly to express the best he has known and thought; it is not the scorn for what is base nor the merciless revelation of hidden tendencies that may do infinite injury; but the light, easy-going misapprehension of aims, the bright word said for its own sake, regardless of the absolute truth, the indifference that will be at no pains to understand a new point of view or an unfamiliar style of expression.

Hassard, the New York reviewer, once wrote out for his own guidance certain rules of criticism, of which the first ran substantially thus: "Assume, for the time being at least, the author's point of view." This is not unlike Emerson's fundamental law: "Every scripture is to be in-

terpreted by the same spirit which gave it forth." Then Hassard, after letting the book declare itself to him as regards its contents, character, style, and intention, tried to look at it as a literary artist, as observer, as thinker, and from its essential environment. Lastly, he determined to express no judgment for which he could not state grounds that seemed to him adequate, and which he could exemplify.

We regret being unable to ascribe this article to its proper origin. It might be pertinent to say here that those who hand clippings to the Editor cannot be too careful about all details connected therewith, as name of paper or magazine, name of town and State where a reading occurs, etc.—ED.

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## A True Story

About a Girl

*Nina E. Gray, '06*

It happened not so long ago in a city of the West. She was young, and possessed an unbounded enthusiasm for her work, which increased in intensity as difficulties increased in number. It seemed as though no one in her city cared for her work, which was expression, as you and I understand it. Something there was in her which must reveal itself in some way, and every avenue but one was closed. What can one do when one's friends prefer cards to music, or sewing-circles to reading? Pray, where will one find companions in surroundings where physical culture, elocution, and literature are not appreciated? Is it not rather hard to be called conceited because one feels one might do something if one only had the chance?

If you happen to live in the Middle West you will know what this girl of mine had to contend with. There came a time when the young people said she was—well, advanced. She was left out of card-parties because she did n't play; she was not invited to thimble-parties because she was not interested in her neighbor's brother's wife's divorce, and she was inclined to ask about books which others had n't

read. So, you see, the time came when our girl was left out, and had only her piano and books and art — and Theodore Thomas, her cat.

These were quite enough for her until she decided very suddenly one morning to study interpretation. You'll be surprised at what she did, but it is true, every word of it. She subscribed for the

### EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE!

I knew you would open your eyes. But the strangest part is that she could n't go to college then; in fact, she did not know when she could go. But the next best to doing a thing is reading about it. So all that winter this girl read everything that happened at Emerson, and took notes on lectures that were reported, and she read the college news and knew her favorite teacher as well as you and I. She read about the Dean giving the Conservatory to Emerson students for a Christmas gift, and she gave nine "rahs" and two or three extra ones because she could n't help it; and she read about the plays and what the graduates were doing, till she felt just as much an Emersonian as she will when she wears the alumni pin.

Now, why have I told you all this? Well, because. You see this girl is not the only girl who has wanted to accomplish something, so I want other girls to find out her fun and share it. *Are you coming to Emerson College some day?* Find out what it is like. *Are you too busy to come?* Well, make Emerson go to you. *Have you been to Emerson and learned it all?* If that is so, I know you wait with eagerness each month for the Magazine, and you should subscribe for a copy to send to your chum.

Now I am not paid to speak a good word for our Magazine, but I do want all to enjoy it as my little friend did. You'll be inspired, and we all need uplifting after we have left Alma Mater, and it is good to feel that we are still Emersonians who help to make the College and whom the College helps to make.



## The Shakespearian Recitals

*Mrs. Kuntz-Baker: "Much Ado About Nothing," October 14.*— In the reading of this work the lines were given their full value. Beatrice was a provokingly lovable, coquettish, and sweet character of witchery and strength. Mrs. Kuntz-Baker has much personal magnetism, a charming voice, musical, well-modulated, and sweet, and a stage presence that is dignified and delightful. Given so many of the qualities necessary for the successful reader, it is small wonder that this talented woman met with so cordial a reception. The evening was marked by great applause and general satisfaction, and the critic could find little fault.

*Mr. Tripp: "The Tempest," October 21.*— It is always a rare treat when Mr. Tripp reads. His work is so clean-cut, and so poetic withal, that the combination invariably charms. In "The Tempest" he brought his literary knowledge and technique of expression to bear with unusual conviction, harmonizing the various elements of spiritual, mental, and physical; demi-god, demi-human, demi-beast.

As the play was rendered, artistic though it was, we were just a trifle jealous of the musical interludes, beautifully sung though they were, for Mr. Tripp was so entirely sufficient unto the occasion himself.

*Mrs. Southwick: "The Merchant of Venice," October 28.*— It was hard not to want to be a Freshman all over again, just to be able to hear Mrs. Southwick for the first time. Where is there such another voice, such another personality, such another woman? As I write I know the artist in question would forbid this if she knew of its publication, but, having learned to know these vital forces so significant in her life and work, the truth will out, and I make bold to say it.

That Mrs. Southwick is a genius is unquestioned; her work in "The Merchant of Venice" only confirms this in the minds of her hearers. In the presence of such ability there is nothing to criticize. Therefore it would be diffi-

cult to attempt a worthy dissertation on her work. The play was there, the powerful creation of Shakespeare, and as well, the artist was there.

*Mr. Riddle: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," November 4.*—Mr. Riddle's interpretation of this youthful fantasy of Shakespeare's was a brilliant success. The audience fairly revelled in the "delicious fooling" which was so artistically presented. For those who were so fortunate as to hear Mr. Riddle, the play and the artist will ever be inseparable.

*Mrs. Hicks: "As You Like It," November 11.*—When one has Shakespeare at his best and Mrs. Hicks at her best one finds a combination worthy the mettle of both. Mrs. Hicks has such perfect form of work, such balance, such deftness of point, that one knows the unremitting care of preparation which must be behind it all, yet which, like the canvas behind the portrait, never shows, but holds the pigments in place and proportion. Especial mention should be made of the "Seven Ages" speech. Mrs. Hicks carried it into the ideal, and her audience as well.

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### Perverted Proverbs

A BIRD in the hand gathers no moss.

A rolling stone is worth two in the bush.

The wind is tempered to a gift-horse in the mouth.

Never look at a shorn lamb.

Art is long when no man pursueth.

The wicked flee, and time is fleeting.

A word fitly spoken and a contentious woman are alike.

A continual dropping in a rainy day is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

Answer a fool according to his folly, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

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### Exchanges

WE acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges for the months of October and November, 1904: *The Normal Eyte*, State Normal School, Cedar Falls, Ia.; *The Criterion*, Columbia College, Columbia, S. C.; *Aurora*, Agnes Scott Institute, Decatur, Ga.; *The Tripod*, Thornton Academy, Saco,

Me.; *The Forum*, Lebanon Valley, Annville, Pa.; *The Kalends*, Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.; *The Cynic*, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.; *The College Review*, Shurtleff College, Upper Alton, Ill.; *The Scio Collegian*, Scio College, Scio, O.

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## Editorials

WE understand that in the past there have been times when our subscribers were subjected to great inconvenience, owing to magazines not being sent on time. The present management wishes it to be understood distinctly that such neglect of the Magazine's support will not occur during the present dynasty. Subscribers will receive their copies as quickly as mails and publishers will permit.

We hope to have the Magazine issued during the first week of each month, and we prepare our copy to that end. The Editor proposes, and the publisher does the rest. Now, we are so fortunate as to have the best of publishers, but sometimes even their plans "gang aley." So, if the Magazine is not forthcoming by the seventh of the month, be tolerant, gentle friend. Maybe, some day, you will be in these toils yourself. Of this, however, we can assure you: if you pay your subscription, your Magazine will be mailed to you within twenty-four hours of the time we receive it ourselves.

Rules for all good subscribers:

1. Notify the Business Manager at once of any change of address.
  2. Remit subscription fees promptly in form of P.O. order.
  3. Send Editor any article or item of news that will interest alumni or student body generally.
  4. Notify us at once if copies are not received.
  5. Offer any suggestion for the improvement of the Magazine.
  6. Love Emerson College with all your heart!
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We hear a great deal about people who are "nearly dead." Personally, opinion inclines toward the wish that



those who have so nearly completed anything should not hover so dangerously near this side of consummation. They complain of their position, unwilling to shift to the ultimate they seem to desire, and not positive enough to live a healthy life unflinchingly.

It takes courage to be honest with one's self about one's health. Self-pity is the most absorbing malady of the age, and generosity, when our individual person is the subject, is as rare as the dodo, almost. People value themselves too highly, and seem to set a premium on a false physical condition; they do not understand that they, themselves, are often the bread which, if cast freely on the waters of friendship, will return to them, sanctified — and that after not so many days, either.

To give one's self is to bestow much, or nothing. The difference is in the spirit. What if you are "nearly dead"? Do you not know that the second wind of the body is the beginning of spiritual activity? A healthy spirit cannot be tired, and, if you give it but half a chance, it will show you compelling and sustaining powers which shall surprise you; it is gifted with the strength of the spheres.

Get up then! shake off the shroud you have been trying to draw about your shoulders; give yourself for a day, for an hour, even, to please a friend; go down into the cellar of your nature and haul forth the John Smith who lives there, call him a few hard names, rechristen him with your new-found experience, and hereafter, invite him to live with you above-stairs. By and by you will find in him an excellent companion, and in time you twain may be entirely amalgamated. I refer to the day when you have forgot the meaning of "nearly dead."

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It is our desire to have every student and every alumnus represented in these pages. The Editor would be charmed if this department even had to fight for standing-room. But, somehow, the students who can do things will not, or do not, do so.

This Magazine shall be read if the management is obliged to resort to drastic measures. Thanks be, this is

only light talk, but the deeper significance is, the *student-and-alumnus body*, if it gives consent to the existence of a *College Magazine at all*, must support it in every way possible. When the Editor asks you for a contribution, do not consider it a personal matter between him and you. Not so! It is your Alma Mater which appeals to you, and in appealing pays you, personally, an honor. When asked for a contribution, therefore, do not think of the thousand and one things which may prevent you from writing the article; think, instead, of the ways you can devise in order to compass the matter.

Be helpful! Be positive! Do the thing!

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The troubles of a college magazine editor do not always stop with securing the copy. There is copy, and there is such a thing as having copy copied in order to make it legible. Once, not long ago, we had occasion to have a certain article rewritten, owing to the somewhat hieroglyphical style of its penmanship. To our horror, the publishers telephoned us that they could not make out the second draft, and had to resort to the original! Such an experience is discouraging.

Therefore, dear friend, when you send in your article, essay, poem, squib, limerick, ode, monologue, play, sketch, novel, joke, or letter, please:

1. Write it in ink.
2. On one side of lined paper.
3. And write the number of words at the top.
4. And sign name and class at end.
5. And dot your i's.
6. And cross your t's.
7. Punctuate carefully.
8. And then go over it again to see if there are any mistakes.
9. And then hand it to the Editor before the tenth of the month if you wish it to come out in the next issue.
10. And do not be hurt if it does not come out in the next issue, or in any issue at all (there may be reasons why ye wot not of).
11. And consider yourself thanked here and now for anything you have written or may write for us.
12. Or, should you not be writing for us, but merely sending us a clipping, please have it accompanied by all necessary information. Please send such

information directly to the Editor. (If you send a duplicate to the Dean or any of the Faculty, well and good, but do not trouble them to pass it on to us. They are busy enough already.)

13. Read over the twelve rules already given before and after meals if you contemplate sending matter to us.

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Do all of our Faculty read the Magazine?

Far be it from the present writer to add one item more of work to the already full calendars of our beloved Faculty. But the question really is: Is this Magazine to be representative of the work of Emerson College students, or is it considered as a trivial thing, got up for the amusement of the students in their off hours?

If the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is representative work, should not our instructors consider it work to be examined, criticized, and furthered, month by month? In a way, is it not as important as any regular class-work, especially along its own line? This is a subject about which we, as students, feel deeply, as we would feel the interest of any instructor in regular work.

Now, the student body is glad to feel that in all ways possible their instructors enjoy their work and participate in it.

Let us whisper, then, to all of our Faculty, that an occasional word of suggestion or help would be most welcome to the little band which is trying to make the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE a living, working thing; a medium of expression for the students, of the students, and by the students. As students, independent though we may be personally, we cannot ignore our relation of dependence to the Faculty.

In conclusion, let us acknowledge the encouragement and help which we have already received from some (the very busiest) of the Faculty.

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The new Emerson College Magazine Association has fallen heir to a considerable debt. For current expenses we have no fear. They are provided for. But, that inherited debt must be paid off this year. We solicit the aid of



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the alumni; we ask them to come over from Macedonia and help us.

And, we are going to help ourselves. One of our number is going to put on an original Japanese play entitled "Sayonara," and devote the proceeds to the cause. Then, a most attractive program will be put on by the Faculty: a play, in fact, a regular, all-star play by an all-star cast. Wait! Listen with an attent ear while I divulge this marvel to you! Mr. Eldridge is to be one of that stellar aggregation, and Mrs. Rogers (our Lady of the Umbrellas) is to be another. And there are others. Season your admiration for awhile! More will ye hear anon.

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Letters from members of the alumni to the alumni body in general are especially desired by the Magazine.

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## Class Spirit

AMONG the many influences that have contributed to make these first few weeks of the college year inspiring, one may be especially commended, and that is the general interest and enthusiasm outside of class-rooms which already has shown itself in frequent class meetings. It is good to know that something is doing in this direction, for friendly rivalry is the best incentive to good work, and, nothing being more contagious than enthusiasm, each class in turn may be to all the others an inspiration toward better organization and deeper loyalty. Herein, if we but realize it, lies one of our best opportunities for showing our appreciation of benefits received through our College. We are given so much over and beyond what can be stated in any catalogue that to most of us there comes instinctively a desire to give in return something more than the formal requirements.

But, however faithfully we may be striving as individuals to respond to the high ideals which are given us, however helpful and cheery an influence we may exert in the midst of the small group of student friends whom we know

best, we are yet missing something if each does not go a step further and co-operate heartily with the best interests of the college life as a whole. This is best served through the manifestation of good loyal class spirit.

So we would say to all students, Make the most of this opportunity to do your share, and realize, too, that class spirit means something more than attendance at meetings and payments of dues. It means showing your active interest in all matters brought up for discussion. Contribute the benefit of your experience, do not let the few who happen to hold office do all the thinking; if you have a bright idea pass it along. Through the sympathetic co-operation of many minds a really constructive force is developed—a force which not only brings success to all plans and projects, but also reacts with a warm glow of enthusiasm and good will upon all who participate.

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## Alumni Notes and College News

### Marriages

Ernest Joseph Porter and Sadie Prescott Porter announce their marriage, Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1904, at Peabody, Mass.

Annie Lauryette Carpenter, '02, was married to Mr. Charles Franklin Burditt on Thursday, Oct. 6, 1904, at North Reading, Mass.

Grace Chambers, '05, was married early this autumn to Mr. W. C. McLeod, of Baltimore, Md.

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### Appointments, etc

Meta H. Taylor, Spl., is teaching Elocution and Physical Culture in the Musical Conservatory at Emporia, Kan.

A. M. Carver, '03, is teaching Oratory at the Mt. Allison Ladies' College, Sackville, N. B.

C. Fred Patterson, '04, has given up his New Haven studio and has gone to New York to take up a line of special study.

The third annual Faculty recital of the Musical and Oratoric Departments of the Chatham Episcopal Institute took place on Friday night, October 20. Miss Woodwell in her ever-pleasing oratoric numbers was at her best. Especially dainty and delightful was "Mary's Singing-Lesson," with its spontaneous ripple of yellow bird, sparrow, swallow, and bobolink calls, while Henry Van Dyke's "Lost Word" was listened to with breathless attention.

Long and loud applause attested the appreciation of the large audience present.— *Pittsylvania Tribune*.

Janet Priest, who plays Muggsy in "The Maid and the Mummy," was entertained in Boston at a tea given by the Minnesota girls studying at the Emerson College of Oratory.

Edna Dickinson, '06, writes from Los Angeles of the state of her heart. Oh, not that! Emerson has it; that's all. We wish Miss Dickinson would come back. What the P. G.'s will do without her music this year we don't know.

Helena M. Richardson, '03, is still visiting the mines at Cieneguita, Soñora, Mexico. Is Miss Richardson digging up local color, or what? Let's hear from our former editor.

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### Sorority News



THE Phi Eta Sigma sisters received their pledges, with their new relationship, on Wednesday evening, October 26. A most enjoyable time was spent at the apartments of their president, Miss Vivian Cameron.

A year of strong endeavor to accomplish "things worth while" was planned for, and the sisters pledged themselves as ready and willing, through their joint efforts, to uphold in every way the aims of their beloved College.

Hallowe'en was a merry evening for the jolly group of Phi Eta Sigma sisters gathered around the cheery blaze of an open fire, in the Hemenway Chambers. Miss Vivian Cameron, as hostess, declared each girl fined who should fail to tell a ghost-story of the most weird and startling nature. The tales flew thick and fast, until one sister, proving over-sensitive, plead for desistance.

The dear old customs of our country homes were observed in glasses of cider, the eating of doughnuts and rosy apples. Marshmallows, pop-corn, and chestnuts were subjected to the genial blaze, under which warm influence the home feeling was renewed and castles in Spain loomed attractively accessible; and when the hour came for disbanding, the girls set out arm in arm, grown nearer to each other through one more opportunity for mutual pleasure.

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### Class News of the Month

'04

Postgraduate class elections resulted in the selection of the following officers for the year: president, Herbert D. Bard; vice-president, Calvin Thomas; secretary, Edna Peale; treasurer, Hettie G. Ward; Magazine representative, W. Fred Allen.

Once more Mrs. Bigelow is among us. Long may she wave!



Our "girl with the auburn hair" shines as our beacon light, bless her.  
We're proud of her, we are!

Miss Marion Nichols is teaching. We are dignified now.

W. F. A.

### '05

'05 in its malted milk days may have been slow, but since it began on solid food it has skipped merrily.

In the past month '05 has taken Time by the beard (his forelock has been worn off for ages), and managed to get through with its Commencement elections. Yes, and, all hail to us, without even one single ruffling of feather boas! Every member was present at the important class meetings, and one might have thought that all had gathered for a social tea instead of to elect a representative few for the most important events of the year. In truth,

"We've paidlet i' the burn  
Frae morning sun till dine,"

and we know the beauty of the friendships that have lasted and grown stronger year by year.

### '06

Brayton Byron elected Assistant Business Manager of the Magazine.

### '07

'07 has kept up a continual doing ever since its first peep on September 27. It has been holding class meetings about once a week, if not oftener, and has got down to regular working order, chosen its class colors, made its first speech in public, given its yell, and altogether established its right to scratch for itself right lustily. The other day one of the upper-class students had occasion to address the members of '07 at one of their class meetings, and never will that member forget, so he tells me, the welcome he got at the hands of '07. That sort of thing means plenty of red blood behind the welcome (blue blood, too), and we cannot have too much of such spirit at Emerson.

'07 has elected the Freshman Magazine representative. The honor has fallen on Miss Louise Southwick. If there is anything in a name, Miss Southwick can score on that point; but, as we happen to know Miss Southwick (who is *not* related to the Dean) personally, we can congratulate both '07 and the Magazine on the choice of the Freshman class. The Magazine Board extends its welcome to Miss Southwick, and hopes that she will be seen and heard soon, both at Board meetings and in the pages of the Magazine.—ED.

Mr. Garber, the president of '07, was elected a member of the College Magazine Board November 16. Mr. Garber had much experience in magazine work before he came to Emerson.

On Thursday evening, November 17, the Freshmen gave their yell, which is composed of the names of all the Faculty who teach the Freshman class. Loud it swelled. Did you know the Freshmen could make so much noise? They've been taking voice culture for seven weeks! The last shall not be least among you.

L. H. S.

The Freshman class of Emerson College will long remember Thursday evening, November 3. It was on this evening that the "Freshies" were tendered a reception by the Seniors. Potter Hall was well filled with Juniors to the right and filling the balcony, and P. G.'s to the left; the "babies" occupied the central section—and, it should be noted here, the members of the Faculty were honored with seats in their midst. At 7.45 the curtain lifted and "The Princess" was introduced. A criticism of the play is given elsewhere in this number, so it is ours to pause only long enough to say that it was not easy to realize that the production was being presented by amateurs.

The selection of the scenery and costumes showed artistic taste, and the Senior class rightly congratulates herself that one of her own number possesses this taste, and the Freshmen here congratulate themselves that they have a warm friend in Mr. Archibald Reddie. At the conclusion of the play, the class of '07 paid its respects to the class of '05, with a word to Mr. Reddie in particular. After the last curtain call, the president of the Freshman class came forward and said:

It is my most happy privilege to-night, as the representative of the Freshman class, to perform a service for them. I venture to think that I am voicing the sentiment of the entire audience when I say that this evening is one of the times that we feel a genuine joy in living. Our eyes have been pleased by the beauty of color and by the beauty and grace of culture; our ears have been charmed by the harmony of sweet sounds; and our hearts have been touched by a feeling of sincere appreciation and gratitude that the Seniors have done so much for us, and have done that much so well. I feel that it is a rare privilege to be a Freshman! and I could wish that I might find some word that would, in a small measure, suggest our gratitude; but with this feeble tribute I must pass by, reminding you that at some future date it shall be our pleasure to express ourselves in a more practical way for the honor done us to-night.

And may I yet speak a word more? To him whose talent you so much respect, and whose willing service is ever at your command; to him who has spent much valuable time and energy in dramatizing and staging this beautiful poem; to him whose untiring effort has done so much in making the production a splendid success;—to that one of your number we as a class would tender a special token of appreciation. (*Mr. Reddie was here called on the stage and a most exquisite bouquet of roses was presented to him.*) When the thunder speaks, it roars; when the lightnings speak, they flash; but when flowers speak, they whisper. There are times when words are beggarly: let the flowers and the colors speak for themselves; and though they do whisper, that voice is eloquent with the noble sentiment of a hundred hearts. J. A. G.

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## "The Princess"

### The Seniors Entertain the Freshmen

MR. REDDIE'S dramatization of "The Princess" proved to be a great success. As presented by the Senior class for the entertainment of the Freshman class, it was highly enjoyed by the large and enthusiastic audience which filled Potter Hall to overflowing. Not only was the audience pleased; it had good right to be pleased, but it also expressed its approval in all the ways known to audiences when they see something of the right kind, and have it fitly and powerfully presented.

Of Mr. Reddie's dramatization it is only fair to say that the problems pre-

sented were many and difficult. While the original poem is lacking in dramatic force, for the reason that it was not written as a drama, it nevertheless supposes a wide stage and an enormous amount of resources for its entire presentation. Mr. Reddie has therefore wisely excluded the parts requiring so vast a stage, and at the same time has retained nearly all the really dramatic parts of the poem. Moreover, he has added materially to the strength and unity of the composition.

Those who object to the structural incongruity of "The Princess" have little except the tournament on which to base their arguments, since all else of the ancient setting could exist just as well in the modern as in the ancient world. Indeed, the poem derives its force from the fact that its supposed mediævalism was a characteristic of the marriage customs of Tennyson's own day as much as it had been in the Middle Ages. The real incongruity of the poem was intentional, as by it Tennyson struck his most deadly blow, by reminding the world that one phase of the mediæval stupidity was still surviving in England, though it had utterly perished in all other English-speaking countries.

It was very evident that Mr. Reddie had secured all the moral advantages to be derived from the tournament, without sacrificing anything; and at the same time had furthered the action, which after all in such a composition as this is spiritual, or at least not chiefly material. But to accomplish this Mr. Reddie has invented some very clever scenes which are, dramatically, almost as much his as Tennyson's. This was exactly the part which Tennyson did not understand at the time he wrote "The Princess," though he gave much attention to it in the latter part of his life.

Nor has Mr. Reddie tampered with the text in any objectionable sense. In inventing new scenes he has added a few lines of his own where it was absolutely necessary in order to give life to the movement and so produce an acting play. This he has generally managed, however, by combining parts of different scenes, so as still to leave the text as Tennyson wrote it. While we have not seen the text to make an exact statement, we should be inclined to say that few compositions have ever been dramatized with so little change in the text. The process was chiefly one of elimination and combination, which is not only legitimate, but necessary, since the long speeches would be impossible.

Then there was added to the otherwise heavy composition an enormous amount of very significant by-play. In all cases this impressed us as consistent and well thought out. In an old play this is mostly ready made, for the new actor to imitate. But in a new dramatization it requires a great amount of invention and experiment. Every one admires the deft and significant action, while but few understand the wide knowledge of dramatic resources which is necessary in order to furnish a new play with that which is much more important than costume, scenery, or all other external advantages combined.

With so many gains it would be strange if there were no loss which a lover of the poem might observe. But this is not the question, since "The Prin-



cess" cannot be the original and still be a dramatization. The text of the poem is in existence, for those who prefer it, as such, where one glory of the full work is the closing scene. That alone would justify Tennyson in making it a medley, as he calls it, instead of a drama. But the termination would be impossible in a play. Such long speeches might do for the beginning of the action, but could not come at the end, when everything is falling swiftly to a conclusion. Moreover, the necessities of dramatic unity would exclude them. One could not suppose the company to be held together until the time when the final scene occurred, some weeks later; therefore it must be omitted for all reasons.

Meantime we have in the dramatization a lively reminder of the pleasantry and badinage which Tennyson put into the poem. This was done to make the old Tories read it. They supposed it to be at the expense of womankind in general and the new reforms in particular, until they unconsciously ran against the various stunning blows which are so judiciously distributed through the various culminating episodes of the masterful poem. Just here we come to common ground, where all lovers of the original can be as happy in the dramatization, with all the advantages of the latter thrown into the bargain. That is to say, the real majesty and glory of the poem are nearly all there. The Princess, in her nobility and strength of character, is always before us. The unity of the story is again improved, because there are no important scenes in which she is left out. She is really the "Head," and no part of the action goes far without her unifying influence.

Fortunately Miss Cameron was in every way capable of taking so important a part as the Princess. We should be glad to hear the two leading characters finish the story in what the Greeks called "the epirrhema," something spoken afterward; but there was little to be desired which was not fully expressed in Miss Cameron's presentation of the character.

The same thing can be said of the Prince, who, poor fellow, had to be Prince, author, stage-manager, and all, as well as defeated knight and hospital inmate. But he got along excellently, nevertheless, as did Lady Psyche and little Aglaia, who never went to sleep once, except when it was written in her part. Lady Blanche managed her thankless part with great success, and so did Melissa. Indeed, all the characters were well taken, and there were no supernumeraries—forbid it, ye eight mighty daughters of the plow. We are doubly enamored of the Princess, or of any one else who can maintain such a group of pupils as made her school glorious by their presence.

One point more cannot be overlooked: the lyrics, instead of being mere interludes, were made a most effective part of the action. Their unquestioned beauty was much enhanced by being made to serve a dramatic purpose; and the singing of the Misses Mitchell, Moulton, and Latham was fully equal to the beauty and dignity of the sentiment. It is also necessary to remark what an excellent schoolgirl Florian became when the three naughty boys assumed their maiden robes. Cyril was practically a new character, so much had his gentle Prince invented to give a fresh significance to his part. At the same time all acquisition was in harmony with the real character of Cyril and nec-

essary to the understanding of his part in the drama. The parts of Arac and the bluff and hearty old kings remained much the same as in the poem, and were well and naturally taken by the respective members of the cast.

WILLIAM G. WARD.

### Cast of "The Princess"

The Princess Ida, daughter of Gama.....	Vivian Cameron
Lady Blanche, her mentor .....	Luvia E. Mann
Lady Psyche, a widow "with three castles".....	Cora P. Pritchard
Melissa, Lady Blanche's daughter .....	Jessie E. Throssell
Eva, .....	Alice M. Whipple
Maria, .....	Nola Venable
Tessa, .....	Hilda L. Currier
Violet, .....	Fay Ione Latham
The College Portress .....	Nellie A. Spaulding
First Guard.....	Leontine Richardson
Second Guard .....	May E. Schwartz
Attendant to Princess.....	Katherine S. Reed
Aglaia, Lady Psyche's child.....	Little Helen Farley
Lady, attendant to Lady Psyche.....	Jane E. Mitchell
King of the Northern Empire .....	Oliver K. Lawson
The Prince, his son.....	Archibald F. Reddie
Cyril, a gentleman of broken fortune .....	D. Floyd Fager
Florian, companion to the Prince .....	Frances L. Hess
Gama, King of the Southern Empire .....	Guy F. Farley
Arac, his son, brother of the Princess.....	Delbert G. Lean
Jester to the Northern King .....	Jane E. Mitchell

The lyrics, "As Thro' the Land at Eve," "Sweet and Low," and "Ask Me No More," were sung by Miss Jane E. Mitchell; "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," by Miss Helen Moulton; and the songs, "Swallow, Swallow, Flying, Flying South" and "Tears, Idle Tears," by Miss Fay Ione Latham. The songs and lyrics were given under the direction of Mr. William Howland Kenney.

Manager .....	Archibald F. Reddie
Prompter .....	Leno E. Cooper
Property Manager .....	Leontine Richardson

## Whistler: The Character\*

"EH, what? Menepes? Who's Menepes?" was the exclamation flashed out by Whistler at the mention of his former pupil and recalcitrant follower—the man who had dared to choose between the master and his own career. This same man, remaining an admirer of the great painter to whom he had devoted several years of his early youth, Mortimer Menpes, has written his recollections of Whistler as he appeared to him in daily companionship, and a gay, pleasant sketch it is. The title precludes criticism, though

\* "Whistler as I Knew Him," by Mortimer Menpes.

it may provoke comparison. Already protests have arisen against this view, quite *bizarre* and apparently extravagant, but Mr. Menpes, who deprecates exaggeration, solemnly asserts that his picture is true to life.

One is continually tempted to suspect a gleam of ridicule in the mind of a writer who can say of his friend, after describing a quarrel, "He never did anything foolish, such as attacking a man physically stronger than himself, in the open—that would be hopelessly inartistic."

He would lift his light cane, his constant companion, and bring it down sharply upon the shoulders of an enemy—from behind. Yet he was always dainty, and we are assured he never did anything brutal, though he did take great men off their feet when they were not looking, and thrust them through plate-glass windows in Piccadilly. "He never treated his enemies in a coarse way," says Mr. Menpes.

Whistler's sense of music was entirely lacking; in fact, he was noticeably decentered, as the opticians say. When Menpes went with him to a musical evening he usually chose the extreme corner of the room, for to catch Whistler's eye was to be disgraced. On one occasion the painter sat with his mouth wide open, gazing at a group of musical people as they performed upon various instruments as though he had been hypnotized, and muttering to himself, "Pshaw! What's it all about?" The climax was reached when an old lady, an accomplished musician, began to sing, accompanying herself on the piano. Afterwards, being presented, she asked Whistler what he thought of her singing. Menpes heard him say, "Ha, ha! amazing!" as he fled precipitately from the room. Half an hour later he joined Menpes in the studio, saying, "Let us cleanse ourselves; let us print an etching." By the way, the old lady singer had a peculiar habit of carrying bread and butter in her pocket, which might suggest a kinship with some of Alice's friends in Wonderland.

When Whistler was painting his famous portrait of Sarasate, the latter often played for him. This playing he really enjoyed, for, as he said, "it was marvelous, you



know, to see Sarasate handle his violin, especially during those violent parts; his bow seemed to travel up and down the strings so rapidly, I cannot imagine how he does it." It was the dexterity that he admired; the music he did not understand. He could execute one strain of one song, and when a picture was going well he might be heard singing in a high falsetto voice, "And his heart was true to Poll."

A funny incident is related showing Whistler's curious vagueness where money matters were concerned. After completely overwhelming the landlord's agent who had sent "a quaint piece of paper" demanding rent long overdue, Whistler, aided by Menpes, managed to collect the amount in coin of many denominations. "Then Whistler was worried. He thought there should be some explanation for paying these people in pounds, shillings, and pence. 'They will say that the Master is really hard up because I cannot send them a cheque,' he said; 'I must write them a letter.' With that he wrote one of his marvelous letters, in which he explained that in dealing with people so vulgar and so little accustomed to the habits of the polite world, he had found it necessary to put himself to the trouble of sending them their money in coin."

When he desired a street-child to sit as a model, he would "talk to the gutter-snipe in a charmingly intimate way about his work and aspirations. 'Now we are going to do great things together,' he would say, and the little, dirty-faced child blinking up at him seemed almost to understand. . . . But from the moment his brush touched the canvas the child, as a child, was forgotten; she might droop and faint before Whistler would come down to earth again and understand that this was a living mortal. Sometimes after a long afternoon the girl began to bellow — something was hurting her, or she was stiff with standing so long — and Whistler, looking up with a start, would say, 'Pshaw! What's it all about? Can't you give it something, Menpes? Can't you buy it something?' The child eventually left the studio laden with toys, and perfectly happy once more."

Whistler at the play was terribly disturbing. He would

scream and laugh and rock himself to and fro when witnessing a tragedy. Shakespearian plays appealed to him as being exquisitely funny; yet comic songs at music halls amused him as though he were a child.

His conversation, in spite of affectation and extravagance, was stimulating; he invariably inspired people to work. He was always laughing, always gay, never weary, always ready for the day's work, no matter how early Menpes reached him.

A particularly engaging chapter is devoted to the followers of the master. Menpes and one other alone were counted as pupils. The followers were blind imitators and were never really taught anything. Only once in all the years did the master ever actually teach his two pupils anything, and one of them wrote the words down upon his cuff. At one time Menpes painted so "broadly and simply" that his picture, when finished, he tells us—a child upon the sands—resembled a clean sheet of paper! The comical ideas and preposterous doings of this little group of followers, as recorded by Menpes—later an outcast—are almost beyond belief; but we are assured that they are not exaggerated in the least in the telling.

Whistler's connection with the Society of British Artists is historic, and much has been written concerning it. After a big fight with the Society, he made a dramatic exit, taking with him in his triumphant train quite a number of British artists. His parting words were, "I am taking with me the Artists, and I leave the British." At this time there was a coolness between the master and Menpes, and the latter watched from a corner of the Hogarth Club Whistler's entrance with his company. At length the master called out, "I say, Menpes, come over here;" and he was forgiven. He whispered to Whistler, indicating the long line of "cleansed artists," "What are you going to do with them?" "Whistler looked at me for a moment, and a quizzical smile curled his lips and twinkled in his eyes. 'Pshaw, Menpes!' he cried; 'lose them, of course.'" He visited the gallery of the British Artists, after abdicating the leadership, and saw there a picture by a well-known

Royal Academician. "Ah!" he said, as he stood looking at it through his eyeglass, "it is like a diamond in the sty."

The episode of the Leyland Peacock Room is given in detail, and reads like a merry war. Whistler invited his friends to see his completed work, the far-famed decoration, and said to the owner, "I should advise you, my dear fellow, to revisit Speke Hall. These people are coming not to see you or your house; they are coming to see the work of the master, and you, being a sensitive man, may naturally feel a little out in the cold." Leyland departed and the guests arrived.

One cannot help questioning whether the great artist was as invariably overwhelming to other men as Menpes represents him. He was always gay, often inexcusably rude, frequently in a rage, when he actually screamed, always selfish, but invariably fascinating. He hypnotized friend and foe alike. He toyed with the truth, delighted to sacrifice it if a startling phrase or a witty situation occurred to him. He was as irresponsibly cruel as a child, and wielded the tremendous power of a genius.

The great number of picture reproductions from the master, and several portrait sketches of him by Menpes, make the volume of unusual value. Apart from this, however, the reader will find the portraiture of Whistler vastly entertaining and most desirable to own.—*From The Outlook.*

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### A Japanese House

THE burden of possessions is one that does not lie heavily upon the Japanese people, since the peculiar genius of their civilization—like that of all caste societies—has never developed to any great degree the idea of the honorific nature of conspicuous waste. And this is why in adopting and adapting certain elements of Western civilization, the Japanese are still unable to comprehend what an inordinate accumulation of useless and unnecessary possessions stands for in the Western mind.

In the danger from earthquakes there is a reason for the universal choice of wood by the Japanese as building material; but originally there was another consideration, this being that when death visited a house it was immediately demolished, for once tainted with the impure state of death, it was henceforth considered unfit for habitation.



There is nothing, indeed, to break the severe rectangularity of a Japanese home except the recesses in the background. One of these that contains the objects of ornamentation is the tokonoma, the spot of beauty. This is found in every Japanese home. In front of it the guest is seated in the place of honor. In it there are the picture (*kakemono*), the vase or flowers or branches arranged according to perfectly defined æsthetic rules, pieces of bric-à-brac, et cetera. The picture and flowers are invariably changed every day. The other recess is the *chigai-dana*, which contains, among other things, the chests of drawers which hold the clothing and books for immediate use. Bedding, shoes, lamps, and other necessary articles of every-day life are stowed away in curiously concealed cupboards.

But the danger of conflagration is too great for the house-owner to keep many of his effects within his home. Outside, in the garden, there will be a massive stucco receptacle which holds the family wardrobe, the beautiful collection of *kakemonos*, some of them almost priceless on account of their great age, the rare and valuable porcelain,—almost all the family belongings, indeed, that are not in immediate use.

It is not possible here to give any idea of the perfect harmony of the tinted walls with the wood finish, which feature contributes not a little to making this edifice of the simplest construction and lines the thing of pure beauty that it is easily seen to be. Nothing that these wonderful people touch ever turns to ugliness. They infuse into the commonest objects a quality that gives a sensation of pleasure to the mind. This is their great gift. No other race, no other form of civilization, has yet succeeded in developing so universal an artistic instinct.

The straw mats on the floor complete the picture. On the soft surface of these *tatami* the Japanese people eat, sleep, and die. They take the place of chair, bed, and lounge. Shoes are removed before entering the house, lest the mats get soiled or their surface injured. On these we see spread the cushions on which the people assume their sitting position. In front of them is the ever-present *tobako-bon*, offered at once to every visitor. The tray also holds a little bamboo cuspidor that is used with great delicacy.

The most valuable acquisitions of the Japanese from European civilization have been a better understanding of hygiene, and a meat and vegetable diet in place of the one of fish and rice that is largely responsible for the widely prevalent anemia among the people. A Japanese who has had a taste of life in Europe or America finds no difficulty, and is often happier, in a return to his native customs, but when he has once learned to depend on a meat and vegetable diet he cannot return to the regimen of his land.

The Japanese house has many advantages for a summer abode in this country. We have recently acquired a fad to spend the entire time, night and day, in the open air. To gratify this desire, such a house provides a perfect means. The outer screens would keep off the night breezes when they are too strong or chilly for comfort. The necessary furniture should be of the simplest possible nature. The mattress should be spread in the *tokonoma*—thus fulfilling its original function of a sleeping-place—and kept under it during the day. Any hangings or curtains to catch the dust, or unnecessary orna-

ment, would be a direct violation of the principles of Japanese art, and would not be tolerated by one who wished to experience, as far as possible, a method of living that is the uninterrupted development of long centuries of culture and civilization.—*C. K. Morris in The Twentieth Century Home.*

## Out of the Mouths of Babes

A boy, aged four, was taught to say grace, "Thank God for my good dinner. Amen." I said to him one Sunday, "I hope you say grace on other days when I am away in the city on business, as well as on Sundays, when I am present."

"Oh yes, Daddy," he replied, "we always say 'Thank God' when you are out!"

"Mamma, dear," said a small boy at luncheon, "what are sausages when they are alive? Do they swim or do they fly?"

A little girl whose uncle died saw him in his coffin, and was told he was going to heaven. A day or two after the funeral she startled her mother by asking, "Mamma, do you think God has had time to unpack Uncle Edward yet?"

A little girl, after a romp with her grandfather, said to her mother, "O mummy dear, when I grow up big I shall marry grandpa."

"But you could not, darling," said the mother.

"Why not?"

"Because, you see, dear, he is my father."

"Well, you married my father, so why could n't I marry yours?"

A little boy, having been told that God made everything, asked whether God had made his boat. "No, dear," said his mother, "God made the wood; some one else made the boat." A few days later, when sailing his boat on a pond, he suddenly called out, "Mother, and Auntie, come and see my boat that God and another gentleman made!"

A conversation being held on the subject of the prayer used on first entering church, the vicar's little daughter was asked what she had said. "Oh," she replied, "I always pray that we sha'n't have the Litany."

A Sunday-school teacher told her class that they might choose a hymn to sing. One very small girl asked if they could have the one about the little she bear. The teacher, failing to locate any hymn in which the animal in question is referred to, asked the child if she could repeat part of one of the verses in the hymn. This was the verse:

"Can a mother's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bear?"

Little boy, stopping a policeman while walking along the Pike at St. Louis, said in a voice of deep distress, "Please, sir, have you seen a gentleman without a little boy with him? Because, if so, I am the little boy."

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## New Year

*J. A. Garber, '07*

SLOWLY, sadly, in the west,  
The pale-faced sun now sinks to rest;  
And sobs the voice of night:  
    "The day is done,  
    The sands have run  
That marked the Old Year's light."

Swiftly, smiling, breaks the day  
With Apollo's golden, dawning ray;  
And sings the song of morn:  
    "Hail, happy thought!  
    Oh! glories wrought,—  
A glad New Year is born!"

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"By exquisite analysis the artist attains clearness of idea; then, through many stages of refining, clearness of expression. He moves slowly over his work, calculating the tenderest tone, . . . never letting fancy move at large, gradually enforcing flaccid spaces to the higher degree of expressiveness."

WALTER PATER.



## Visible Speech for Japan

THE subject of "Japan and the Roman Alphabet" has been discussed recently in New York, in regard to an alleged proposition by Japan to adopt the Roman alphabet characters in place of their present innumerable word characters. One critic suggests that "Visible Speech," with some slight modifications, could be used as the basis of their written language:

"Visible Speech" is a system of alphabetics which, although it has been published for a good many years, does not seem to be understood by most of our phoneticians, and is not properly appreciated by them.

"It would take but a short time for the entire people of Japan to become readers of their language, because they would have a perfectly phonetic method of writing and printing, so simple and suggestive that it would take the learner by the hand and lead him at once to the desired result. And then the men of high culture would be able to impart to those of less culture a correct pronunciation of the language, with no other intermediary than that of mere printed matter.

"This achievement would bring more glory to Japan than will her military triumph over the nation whose alphabet has outraged that of the Romans more than the alphabet of any other country. Such an opportunity for the Orient to conquer the Occident in a conflict of peace, by showing the whole world how to read and write, will never occur again, unless perhaps when some day China awakes from her lethargy and wishes to cast off the manacles, similar to those of the Japanese, that now bind down her language."

JAMES E. MUNSON.

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A little boy, taught by his Aunt Jane, an elderly and somewhat bad-tempered old maid, was seen one day digging a very deep hole in the garden. When he had filled in the hole and gone away, his Aunt Jane, who, unknown to the boy, had been watching his proceedings, redug the hole and discovered at the very bottom of it a piece of paper on which was written, "Dear devil, please cum and fetch Aunt Jane."

## Shops of the Ghetto

*Harriet Fairfield Provan, '04*

In the postgraduate theatric training-class the students are required to write theses on the lives and customs of the various people assigned them for purposes of character study. This paper and the one following were presented in that course.]

THE words "shops of the Ghetto" promise that which is Eastern, Oriental, fascinating; they suggest stretches of sand, glowing sunlight, dim booths, heaps of soft, delicate colored silks, marvellous shawls, and sharp-eyed, indolent merchants. In reality, I have only the dreariest, most commonplace, poverty-stricken tenement district to present; a small area crowded with humanity, whose one problem is how to exist, without hope of any better condition.

Isolated and congested working-class quarters, with all the dangers to moral and material well-being which they present, grow with the growth of all great cities, and evils of all kinds find in these conditions a congenial soil. In the North and West ends of Boston we find what may pass here for the shops of the Ghetto.

The streets are dirty and depressing, many of them are not wide enough for the street-sweeper to pass, or for the fire-engine to enter; all have courts and alleys running from them which are narrow, dark, littered, utterly unfit for human beings to live in. One in particular, Webster Alley by name, is a network of narrow passages, turning in all directions, not more than three or four feet wide, and many of them being tunnels under or right through the houses.

A century ago this district was a part of the aristocratic residential section; now it is strikingly foreign in its population, and the principal thoroughfares have an aspect of garish picturesqueness, set against a background of poverty and moral tragedy.

The immigrant has found isolation possible there, and partly because he could not speak English, and partly

from choice, he is a foreigner still. Under these conditions we find the Jew makes his *occupation* the *reality* of his life. Into his life-work he puts heart and soul. His success results from close application to business, shrewdness, and perseverance.

The necessities of alien conditions tend to lessen his attachment to the ministrations of the Synagogue, while his intense racial loyalty compels him to sustain it. A rabbi, or teacher, comes to every home regularly to instruct the children in the Law. Having made acquaintance with several young girls in one of the Synagogues, I had an opportunity to enter these shops as a friend, and in all was kindly treated; every courtesy was shown me by each proprietor, whether he could speak English or not. These shops show all stages of discomfort, some being fairly light and clean, others in basements, dark and crowded. In one of the best, a cap-maker's, when I first entered, the proprietor, while pleasant, was very busy, and could not take time to speak to me; but in about a minute a door opened and there, framed in the cheap pine opening, in a faded pink calico dress, I saw my Type, the face I have ever sought vainly among Jewesses. There was the Mother and the Child. Her perfect blonde beauty illumined the whole wretched scene.

. . . In the evenings the young men gather in these little shops to discuss their politics, their plans, hopes, and ideals, and there is rapidly developing among them a sentiment new to the Jewish mind,—a longing for, and a turning to, a life outside of cities.

Now, what is the ultimate purpose of all this investigation? Where shall we make the personal conclusion? John G. Whittier says, "For all the ills I cannot cure, I hold myself to blame." He voiced a universal truth. The poor tenement-house problem is the shame of our city, the solving of which rests upon those who are brought in contact with its horrors.

We went lightly down there and grinned at the grotesque clothing, saw how funny the little old bonnets and jute wigs were, and were amazed at the number of little chil-



dren. But before long we saw that the queer clothes meant cruellest poverty; that the women's faces were seamed and distorted with suffering, both physical and mental; that a look of fear haunted every pair of eyes; that the little children had no place but the gutters in which to play. We found there was very little in the Ghetto which was really amusing.

The question is: Has the woman of the Ghetto any *claim* on the woman of the college? *Must* the little children play in those dreadful gutters and sleep in those fire-traps?

In old Judea there were twelve men whose solution of a problem changed the civilization of the world.

This is a great and many-sided problem, but it is not hopeless; there are thousands of acres in this broad land waiting for cultivation, and it is in showing the youth of our city the advantages, happiness, independence, and freedom of life in the country that the problem will be solved. The idea has taken root; already there are leaders, but they need friendly assistance. A firm intent and steady perseverance will solve the question of the slavery of the present, and banish the sweat-shop of the Ghetto from our land forever.

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## The Chosen People and Their Faith

*Calvin C. Thomas, '04*

It is the purpose of the Jewish religion to raise its followers toward perfection and holiness. The ceremonies observed by the Jews are intended chiefly to remind them of certain religious truths or of events in the history of their nation; they help them to reach a state of holiness by ever keeping these truths and the meaning of these occurrences before them. . . . The Sabbath means to the Jews not merely a day of rest, but also a day of religious devotion and self-purification, a day to be observed by studying the Word of God, by praising and glorifying His name; they are to keep the day holy.

When Sabbath begins, at sunset on Friday, it is welcomed with light and cheer; the pious housewife lights the Sabbath candles and pronounces a blessing over them.

The Friday evening meal is made the most joyous one of the week; the family is reunited after a week of labor, and all the members join in praise and thanksgiving to God. Parents and children sit together in the home, partaking of the joys and blessings of the family life; this is the ideal of the Sabbath eve.

The services for Sabbath morning are arranged for worship and instruction. A special feature is the reading of a portion of the "Law and the Prophets." It has now become customary on Sabbath morning for the rabbi to deliver a discourse, explaining the Law and exhorting the people to a stricter observance of it.

No work of any kind is to be done on the Sabbath. Even the servants and the cattle should rest on this holy day. Anything that requires physical exertion or that prevents devotion to spiritual things is strictly forbidden.

The Jews believe that the Solemn Days and the Festivals are, next to the Sabbath, the best means of arousing religious enthusiasm, either by reminding the people of the past glories of Israel, as the three festivals of joy and the minor feasts instituted by the rabbis, or by making them reflect upon their past errors and bidding them return to God.

In commemoration of some sad events in Jewish history, chiefly occurrences connected with the fall of Jerusalem, a number of fasts were instituted.

. . . . .

On every occasion, whether of gladness or of sorrow, they are obliged to acknowledge the power of the Almighty. The form of the blessing varies with the different occasions.

The Jews find in the Torah special laws restricting them in the use of certain foods, and modern scientists have discovered in these laws sure safeguards against disease.

The Jewish religion bases its system of moral duties upon the principle of holiness, and while ethical laws are scattered throughout the Torah and the Talmud, the foundation of their morality is in the Ten Commandments. The Jews look upon the Torah as their national inheritance; it has always been guarded with the greatest care, and even in times of direst misfortune the first care of the Israelite was to save this precious treasure, and it is their firm belief that the Torah, as it is now found in their scrolls, is the same as written by Moses. All later developments of the Law have been formed in strict accordance with the spirit of tradition. This feeling of reverence for custom and tradition has been cherished by the Jews during all the years of their existence, and it is this which will keep them together under the banner of Judaism.

Let me say in conclusion that we, as Christians, believe with Charles Kingsley that the Bible in its entirety is the history of mankind's deliverance from tyranny. It is the history of the Jews, the one free constitutional people among a world of slaves and tyrants. The New Testament heralds the good news that freedom, brotherhood, and equality, once confined only to Judea and to Greece, and dimly seen even there, are henceforth to be the right of all mankind and the law of all society.

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### Three Ways of Teaching\*

THREE ways of learning are: (1) by imitation; (2) through interest; (3) by effort; and good methods of teaching are based upon necessary ways of learning.

Of the first way some might say that by using imitative methods of pedagogy one would be apt to break down the safeguards of originality. Of the second the casualist might complain that it would tend to make the pupil superficial. Of the third means we sometimes hear it said that such a means is out of date.

Which is right? The answer is plain. All are right. Professor Horne, to whom indebtedness is acknowledged for this formulation in part, has presented this matter most clearly and convincingly.

\*From talks given by Dean Southwick after Chapel exercises on the mornings of Dec. 10, 13, and 14, 1904.



Imitation may be conscious or unconscious. As children we first learn through imitation, unconsciously. Question: As we advance, should we use the child's method, applying it consciously? The child develops originality in the very way he imitates. He *chooses what he will imitate*. Then, most naturally, originality steps in as choice becomes a potent factor in his self-culture. Through imitation he finally becomes aware that he possesses originality.

In all branches of art we must consider the model; we cannot escape it. A child cannot be taught to draw a circle unless through objective means he has conceived the circular form. We develop through desires, through skill, through ideals. Ideals are conceived in a pupil's mind by exposing him to the best models. These he imitates intentionally or unconsciously.

Imitation, interest, effort — which element is productive of the best result? we ask again.

The three methods are co-existent, interdependent, and complementary.

Students of art are apt to go astray with regard to imitation when they do not understand its meaning. Is it contrary to nature's way? Is it destructive? In answer we may ask, as children, what do we not owe to imitation? Speech, voluntary movements, early ideas of morality and religion. These come to us by imitation first, and not through reflection. The thesis is this: Imitation is God's way through many years. It is a tremendous working force largely prescribed for us, the very nature of our being and growth.

In all branches of art we need the form of education which appeals through the model side; there is no education so powerful as personality. President Garfield once said something like this: "Give me a seat on one end of a log, with Mark Hopkins on the other, and I will defy the universities!"

Now, the imitator *must choose what he will imitate*.

When we imitate we do so with an eye to what seems prominent to us. We copy what is *interesting* to us.

President Schurman of Cornell says that "Interest" is the greatest word in the education of to-day.

Interest must be awakened by the end in view, and must also be roused by the means, in the daily lessons, which otherwise would be drudgery. Interest is to eliminate drudgery.

Consider what interest is not. It is not a process of entertaining or amusing pupils, a sort of circus of which the teacher is the clown. No. It is a pleasing of the activity of the pupil himself when doing that which is to him fascinating and highly attractive.

What is interest? A pleasurable feeling about things we consider and pursue. It brings the elimination of drudgery, and accomplishment becomes joyous. It is a modern idea to receive standing in pedagogy. Our feelings, which, perhaps, are the greatest motive power in human life, are exhibited in the service of a sound pedagogy. . . .

Persuasion must go hand in hand with conviction, or oratory is impotent. The teacher or speaker must be sympathetic, or fail in results. Truth must be gladly pursued — pursued in a glow of enthusiasm. In education this is a mighty power; almost an almighty power. It arouses the mind and sets it to work.

People are interested in what they know. The good teacher awakens interest in his lesson by joining something you do not know to what you do know. You can care little for what you do not know anything about. Show a dog or cat a telegraph machine. For a moment only, attracted by the ticking sound he will listen, then will turn away. It is utterly foreign to him — he possesses no related knowledge that causes an awakening of real interest.

When the new is similar to the familiar it holds and kindles. We then are interested; we like the novel and grow to it. We make new applications, we discover, we enlarge our sphere. This sort of learning is a joy and an exhilaration.

Turn to the study of art. The function of imitation is to present and follow models. Otherwise we would have crude conceptions with correspondingly crude executions. We enlarge by example. "But interest does everything," some modern educators say. A great promoter of methods has said of interest, "Teach your pupil to *want* to read or to draw. Nothing more is necessary." This is much. The end is made desirable, the daily means is a joy, because the pupil has been taught to love to do the thing. He develops originality and initiative.

But is this all that is necessary? Surely not. A child cannot draw a cat unless in his previous experience he has seen a cat. More than this, the cat or an excellent picture of one must be before him as he draws. And even then the result will be indefinite and crude unless the third of these three principles, effort, is brought into play; for effort, and effort alone, insures the drill which develops facility and skill in execution.

The student must not expect to receive all his stimulus from his teacher. Such a way of receiving instruction is nothing but a sort of mental massage. We must have the new associated with the interesting old. We must reach for the unity in variety; for the variety in unity. The right sort of school is the one in which a number of teachers use varying methods bearing directly on the central principles emphasized by all.

However interesting may be the subject, interest flags sometimes unless in its turn supported by effort. Interest is mighty, but not almighty, and in moral education is a part distinctly subordinate to that of effort.

When interest fails and the actual problem is faced, the weak-spined student changes the schedule; tries to do away with uninteresting studies for those more superficially attractive. Here is retrogression.

What is effort? It is the strain we put upon ourselves to enable ourselves to perform unattractive duties . . . when the means are unattractive and we perform drudgery because of the value of the end to be attained, because we know the ultimate result to be worth all it will cost.

We need discipline to render us willing to put forth effort when the duty is unattractive. Bonaparte said, "Out of ten men the majority are cowards; but out of those ten, nine can be made brave." The difference between students is largely in their ability to make themselves do what they know they ought to do at a time when they do not want to do it. Unless he has this power the art student will never become an artist whatever may be the degree of his talent. He will not do the work. He will not drill. "I will be master," were

Goethe's masterful words, and that virile effort is, perhaps, the final word in education.

The desire makes our work joyous. Imitation raises our concepts to a higher plane. Effort gives us certainty and skill. A Melba's height is only reached through infinite labor. In our own work we want all three: the ideas and ideals which come of good models; the joy of interest; the labor which provides technique — that crowning effort which enables one to externalize the conception.

John Burroughs says: "Most persons think the bee gets honey from the flowers. But she does not. Honey is the product of the bee. It is the nectar of the flowers with the bee added. What the bee gets from the flowers is sweet water. This she puts through a process of her own and imparts to it her own quality. . . . The bee is therefore the type of the true poet, the true artist. Her product always reflects her environment, and it reflects something her environment knows not of. We taste the clover, the thyme, the linden, the sumach, and we also taste something that has its source in none of these flowers. . . . To interpret nature is not to improve upon her; it is to draw her out; it is to have an emotional intercourse with her, absorb her, and reproduce her tinged with the colors of the spirit."

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## On Haleakala, Hawaii's Great Extinct Volcano

*Marshall Pancoast, '06*

IN the Hawaiian Islands, it may be recalled, are two of the wonders of the world, monarchs of their kind, the greatest active volcano and one of the greatest extinct ones. The former is well known and very frequently visited and wondered at, while Haleakala, the extinct crater, has hitherto received far less attention. It cannot be because the spectacle is less grand, imposing, or awe-inspiring, albeit the awe is that inspired by the grandness and sublimity of nature rather than that awe akin to terror awakened by the raging of hidden fires and mighty outbursts of wrath with which Mount Loa startles the world at times.

To reach Haleakala the traveler boards one of the inter-island steamers at Honolulu in the evening and, crossing the choppy island channel, finds himself early next morning off the picturesque coast of Maui, the second



island in size of the group, and lying to the south of Oahu, where Honolulu is situated. On this island, it may be recalled, was for a long time the largest sugar plantation in the world. As the steamer anchors off Kahului in a lovely bay, the passenger has time to take in the richness of the tropical scene before him. On the right, stretching away northward, appear the rocky shores of North Maui, which rise to the richly colored mountains back of Wailuku on the one hand, and slope gradually down to almost sea-level, merging into the great canelands of Sprecklesville and Paia on the other, towards the east. The panorama spread out before one is charming, to say the least.

Standing on the elevated land at the head of the valley, some five or six miles from the steamboat landing, the spectacle viewed almost beggars description. On all sides rise majestic, serried peaks covered with the vegetation of the land of eternal summers, rich in all the coloring of the land of balmy atmosphere and incomparable skies. At intervals a veil of quickly changing cloud forms almost obscures the giant masses from view; then, rising, reveals the ranking sentinels again, with silvery streams leaping the lofty ridges to the valley below in cataract and waterfall amid scenes of rarest beauty. Down the valley ripples the river, winding away through the opening between the massive cliffs on Paia through the quiet lowland to the gleaming sea beyond. The human mind can scarcely picture a more beautiful scene, or succession of scenes and scenery, and one certainly feels it a great privilege to have lived and contemplated such a master-work of nature.

To see Haleakala, which rises into view to the eastward and southward, one takes the train from Kahului to Paia, eight miles to the east, where arrangements are made for the ascent to the crater, which is about twenty-five miles up from this point. Horses obtained, and food and blankets provided, the traveler is off for the summit. The seven hours' climb up the slope of the huge mountain, while not excessively difficult, is not a pleasure unalloyed. But a few bruises and cares and worries (pelikias, the natives

call them) vanish before the grandeur that is to come, the revelation of the indescribable glory of a sunrise above the clouds. But first, more of the ascent. After fifteen miles are left behind, the climb over the rock-strewn trail becomes laborious and the frequent halts necessary to rest the horse enable the rider to turn in his saddle and gaze down upon the panorama below, where the irrigated canefields spread out like a map and reach from sea to sea across the neck of land which joins the two mountain masses, Haleakala and the group behind Wailuku.

Up the scoriated trail for the last five miles the enthusiast presses through the cloud rack, for most likely evening is drawing near and he has planned to see the sun set as well as rise on this mountain of the southern sea. The writer regrets that it was not his good fortune to witness both, as a driving mist obscured the sun as it sank beyond the sea. But he was so favored as to be present when the moon rose, full and bright over the crater, as the mist broke away and revealed a sea of fleece-like clouds filling the crater. That alone was worth the climb. There in the almost oppressive silence of night, far above the world of man, his heart beating rapidly in the rare, cool atmosphere of 10,000 feet elevation, one could not but feel almost in touch with the infinite. But the night atmosphere upon a mountain-top will chill even the enthusiast, and a blanket and fire and a cup of hot coffee offer advantages and promise comfort and enjoyment to the physical man. Then a circle of blanket-robed figures around the fire for a few hours and we are up with daylight to catch the first tinting of the east. Day dawns early on Haleakala, and if the crater be empty of clouds the vastness of the one-time volcano grows more fully upon the spectator.

Out of an immense home of the fire goddess the two great openings are visible through which in centuries past the lava forced its way to the sea. Now they serve as highways by which the cloud hosts come gently drifting into the crater, or, rolling up in great wave-like masses, rush in to take possession of the protected harbor. Empty the crater

was when the writer and companions saw the sun rise there. To the south stretched the great sea of clouds, piled up like mighty waves or banks of snow, above which loomed the snow-clad peaks of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea on the island of Hawaii miles to the south.

Upon this scene we gazed spellbound from the rocky crater's brink as the east lightened little by little and the first streaks of purple and amber tinted the heavens. Soon the whole sea of clouds was bathed in color; the sky brightened more and more, and the gilded line along the east announced his golden majesty. All the gold in the world, it seemed, was gleaming there, as with a wealth of light and flame and color the sun burst into view.

Then came the clouds, respondent to the breeze, drifting toward the crater, silent as the heavens themselves; the breeze changed; the cloud host backed or lifted, then came on from the east and north to take possession and fill the crater with a splendid, airy, fleecy mass; then rising, envelope the peaks to the east in mist and drift out and on. Such was the sunrise on Haleakala as we saw it, the grandest, most wonderful, and most sublime experience of a life-time.

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### “Twelfth Night”

ON Wednesday evening, November 16, Dean Southwick gave a reading of “Twelfth Night,” closing the annual recital course with an altogether satisfactory rendering of this most delightful comedy. The evening's performance was in every sense a reading; Dean Southwick scarcely left the desk (which he invariably uses), and the audience was brought into close touch with the play as a work of literary distinction, primarily. The wonderful voice and great range of emotion over which Mr. Southwick has such controlling power were subtly shaded and subdued to further and enhance the needs of the hour, the reading of the comedy. Not once was the realm of the actor trespassed upon. This is indeed the test of an artist; the nice adjustment of the requirements of a situation in



relation to the audience proves the fitness of a performer to the title of artist.

In "Twelfth Night" as Mr. Southwick read it we renewed our old acquaintance with all the beautiful and merry ones of the Illyrian tale; Viola, Olivia, Maria, Antonio, Orsino, Malvolio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, all appeared before us as we have known them through Shakespeare's lines, with the added charm of being presented for review by our beloved Dean.

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## Autobiography

Reports of Lectures by Edward Howard Griggs

*Nov. 18, 1904.* This morning the discussion of the life of John Stuart Mill carried us to his fourteenth year. From his autobiography we find him to be a leader of thought, ranking with other teachers, such as Emerson and Carlyle. He was psychological, embracing great human liberty with socialistic tendencies later in life.

John Stuart Mill states that there were two reasons for writing of himself. First, he believed his life and method of education would throw light on the lives and education of others; that in the transmission of opinions there is much to learn. Second, to show his gratitude to a certain individual who afterward became his wife, as well as to his father, who was the first dominant influence in his life.

He sinks the personal element in the spirit of the age to such a degree that he seems cold, without affection, without sentiment. But underneath we find him to be a man of warm heart. In this characteristic he resembles the French writers of the eighteenth century.

Up to his fourteenth year the father of Mill was his one ideal, his guide and teacher; the one from whom he derived his moral and intellectual development. Afterward Mrs. Taylor, subsequently his wife, became his intellectual and spiritual inspiration.

We find his purposes all centre in intellectual develop-

ment. The human, personal, spiritual note is not sufficiently prominent. His strongest personality developed through his intellect. It is a most astonishing fact that up to fifteen years of age he does not once mention his mother in his autobiography!

In studying John Stuart Mill's self-written life one is studying a man's study of himself. This is especially helpful in the study of the humanities. It arouses great activity of mind. It challenges one's own point of view at every turn to know if Mill's estimate of himself is correct.

At three we find Mill reading Greek and Latin. At four he adds arithmetic to his other studies; he says he does not remember just when he began the study of history. These studies he continues with persistent regularity. Unremitting zeal on the part of his father, a natural aptitude for intellectual pursuits on his part, continue to produce a very unusual boy. At ten and twelve years we find him intellectual, analytical, unsympathetic. He indulged in no play, no sports, no amusements. He shared his life with no comrades of his own age, for his father feared unfavorable influences. One pastime only was accorded him,—that of tutoring his younger brothers and sisters.

E. C. R.

*Dec. 2, 1904.* The class opened with the reading of a short paper by Miss Bonesteel, '05, entitled "How I Was Educated." She culled from the lives of eleven biographers whose names had been given her by Mr. Griggs. She touched on many interesting points of similarity and contrast between the lives of these and the life and education of John Stuart Mill, whose autobiography we have under discussion in detail. One important point brought out by Miss Bonesteel was the regret over the lack of college life and college culture by the men who had not received it.

Mr. Griggs then contrasted Mill's method of education, which excluded the development of free play in his nature. It precluded the heaven of the unexpected in his life, through which influence the human character should develop potentially.

At twelve Mill was hard, definite, consistent, with good form of discipline for mind and memory. This was a result of training and the great similarity of his nature to his father's. This régime was continued till he was sixteen.

John Stuart Mill's father was an agnostic a hundred years before that word was formulated. Agnosticism is a reverent attitude of mind; a worship at the shrine of truth; it may be a profoundly religious attitude of mind. Mill's father gave him no definite conception of religion. He got it from Greek authors, from Plato, from a deep reverence for Socrates and his moral influences. John Stuart Mill had an impersonal worship of truth for itself; he was especially intolerant of narrow creeds. His intellectual attitude was essentially just. He could not accept truth if not consistent. At that period of his career he did not see that one needs to suffer all the agonies of suspended judgment. The trouble was that the unconscious, unexpected, spiritual influences were left out of his nature.

Mill's creed was suggested by Bentham's great treatise, "Methods of Legislation." This gave him a great aim, a great enthusiasm, a great central purpose.

It is unusual at the age of sixteen to get one's creed formulated and everything settled, and to exclude possibilities of feelings, of sympathy. E. C. R.

*Dec. 9, 1904.* In continuation of the study of the life of John Stuart Mill, Mr. Griggs called for a report of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," by Shute. Miss Richardson's paper gave us a few brief, amusing sketches of some of the pranks and characteristics of a real boy with an average brain, who is full of health, mischief, sport, and emotion. This boy was brought into subjection by spasmodic whippings, which shocked him, temporarily, into something like discipline.

After the paper had been read Mr. Griggs compared this childhood with that of John Stuart Mill, and found the two vastly different. Both were extreme types, each comprising great danger to the ultimate development of character: the former from excess of freedom in early years



of training, intellectually and morally; the second from an excess of rigid laws and even more rigid enforcement of them. Shute's hero is a distinctly vital type of boy, while Mill represents the intellectual type. It was disclosed by an authority during the discussion that Shute's book was based on facts and put into shape in mature years; and as we know John Stuart Mill's life to be authentic, this puts the boys on a somewhat common ground. The point brought to bear is that one should try to attain some artistic adjustment of the extremes between Shute and Mill to realize the normal, well-rounded character.

At the age of seventeen Mill entered the service of the East India Company. This step marked a great change in his life, which hitherto was entirely regulated and dominated by his father. He learned to stand for himself. He remained in the service from the age of seventeen to fifty-two years. Outside of this specific vocation, he wrote for magazines; he also wrote his treatise on Political Economy, and altogether pursued his intellectual development zealously.

Mill was now becoming a great man. He was to render service to the world, and already his influence kept the government more human. He had learned to sacrifice the non-essential to the essential, which is one of the greatest arts of living. He grew and broadened so tremendously under the impulses from within that at twenty years of age he suddenly realized that the bottom had dropped out of his creed already formulated. He suddenly knew that if all the aims he cherished were realized he would even then not be happy.

Utter despair, the result of self-analysis, assailed Mill. He suddenly awakened to a great lack in his nature. An assertion of humanity against the limitations of his education and nature aroused his emotional nature, which so far had been dormant. His struggle was desperate. Strong natures are sure to demand great revolutions, and must accept pain as good for ultimate development. This struggle was necessary for Mill; it was his only way to become a man, to become human.

His first step after his struggle was to feel a response to the emotions of others: a hunger for eternity felt through music; a need to get the element of absolute worth; to make the ordinary elements worth while from day to day.

The rational mind demands eternity. Reason is not the force of human character. Reason comes in to deny or affirm impulse. Mill needed the bit of Divinity which comes from above. He needed steam to make his magnificent engine go.

E. C. R.

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### Steps of Time

*Anna Engleton Marmein, '06*

DEAR little lass, as thou prattl'st in glee,  
What means this great, roving world to thee?  
Nothing, I ween, but laughter and play;  
This is thy world the livelong day.

Dear little lass, the years they pass,  
As drops the sand in the old hour-glass;  
The world now to thee is ribbons and dress  
And a handsome suitor — right well I guess.

Dear little lass, what thinkst thou now?  
What mean those lines on thy fair, smooth brow?  
Ah! thou hast found in this world of thine  
That clouds have shadowed the bright sunshine.

But, dear little lass, couldst thou only see  
What a blessing sorrow is to thee!  
It tenders thy heart and tempers thy mind  
That others in thee may sympathy find;  
It teaches thy soul the way He trod;  
'T is one of the stepping-stones to God.

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### Editorials

A HAPPY New Year to all Emersonians, to all who are going to be Emersonians, to all who ought to be Emersonians, to all who love Emersonians, and to all whom Emersonians love.

The Magazine sends you its greeting. We hope that

through these pages all may more and more grow into one big, united brotherhood, working for common ends, and finding sweetness in every act which tends to that ideal result.

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What is the best way to attain the ideal? To make loving all labor which is necessary in order to reach it. If we are not willing to work for an ideal it is better to diminish the potentiality of that ideal than to cease striving.

True, we may strive forever and still remain short of realization; but if the effort has been true, the very ideal, in a measure, is fore-enjoyed.

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What is our ideal at Emerson? You may say that it differs with the individual. In detail, yes; but do we not come here in the pursuit of art, primarily? It seems as if all must agree with this. Well, then, we ask if art has degrees? Is there such a thing as mediocrity in the realm of art? The answer is seen plainly in the painted, sculptured, composed, written and spoken works of the world's great achievers, men who have apprenticed themselves to noble service in the worship of the infallible mistress who truly returns the love of all honest and unswerving hearts.

Those who do not work, therefore? They fall by the wayside; they cry out that they are not being satisfied with their work; they want to clasp the love to their hearts before they have found their hearts.

Do great artists acknowledge that the path they have traveled is one strewn with pleasant daily tasks? Did Corot paint his Orpheus in his bread-and-butter days?

In a way, yes. In a way, no. Michelangelo was really carving the horns of his Moses with every stroke of his chisel all his life. He may not have known it at the time, though.

Think for a moment of the work of a master! Then ask yourself if you will be satisfied with a chromo, a dime novel, a coon-song, a cheap plaster cast, or a Bowery actress's raucous cries of "Hellup, kyind Hevvin!"

There is only one way to become an artist, and that is



to apply yourself to *art*. If you are to become a reader, learn all you can about good literature, and learn how to compose rhetorically. Do not dare, as you hope for success, to leave one door unopened; that door may lead to the gardens where the very roses you wish to wear are growing unheeded.

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There are those who work, and work, and who do not gain recognition, however. And some of these keep on working in silence, and others say they are not appreciated.

Let us not confound public recognition with appreciation! They are nowise related. The public will recognize with applause the tumblings and grimaces of the veriest clown, but it cannot be said that such efforts call forth that peculiar intellectual taste in judgment which we name appreciation.

We want appreciation; we do not (always) want applause. "It is better to be than to do," and those who feel they are unappreciated can find solace here, and even accomplishment. They can learn to appreciate their own potentialities and bring their best efforts to bear on the task in hand, whatever that is. By the rise of another sun they may discover "that within which passeth show."

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In speaking of our ideals at Emerson, mention was made of the individuals who wish to stand on mountain-tops, yet who are not willing to use their legs in order to get there. Such persons may be classed under the general term of "modern dabbler"!

Our American life is full of this vampire element. Our stores are overloaded with bargains. Our houses are crowded with cheap bric-à-brac. Our cities are collections of cheap buildings, for the most part. What can a single devotee do? In her article printed in this number, Mrs. Provan reminds us that certain twelve changed the history of the world. The question is answered. Let us devote ourselves to our studies with humble hearts and keen minds consecrated to laborious study; when the

charge of "modern dabbler" is brought, let us joyfully answer, "Not guilty!"

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On Monday evening, January 30, the first benefit for the relief of the Magazine debt will be given. The entertainment will be in the form of a play, "Aurora Leigh," dramatized from Mrs. Browning's poem of the same name. The title-rôle will be played by Miss Edith Coburn Noyes, recently of our Faculty, and dearly loved by all of us who know her and her most artistic work. The interesting and dramatic rôle of Lady Waldemar will be played by Miss M. Eden Tatem. The cast will also include many students well known for their ability, and the staging of the play will be in the hands of Mr. D. Floyd Fager, '05.

Those participating are to defray their own expenses regarding costume, etc., and we here ask the

### ALUMNI TO HELP US!

by defraying the expense of the hall hire. This will be *fifty dollars*. If the kindly disposed who are able to do so will send their subscriptions at once to the Business Manager of the Magazine, they will be assisting greatly in the Emerson rally we are instituting with regard to this debt. We must raise *three hundred dollars* by February 1, and we, students and alumni, are going to do it ourselves.

In conclusion, let us ask that every Emersonian within reach of Boston will be present on the night of January 30, or if that is not possible, will be represented by some friend. Tickets will be on sale after January 3. Prices, \$1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents. Apply to Mr. Fager, Mr. Bard, Mr. Reddie, or Miss Barrett.

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### Exchanges

THE Progressive Stage Society was recently organized in New York for the announced purpose of "increasing among ourselves the appreciation and influence of the drama." Anything that will elevate public taste in theatricals should be encouraged, until the more serious plan of a National Art Theatre can be realized.

The National Art Theatre Society and the Progressive Stage Society are each striving to establish a playhouse which shall cultivate the higher drama. Each is proceeding in a different way toward the accomplishment of the same end,—the foundation of a fine national stage worthy to rank with the great producing playhouses of Europe. But the town of Red Wing in Minnesota has realized the idea of an Endowed Theatre in a practical form. The theatre was a gift to the town by Theodore B. Sheldon, and the express condition was that the house “shall not be used for purposes of gain, private or public, but shall be so managed as to become an educational factor in the community for the better development of the artistic feeling both in those who tread its boards and in those to whom it is a gift.”—November “*Theatre*.”

*The Kalends*, from the Woman's College of Baltimore, invites us through its Roman archway into a hall of learning most pleasing and acceptable. The sympathetic appreciation of “An Hindu Festival,” and the announcement of the lectures upon the “History of the Expansion of the French Language Beyond Its Primitive Boundaries,” by Prof. Paul Meyer, of Paris, emphasizes the spirit of universal interest that college endeavor cultivates. The short stories, original poems, and clever college notes add attractive touches to the current issue.

*The College Review*, from Shurtleff College, Upper Alton, Ill., contains an excellent editorial upon “The Decadence of a Fine Art,” and this fine art is none other than reading aloud. “In her memories the daughter of General Nathaniel Green, of Revolutionary fame, says that she read aloud to her mother nearly three hours a day, for years, which resulted in a beautifully modulated voice and decisive clearness of speech.” To-day the young women who read well are certainly few enough, but the young men who read well are undeniably fewer. Talent is not required for ordinary practicability in reading aloud, but rather a strong desire and plenty of practice.

*The Philomathean*, published by the Victorian and Virginia Lee Literary Societies of Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Va., is one of the best magazines upon the Editor's table. It is divided into distinct departments which follow each other in regular order in each issue. The essays on “Mental Characteristics of the Anglo-Saxons,” “Israel, East of the Jordan, During the Time of the Judges,” and “The Thermopylæ of America” are very interesting, the last mentioned especially dealing with a phase of American history that is sometimes not fully appreciated; namely, that of the war of Texan independence and the incident of the Alamo at San Antonio. “The Magazine Review” in this periodical as a department does not appear in any other college paper upon the Editor's table, and its value and importance form an instructive feature of the magazine. The alumni letters and original poems also form an attractive feature of this paper.

The Editor acknowledges the following magazines upon the table, and thanks the editors for the courtesy of exchange: *The Kalends*, *The Philomathean Monthly*, *The Normal Eye*, *The Holgad*, *The Winthrop College*



*Journal, The Vidette, The College Review, The Idealist, The Budget, The Christian Register, The Hamptonia, Aurora, The Nazarene, The Forum, The Peddie Chronicle.*

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## A Bequest to Emerson College

THE will of Mrs. Alice White De Vol, deceased Oct. 20, 1904, contains an item of special interest to us, apart from the appreciation which we all feel that one of us should bear the College so nearly in mind when making disposition of her earthly effects.

Mrs. De Vol has left to the College the majority of her books, and the cases which contain them; also, five shares of preferred stock in the Columbus Railway Company, the income from the same to be applied to the purchase of books for the college library.

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## A Letter from Miss Hatmaker, '04

[One of our Emerson girls is doing a noble work in a noble way. This is Miss Marjorie Joy Hatmaker, '04, who is teaching in a colored college in South Carolina. We thank Miss Hatmaker for her letter, and express our sincere admiration for the spirit in which she is representing both her College and herself.—ED.]

I UNDERSTAND that you are glad of any stray bits of experience which members of the alumni feel moved to relate.

My experience here is a little unusual, and if I can say anything that will be of interest to the rest of the people I shall be glad to have you use this. If you do not care to do so I shall not feel hurt, and as I am not sending "postage for its return in case you do not find it available," you may consign it to Miss Barrett's waste-paper basket.

I shall try not to make this letter like the sermon of which one of our colored brothers said there "was no gravy in it." The minister could "fry the bacon all right, but he could n't put the gravy in."

Benedict College is one of the largest and highest grade of the negro schools. We have nearly four hundred students of all shades of color, age, and capacity. Of course the younger ones are the more advanced. The older students are usually found in the lower grades. Nearly all of them are eager to learn, and many show surprising ability.

My work is somewhat varied. I have charge of the

rhetoricals for the whole school, besides which I teach two classes in rhetoric, one in grammar, and one in United States history. These are not unpopular subjects, as they are apt to be in our Northern high schools. The students glory in the English language, and make a most startling use of it sometimes. My chief difficulty is, not to get them to express themselves, but to restrain their desire for superfluous expression. I have "met up" with many strange and amusing statements in the papers I have corrected. I have been informed that "soil is the superfluous surface of the earth" (which it often is in this part of the country). The mental picture left by the statement that "an avalanche is a snow-flake coming down a mountain" is curious in its combination of sizes.

These students grasp the letter of the thing they are reading and fail of the spirit, especially if the letter contains large and new words. Recent papers on history told that certain early French explorers "floated out upon the boozem of the Mississippi," and left their destination to my imagination or memory.

Alas, for my preconceived ideas of teaching oratory! Mental concepts, tone color, fine lines, all fade before the reality. I have recitals every Friday afternoon, usually six or eight appearing each time. This means that I must find selections for them and drill them over and over again. The time is too full to allow class work, so I work with individuals and for direct results. My methods vary. Usually the first time I hear a student I experiment. If she (we have more girls than boys, therefore *she* is inclusive) has a clear idea of what she is talking about I try to get her to do her own work in literary analysis. Often a student will recite a whole poem without a notion of the real meaning. Again the letter without the spirit.

The easiest way to teach would be by imitation. They are naturally quick to imitate. I am startled, sometimes, to hear my own intonations hurled back at me. I doubt if they know they are doing it; they do it so naturally and instinctively. Generally I try to avoid this way. I want to help them to think for themselves and hear the differ-

ence from their own rendering. I remember certain enticing and elusive tricks tried by members of the Emerson Faculty, such as repeating the line and stopping just before the troublesome word with an exasperating "What?" This method I try, but I hope I used to respond to it better than most of my students do. Sometimes a student will come to me with a faultlessly analyzed selection. Then do I go joyously about building.

They like *big* things, and they delight in gestures. These are usually literal in the extreme, and often anatomical and geographical as well. Sometimes, if their knowledge of anatomy and geography is not clear their gestures are a bit misleading.

On the whole, I find the work here interesting and inspiring. The students are eager and anxious for the education that is to put them on a higher plane. They do their work with a will *and a song*. The singing is one of the most uplifting parts of the life. In spite of the disinclination on the part of some of the younger ones to sing their "spirituals," we never have a prayer meeting without three or four hymns. Their idea of harmony is wonderful.

Of course there is a darker side to the work, and there are hours of longing for the things of Boston. But I find the best cure for such moods is to get out among the students and feel and see that

"Instinct within them that reaches and towers  
And groping blindly above them for light,  
Climbs to a soul —"

I like the new dress the Magazine is wearing. And I am much pleased with the calendar. How good it is to see the old friends in this way.

I am still hoping to see "you all" graduate. Maybe I can reach Boston in time next May. Meanwhile, I send my greetings to my friends in the class and my best wishes to you all.

Very sincerely,

MARJORIE JOY HATMAKER.

*Benedict College, Columbia, S. C., Dec. 12, 1904.*



## Principles Taught at Emerson College of Oratory as Applied to Dish-Washing

*Alice M. Barrett.*

IN the November, 1904, EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, Professor Griggs states a fact in his delightful article entitled "Culture through Vocation." He says, "There is one kind of work harder than anything else, and that is dish-washing." To Professor Griggs it is "a symbol of the deadest kind of work any one has to do," and because he has mentioned this fact in the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, and because it is in itself such a dead, monotonous work, I would like to offer such uplifting suggestions as I may for those whose lives are among pans and dish-washing.

It has been twelve years since I entered the Emerson College and I was there but one year, and during that time I found that the principles there taught of finding, seeing, feeling, lifting up, and radiating the truth found in the central thought, and making others see, feel, and radiate the same truth, were principles for life itself, as well as for oratory. Consequently, when my work kept me at home I wished to find out how the same principles were related to the common every-day facts of dish-washing, and this is somewhat the form it took: the central thought or idea of dish-washing I found was not the dishes themselves, but the service these dishes should render the family and guests. The washing symbolized purity within and without. I washed until those dishes so shone that when any one at the table asked for food, the dish upon which it lay would radiate the truth of being glad to serve; the glasses, instead of scowling with a dull smear over their faces that would tell of the "Oh dears" in dish-washing, should indicate loving service; the silver should never give the lie of hating to serve by appearing dull, but to friend or stranger at the table tell the truth of it being their pleasure to serve.

Somehow the old monotonous dish-washing grew to be a pleasure; I had made friends of my enemies; the hardship and drudgery had fallen away.

Why may not our dishes reflect the thought and spirit of those who live and work over them? Away with drudgery. Let nothing be drudgery; let whatever we handle speak the truth and help in the uplift of the race; let everything we touch say in its silent way, "My master loves to serve; he loves his work; he loves me; therefore I in turn reflect my master's love, giving it to every creature that comes near me. It may be that I hold only cold water for a thirsty traveler; if so, I tell him that my master's love makes me glad to serve by holding the water that the traveler may be refreshed. Even though he hears no word, he will feel the love that shines in the world of silence. Nothing will be lost."

May the Emerson College of Oratory always be blessed because of the life principles it teaches!

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## One by One

*J. A. Garber, '07*

ONE by one the leaves have fallen  
From the sombre tree,  
For the chilling breath of winter  
Steals o'er hill and lea;  
Perfumes sweet of bud and blossom  
Scent the air no more,  
And the summer babbling brooklet  
Sleeps along its shore.

One by one, in endless cycle,  
Weeks and months have fled,  
Till again we hear the year bell  
Tolling for the dead:  
On thy bier we lay thee, Old Year —  
Wrap thee in thy pall;  
Would were gone thy deep-burnt pain marks,  
Like thy pleasures all!

One by one fair hopes are blighted,  
Like the tender rose

When the early frost of autumn  
 Leaves its train of woes;  
 And our fondest heart's ambition,  
 Rising with the dawn,  
 Goes out sadly in the darkness  
 When the day is gone.

One by one our loved ones leave us,—  
 Cross the mystic sea,—  
 But a sorrow lingers with us,  
 Deep'ning constantly.  
 In the far-off, hazy distance  
 Now a light appears —  
 Ah! 't is gone! Thus went our loved one;  
 Welcome, ready tears!

One by one the New Years follow —  
 Haste the Old away;  
 One by one the buds peep out when  
 Winter cannot stay;  
 One by one the smiling roses  
 Greet the wakening rill;  
 One by one our truant hopes shall  
 God, beyond, fulfil;  
 One by one the broken heart-chords  
 Shall, by Him, be tied;  
 One by one our bitter grief-tears  
 Shall, for aye, be dried.

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## Alumni Notes and College News

### Class News of the Month

'04

Where 's your monthly report, '04?

'05

Class-day representatives are chosen! The elections resulted as follows: prophet, Miss Hill; historian, Miss Cooper; orator, Mr. Lean; dramatic reader, Miss Whipple; comedy reader, Miss Joslyn.

It is a delight to record that all in the class are glad to congratulate the ones selected. This means a great deal, too, for the voting was heated, in some cases as many as twenty-five ballots being cast in order to decide.

Now, here 's a point. It was undoubtedly owing to one person in particular that all of this ticklish election business went off smoothly, without any hurt feelings or aching hearts. There is a man among us who does not say



much, but is heard when he does speak; he is not seen coming, but he is always there when you want him; he has been with us since the day of our birth as a class, and for nearly two years our president. His name is D. Floyd Fager. Let this little word speak our appreciation of Mr. Fager; of his character and influence; of his ability as organizer, harmonizer, and sympathizer; of his many qualities best embraced in the single word of friend.

Several members of '05 are away on furlough, for one reason or another. Let us send through these lines our love to them, and express our hopes that when the roll-calls of our teachers summon us to "Attention" on January 3, they will be able to respond "Present!" or "Prepared!" as the case may be.

P. S. We're going to have a class poet(?) This officer will be elected according to merit, solely. "Pomes," as Carolyn Wells calls them, are to be called for at next class meeting.

Sprout, ye ode ogres and lyric lovers!

### '06

The Junior schedule makes unexpected demands upon both time and gray matter. Hence '06 has worn a rather subdued and chastened countenance since College opened. On the morning before the Thanksgiving recess, however, the Juniors proved that their well-known exuberance of spirit was by no means lost, and they enlivened the chapel period with a burst of enthusiasm which made the welkin ring.

This came as a surprise, for the only inkling of a "stunt" was the sight of a large bunch of yellow chrysanthemums tied with purple ribbon which adorned the Dean's chair. But when the distinguished Junior president came forward with a few words of greeting delivered in his inimitable way, every one settled back in the expectation of a good time.

They were not disappointed. Some rather notable people were taken off, but amid the general laughter no one minded, and when the class rose with their colors flying at the command, "Prepare to stand," etc., all listened to the new Junior song, part of which follows:

#### *Prelude [recited]*

We're Juniors now and scorn a noise.  
We're striving to maintain our poise,  
Yet we are fond of singing, as you know,  
So listen to our song to-day.  
Its *theme* is "why?" its *mood* is gay,  
Its *color* red and white, its *movement* slow.

#### *Lyric*

Why are the Juniors proficient just now  
In rising and sitting and making a bow?  
They seem to know just exactly how —  
Why? Why? Why?  
Why can we tell lungs and liver apart?  
Why do we know all the valves of the heart?  
Why can we tell where the arteries start?  
Why? Why? Why?

## Chorus

Why? Why? Why?  
 Can no one tell us why?  
 Why? Why? Why?  
 'T is useless for others to try.  
 Why can we eat with no food at all?  
 Why can we play tennis without any ball,  
 We expert pantomimists in Chickering Hall?  
 Why? Why? Why?  
 Why? Why? Why?  
 To that we'll now reply.  
 Why? Why? Why?  
 We're the class of *Naught Six*, and *that's why!*

Why do the Juniors all dote on Burke's Speech?  
 Each studies the lines allotted to each  
 And wishes the Dean his name would soon reach!  
 Why? Why? Why?  
 Why, when we know that the Quizzes draw near,  
 Can we smile with a conscience that's perfectly clear?  
 Is it because we have nothing to fear?  
 Why? Why? Why?  
 Why? Why? Why?  
 To that we'll now reply.  
 Why? Why? Why?  
 We're the class of *Naught Six*, and *that's why!*

The celebration came to a climax with the new rocket yell given as a salute to the "Infants." This begins with a *zip* and a *sputter*, and after its flight through the air, *bursts* amid acclamations of "*Oh, see*" (with the proper curve, class!) from the admiring crowd. This must be heard to be appreciated.

## '07

"Freshman year is simply great!"

There is not the least doubt on that point in the mind of any son or daughter of '07. The road ahead of '07 looks bright and encouraging, and yet it is not all gladness. With sympathy the class turns its thoughts to that land which breeds noble Presidents, to "Old Virginy," and softly calls, "Our hearts are with you, and our love. Come back to us, for we need you."

On Saturday, December 10, the Freshmen had the opportunity of fulfilling their acceptance of this most delightful invitation extended to them by the Juniors: "Please accept this as the *first step* in the *Evolution of Expression* of our feelings of friendliness and good fellowship toward you. We hope to make this an evening of *animation*, trust that the affair will go off with *smoothness*, and hope that you will find the evening will be of *value* to you toward *forming the element* of cordiality in our class relations." The expectations of '07 were certainly fully realized. We have heard that '06 gives things on a big scale, and always well. We believe it. We could not help believing it after such a proof as we have had. The whole affair was given in a way which showed great care and artistic skill. Every *part* bore a *relation to the whole*, as is the case of everything at Emerson. The rooms were most tastefully decorated with festoons of smilax, and colored crêpe paper which blended most harmo-

niously with the walls. The college colors were there in full glory. Each room was under the care of a special committee, but we suspect that there must have been a great all-seeing, all-working, some one, and we wish to say that the untiring college spirit and class enthusiasm shown upon all occasions by Mrs. Patten deserve the warmest admiration of all. The chief entertainment for the evening was dancing. A fascinating Japanese room and a fish-pond, however, furnished most delightful occupation for the non-dancing members of the classes. Mrs. Southwick, Mrs. Willard, and Mrs. Marmein, '06, were the Receiving Committee. Such a spirit of welcome means much to the Freshmen; it means much to the College. Rah! Rah! Rah! for the Juniors! and for Emerson!

L. H. S.

## Flotsam and Jetsam

*"Who loved the work would like the little news."*

Miss M. B. Troxell, '99, has charge of the seminary students and the gymnasium at Heidelberg Institute, at Tiffin, O.

Miss E. S. Pecker, '99, who is teaching Expression Work and Physical Culture at the State Normal School, Mankato, Minn., writes us an interesting and detailed description of her work. So conscientious and painstaking a teacher is sure to succeed, and she has already won many warm friends in Mankato.

Miss Ina I. Millward, '04, is engaged in recital work at Fresno, Cal. Her success deserves the good wishes and congratulations of her friends in the College. We note with interest the high character of the selections interpreted by Miss Millward in recent programs she has rendered.

A number of professional men gathered at the Art Club in Philadelphia a few days ago were exchanging reminiscences of Edwin Forrest, the great tragedian. One of them told the story of Forrest's experience in the West, which was not only of interest in itself, but also a tribute to the art of the actor.

The play was "Virginius," and Forrest was at his best. In the scene where he slays his daughter the audience was almost stricken with awe, and not a sound was heard until the scene was concluded, after which the artist was greeted with overpowering applause. In the following act Virginius comes on the stage looking worn and distracted. The reaction has set in, he is frenzied over the loss of his daughter, and he walks up and down, crying out, "Virginia, Virginia, where is my child?"

An old miner, who occupied a front row in the orchestra, and who had been terribly wrought up by the murder scene, could stand this no longer, and, arising in his place, shouted out in loud tones, freighted with intense indignation:

"Why, you old rascal, you killed her in the market-house in the last act. You know it well enough. You are a hypocrite, as well as a villain."

Miss Edith May Root and Mrs. Luella W. Jewell are teaching Elocution and Physical Culture in New Haven.



The following letter from one of the graduates was recently received by the Editor:

"Magazine received; congratulations on changes; the type is excellent, the reduced size convenient, the gray color superior to the old color, and general get-up an advance. Note an inaccuracy in statement of my work, which inaccuracy please correct. I am a member of class '01 (*not* '02), Professor (*not* instructor) of Rhetoric, Oratory, and English Literature (*not* of English)."

We thank Mr. Laird for his encouragement. His letter as we quote it will make all necessary correction.

Miss Abbie Mae Frost, '04, is teaching at the High School at Beverly, Mass.

Miss Grace Hart, '97, and Miss Madelia N. Tuttle, '97, are teaching in the public schools of Albion, N. Y. Miss Hart teaches Vocal Music and Miss Tuttle, Oratory and Drawing.

Miss Mary B. Davies, '04, is teaching in Burlington, Vt., introducing Physical Culture and Expression to the public schools there.

Albert S. Humphrey, Spl., is teaching Expression Work in Galesburg, Ill., at Knox College.

Miss Mandelle Germonde, '02, is studying for her A.M. at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Miss Ethel M. Tomlinson, '02, is teaching Oratory at the Buffalo Conservatory, Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Helen A. Gilmore, '98, is giving readings from the works of Gilbert Parker, meeting with particular success when she presents "The Lane That Had No Turning."

Miss Meta H. Taylor has returned to Emerson College to take up regular work, '05 claiming Miss Taylor as one of her sisters.

A story is told around the corridors about a Freshman girl who went to room with one of her upper-class sisters. After the first night of the combination the Freshman said, "Miss —, do you know that you snore?" "Snore!" exclaimed her room-mate indignantly, "I never snore! I've slept for five years with my sister Mary, and she has often said that she heard me sleeping times without number, and she never once insinuated that I snore!"

Pride goeth before instruction.

Sufficient unto the crab is the devil thereof.

Many are cold, but few are frozen.

Letter from a Boston *Herald* representative:

I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the November number of your EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

I am delighted with its appearance and material, and do not hesitate in saying that I have never seen a publication that more admirably represents the college from which it hails.

Yours sincerely,

MARTIN R. EDWARDS.

# Emerson College Magazine

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## Lullaby

LITTLE my love, come, come away,  
The birds are still, closing the day —

Little my love, hush-a-by, hush,  
The sun has set, crimson his blush —

Little my love, the moon's awake,  
Making your cot a silver lake —

Little my love, flower so white,  
Deep in your nest, float in the light —

Little my love, dream you now deep,  
Seek secret joys, wondrously sleep —

Little my love, float in your dreams,  
Dive in clear waters, mount on moonbeams —

Little my love, smiling you rest,  
Pillowed so fair on slumber's breast.

C. F.

## The Bible as Literature

*Frederick Towers, A.M.*

THE Bible is considered by many to-day as a very different book from that which preceding generations conceived it to be. Now, it may be asked, does such change in intellectual point of view regarding the origin and nature of the Bible in any way disestablish the claim which it has upon us, as a literature containing the highest revelation of spiritual and moral truth? Is the intrinsic value of the Bible as a deeply inspired literature in any degree lessened if its meaning be interpreted in a different sense? Shallow or unthinking people may conclude that this is the case, and so drop the Bible out of their thought. But, in reality, far from this being true, in the estimation of all right-thinking people the intrinsic worth of the Bible is increased rather than lessened by this change of thought to a more human view of it. Change of point of view regarding anything does not necessarily affect the worth or value of the thing itself. The stars are vastly different from what people in the early ages believed them to be, yet for that reason men have not abandoned the study of astronomy. So the Bible may not be neglected without great loss or harm to our moral and spiritual life.

We may best answer all questions regarding the intrinsic value of the Bible by simply dropping entirely out of our minds all traditional and preconceived theories regarding its origin and nature, and undertaking a concrete examination of its contents. When we open the Bible and read any portion of its contents, what do we find? We find stories, historical narratives, poetical compositions, imaginative productions, orations, sermons, compilations of religious ritual, and moral laws; in other words, representations and ideas expressed in human language. However the subject-matter of these representations originated, this much, at least, is evident: the common medium through which it is expressed is language. Language is the vehicle of its expression.



Now, thought expressed in language and embodied in some kind of lasting literary form constitutes what is called literature. And this as the result of a small amount of concrete examination, irrespective of all theory, is what we find the Bible to be. The Bible is literature. Setting aside, for the time being, all doctrinal considerations, this fact is evident. "To understand," says Matthew Arnold, "that the language of the Bible is fluid, passing literary, is the first step towards a right understanding of the Bible." The Bible is a collection of writings representing the best thought, the deepest insights, of a highly gifted race, who have made a marvellous contribution to the higher civilization of the world. The Bible is the literature of the ancient Hebrew people.

That the Bible is literature is almost a new discovery of the present generation. Matthew Arnold was almost the first of writers to explicitly draw attention to this fact of the supreme literary quality of the subject-matter of the books of the Bible. The attention of former generations was so centered upon the idea of the Bible as a revelation of religious and dogmatic truth that the literary character of it was almost entirely ignored and left out of view. We are living now, however, in the time of a genuine Biblical literary renaissance, or rediscovery of the literature of the Bible. We are discovering that the Bible, our English Bible, purely from a literary point of view alone, is one of the world's greatest classics; that in addition to the authors of these scriptures being religious geniuses, revealers of moral and spiritual truth, they also possessed literary power of the very highest order. They were supreme literary artists. The literary forms in which the truths contained in the Bible are expressed are things of beauty in themselves. They conform in the most exacting way to the highest standards of literary art. We find in the Bible all the different varieties of literary form, both in prose and poetry. We have in it examples of literary form extending all the way from the ancient war ballad, the primitive folk-song,—used as an accompaniment to the dance, as in the song of Deborah,—to the highest

artistic finish of the lyrical ode, as in the Book of Psalms and in the great poem of Job. We find in it idyllic and pastoral literature of the most incomparable beauty, as in the Book of Canticles and the story of Ruth. The ancient Hebrews were the originators of the special literary forms known as the short story. The short stories of the Bible are models of this kind. They are exquisitely told, replete with dramatic pathos and genuine human feeling, as may be seen in the story of Joseph, the story of Esther, and in the matchless literary perfection of the primitive tales in the Book of Judges. In the stately, rhythmical prose of the Bible we find many passages of the greatest literary beauty and power, as in the description of Elijah on Horeb, and the defeat of Sisera's Canaanitish host by Deborah and Barak. The Bible would certainly not be the book it is if, as Charles Dudley Warner says, "it lacked its wonderful literary quality." Matthew Arnold refers to it as the "one great literature—the literature of the Bible." He says, "If poetry, philosophy, eloquence, if what we call in one word *letters*, are a power, and a beneficent wonder-working power, through the Bible alone have the people much chance of getting at poetry, philosophy, eloquence. What a course of eloquence and poetry—to call it by that name alone—is the Bible!"

Now in this evident fact, that the Bible is literature, the very highest kind of literature, we may find an answer to the question regarding the intrinsic value of the Bible for human life. Because, what is literature? In a certain sense all written or printed matter, all ideas and descriptions expressed in language and written down, is literature. The daily newspaper, in this sense, may be regarded as literature. The term, however, has come to have in a higher sense a much more restricted application. Mr. Barrett Wendell defines literature as "the lasting expression in words of the meaning of life." "Literature," says John Morley, "consists of all the books (and they are not so many) where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form." Charles Dudley Warner says that lit-

erature "has this one quality of answering to a need in human nature higher than a need for facts, for knowledge, or for wealth." Another writer says that "in order to produce literature, a writer must record not merely his thought or his knowledge, or both, but also express his sustained æsthetic, intellectual, and moral emotions in such a way as to awaken in a sustained manner similar emotions in others." Writing, to attain to that degree of excellence which entitles it to take rank as literature, must therefore be possessed with a certain perennial life-giving power. The words in which it is expressed must have in them in a unique way spirit and life. One test of life is the capacity to impart life, and this is preëminently true of literature. Literature must awaken thought and feeling in those to whom it is addressed; it must have the power of engendering life in others. All truly great literature possesses this life-giving power in a surprising degree. Now this is but another way of expressing the truth that literature is characterized by inspirational power. All really great literature is inspired. It inbreaths upon or quickens into life the latent spiritual fire in the souls of men. It inspires and uplifts the soul. Mr. Moody voiced this fact when he said he believed the Bible was inspired, because it inspired him. And literature inspires because it creates ideals for life. This is the supreme office of literature, the creation or revelation of ideals for life. In literature we find the expression of the greatest and noblest selfhood of a people, or a race. And this higher selfhood in a race or an individual is expressed in the form of an ideal of spiritual or moral character. The spiritual and moral ideals of a people we find expressed or revealed in their literature. In it ultimately, as in a mirror, the inner life or soul of a people is revealed. Great people, with high ideals of spiritual and moral character, have great literatures. So we may define literature as the supreme endeavor of the human spirit to utter the ideal meaning of life.

Now this identifies literature with religion, which has to do entirely with the ideal or spiritual in life. Professor



Santyana, in a book on the subject of poetry and religion, says that "religion and poetry" (and poetry is literature in its highest form) "are identical in essence, and differ merely in the way they are attached to practical affairs. Poetry is called religion when it intervenes in life, and religion when it supervenes upon life is seen to be nothing but poetry." When we take into consideration the nature of poetry itself, and also when we study the nature of most religious literature, we find, I think, a large measure of truth in this statement. True poetry is always creative. It creates ideals for life. It represents to us life on its imaginative or ideal side. It thus creates for us or reveals to us a higher world, above the material world, which may become the home of our spiritual life. Now this, too, is what religion does for us. Religion has created for us a large and beautiful ideal world in which, through faith, we may live our life above the petty and harassing cares and trials of our actual life. A New Testament writer defines faith as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Faith is thus our consciousness of the existence of a spiritual or ideal world. And it is this elevation of our life, by the power of the imagination, above the material world into the higher, spiritual or ideal world which religion effects for us.

Now it is just in this connection that we may perceive the supreme value of the literature of the Bible. The Bible is essentially the literature of the religious or ideal side of life. The Hebrews were a people with a peculiar genius for religion. They were a people who possessed a rare gift for discovering and revealing the ideal in life on its religious and ethical side. And they were also, from very early times, a remarkably literary and poetic people. And so we have in the Bible literature in its very highest form. In a unique way the literature of the Bible is literature of power and life. As Professor Butcher remarks, "The Bible has nourished the spiritual life of successive generations. It is the one book which appears to have the capacity of eternal self-adjustment, of uninterrupted correspondence with an ever-shifting and ever-widening environment."

In a transcendent sense the literature of the Bible is inspired literature, inspired indeed in a unique way. It reveals, as no other literature does, the ideal elements in life. It sets forth, as no other literature does, the eternal significance and value of human life. It is the incomparable text-book of ethical idealism, of human values, of the absolute worth of human life. And for this reason the Bible is literature which is ever in close touch with human life at all points. As Richard Burton says, "The secret of the undying influence of the Hebrew Scriptures is the universal human element in them, which comes home to men everywhere and always. It is that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." The Bible is the great epic of human life. All life's fever is there, its loves and hopes, its aspirations and longings, its high endeavors, its sin and sorrow. To neglect or pass over the study of such a literature is to neglect life at its highest and most vital point. The Bible, as no other literature does, "answers to the need in human life which is higher than the need for facts, for knowledge, for wealth." President Harper says, "With features wholly unique, biblical literature deserves a place beside that of other ancient nations. To have studied the lyric odes of other peoples, overlooking the Psalms; to have studied the epics of other literatures, remaining ignorant of the Book of Job; to have read the orations of Greek and Roman statesmen, forgetting those of Isaiah and Jeremiah, is unpardonable in these days of comprehensive knowledge."

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### The Snows

*Marshall Pancoast, '06*

BLOWN the rose  
And dead the leaf,  
And the snows  
Drift upon us from the North —  
Silent snows:  
Like a winged host that goes  
Stealing out across the world,  
With its banners all unfurled —  
Welcome snows!

Gone upon the wind that blows  
Scent of cherry, pink, and violet,  
With the rose;  
And fall upon the naked earth  
Resplendent snows,  
Shrouding deep the Old Year's woes.  
Every pine upon the hill  
Sways respondent to the thrill  
Of glorious snows!

Bright and spotless snows,  
Filling earth with buoyant hope —  
Brilliant snows!  
Soon will bloom again more fair  
Violet and rose,  
When the South wind blows;  
And the cherry-blossoms bring  
Warnings of spring's bourgeoning —  
Fruitful snows!

O ye never-fading snows!  
Symbol of life's mystic change —  
Sacred snows!  
As ye mantle earth in winter  
When the fierce wind blows —  
Eternal snows —  
So at the last, when comes the night,  
Shroud us again in robes of white,  
And glorify our close —  
Immortal snows!

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## Hawthorne's Method

*J. A. Garber, '07*

IN studying an author possessing the peculiar mental traits of Hawthorne, the man deserves attention before the art product. It is the personality of the above author that furnishes the fibre from which his romances are woven.

"As morning shows the day, so childhood shows the man" is verified in the life of Hawthorne. Even in his early childhood we find indications of the wonderful introspective analyses of conscience and the somewhat mor-



bidly melancholy mental characteristics displayed in after-life. He perhaps inherited some literary ability from his father, and from his mother a disposition to melancholy and retirement. Though Hawthorne was only four years old when his father was lost at sea, yet the tragic occurrence, together with the subsequent grief of his mother, had a peculiar and telling effect upon the young genius. In his boyhood days he acquired habits of solitude. He seldom spoke, but spent much time in reflection and meditation. Following his graduation from college, at the age of twenty-one, came a period of great significance to young Hawthorne. For twelve years he lived the life of a recluse. But hear him speak: "For months together I scarcely held human intercourse outside my own family, seldom going out, except at twilight, or only to take the nearest way to the most convenient solitude. During the nine or ten years that I spent there in this solitary way, I doubt whether so much as twenty people in the town were aware of my existence." With such innate tendencies toward melancholy, we are not surprised at the weird romances which he gave us at a later period. In fact, it would be surprising if he gave us anything else. For this reason, I think, "*The Scarlet Letter*" is more Hawthornesque than the lighter-veined "*Blithedale Romance*."

A study of Hawthorne reveals two facts characteristic of his method through all his fiction: first, a desire to separate his own personality from his fictitious characters; and, in the second place, to create purely psychological romance. In his preface to "*Snow-Image and Other Twice-Told Tales*," he says: "I have been especially careful to make no disclosures concerning myself which the most indifferent observer might not have been acquainted with, and which I was not perfectly willing that my worst enemy should know . . . I have taken facts which relate to myself because they chance to be nearest at hand, and likewise are my own property. And, as for egotism, a person who has been burrowing to his utmost ability into the depths of our common nature for the purpose of psychological romance — and who pursues his re-

search into that dusky region, as he needs must, as well by the tact of sympathy as by the light of observation—will smile at incurring such an imputation in virtue of a little preliminary talk about his external habits, his abode, his casual associates, and other matters entirely upon the surface. These things hide the man instead of displaying him. You must make quite another kind of inquest, and look through the whole range of his fictitious characters, good and evil, in order to detect any of his essential traits.” But we must accept this declaration understandingly. It may be true that no external habit of Hawthorne’s is revealed in his productions, yet his shorter stories, in particular, are stamped emphatically with his peculiar mental traits. Indeed, in “The Blithedale Romance,” it is not too much of a venture, perhaps, to suggest that in the character of Miles Coverdale we have only a slightly over-drawn pen-picture of Hawthorne himself.

In respect to the psychological aspect of Hawthorne’s fiction, his declaration just quoted is entirely true. Yet it is hardly the whole truth. He speaks of himself as one “who has been burrowing to his utmost ability into the depths of our common nature for the purpose of psychological romance.” No doubt this in a brief way stated his great purpose, but it was nearer his conception of the psychic realm when he termed it “that dusky region.” Here is really the theatre where his plays are acted. Many of his characters are drawn from real life, but when clothed by him they are no longer real; nor are they ideal. He occupies a middle ground between the ideal and the real. In thought and in purpose he is ideal, but in portrayal, real. Hence his characters are shadowy.

His works indicate that they were conceived in solitude. His romances are removed as far as possible from the affairs of active life. It seems natural that the dark side of things should be a favorite theme with him, and that he should find the abnormal manifestations of human nature especially attractive. For him, a normal condition held but little interest, but he took delight in delineating the intricate and conflicting passions of the human heart. In-

deed, a melancholy sense of doom pervades both "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Blithedale Romance." Early in the story of the former we are impressed with the fact that an evil deed invests itself with the character of doom. And in the latter, after reading, "In love, in worldly fortune, in all your pursuit of happiness, she is doomed to fling a blight over your prospects," we do not expect any other than a fatal issue. As an example of the abnormal passion, recall the conduct of Dimmesdale after his meeting in the forest with Hester: "At every step he was incited to do some strange and wicked thing or other, with a sense that it would be at once involuntary and unintentional." As for Chillingworth, he was all morbid: his course of revenge inhumanized him. In these respects, Hawthorne's fiction is more pathological than psychological.

It might be well to notice in particular several characteristics of his method. The first, perhaps, is his ignoring of reason. His fiction is based on the instincts and the emotions. The mind currents take the path of the least resistance and discharge as acts. But this has a true psychological basis. Hawthorne is simply recognizing the fact that the majority of our voluntary acts are not the executions of reason, but the outgrowth of the emotions. The characters of Hester, Dimmesdale, and Hollingsworth body forth this idea. The romancer gives us the natural psychological development of the character without encumbering it with the dreary reasoning of a *Rasselas*, or with the ethical phases of which Eliot is so fond.

Another characteristic of Hawthorne's method is that the externals of life interest him only so far as they are outward signs of an inward condition. The peculiar gray dress that Hester continually wore means nothing if we do not appreciate its psychological effect. Usually, he deals with ultimates and not with their symbols. The things described in his fiction are not those we see, hear, and smell, but rather such as we think, will, and feel. He looks not at the act, but at the mind which conceived and willed the act. He explores the human heart. His interest is in



the workings of the human soul rather than in the physical manifestations. It has been said that a heart-throb was of more importance to him than a world of matter. He continually studied the fundamental motives of his own heart; then, when he wrote, he developed these in the life and conduct of his character. This power to experience and communicate emotion forms the basis of his success as a romancer of the human heart. He thought himself capable of experiencing every conceivable emotion. His characters, for the most part, are nothing more than these emotions personified.

But withal, he is a minute, faithful, and delicate observer. He constructs character merely from some outward peculiarity. He notices the man with a patch over his eye, and from this, together with the man's nose and movements, he constructs his character.

It should be said yet that the majority of Hawthorne's stories have a spiritual truth to illustrate. For this purpose, the allegory is much employed. Of this class, "The Great Stone Face" is most typical. Usually his purpose becomes clear early in the story, but the charm of his style holds us until the application is made.

It is necessary, I think, to mention here that Hawthorne is not really a novelist. Time, relations, and events are not considered in his fiction. These are all taken for granted. We do not know whether it is summer or winter, sunshine or rain. Seven years is the time allotted to "The Scarlet Letter," but for any light thrown on the subject by contemporaneous events—aside from the historical references—it might be only seven months. The psychological development of the characters is the thread running through the story and giving unity to it. There is no plot. It is doubtful if Hawthorne himself knew how it would end. He is perhaps most aptly characterized in the words,—"a dreamer and a teller of tales."

The peculiar character of Hawthorne's writings limits his popularity to some extent; but his great mastery of the English language, and his graceful and exquisitely apt diction easily place him in the list of leading American authors.

## Autobiography

Reports of Lectures by Edward Howard Griggs

*Dec. 16, 1904.* Having passed through his desperate mental struggle, John Stuart Mill turned to Wordsworth for comfort. In this poet there was much that appealed to him. Mill and Wordsworth both lacked the same thing in their natures, a certain warmth. He was sympathetic with Wordsworth's interpretation of the majesty of nature, and in many other points this poet touched him.

Mill next turned to Carlyle and Coleridge. He did not accept Carlyle's mysticism, and had a contempt of his time-serving quality. But he got great cultivation of spiritual life from these poets. They opened up to him "a half dark life-field out there to see into." This was a hard problem, at the same time a wonderful discovery, for Mill, who could not bear suspended judgment. Toleration came to Mill through this mental crisis. He said, "Carlyle is a man of intuition; I am not. I cannot see round him, and I am not certain that I can see over him."

Immediately after this came that wonderful friendship with Mrs. Taylor, a matter of propinquity, which began when she and Mill were twenty-three and twenty-five respectively. Early in life Mrs. Taylor married an honest, upright man. Being a woman of profound aspirations, her life was one of inward meditation, and one of complete emancipation from every kind of superstition. It is said that she was a deeper thinker than Mill himself, and he believed her to be all that Carlyle was, and even more. The lover's idealizing tells more of what the loved one is than any one else does; it tells more than external familiarity ever reveals. One must not take the atmosphere of courtesy away. If one gets too close to the mountain one sees the stubble.

Love depends on two elements. People who come together must overlap. They must have some common identities. They must have friendship as well as love. Life depends on a basis of similarity. Given a basis of identity, one has more to give in friendship and love. That wonderful love which finds its fulfilment in marriage is the most marvellous expression of love.

Marriage has a twofold basis. The first, the oldest kind, is the simple, generic marriage. The second is the one that involves the whole revolution of life. If one cannot combine both in one's marriage it is better to have the first. It is safer, less likely to prove a mistake. The Carlyles were both intellectual. They knew this instinctively. But a union is incomplete on a stimulation of intellect. John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor met on an intellectual basis, and after twenty years of intellectual comradeship marriage became possible, and after consummation ripened into a perfect union. Mr. Griggs said he knew of only one other so perfect, that of Mr. and Mrs. Browning.

Mrs. Taylor was of the type of Goethe's "eternal women." This was a reality of nature, a spirit of life so intrinsically true that it was deeper than an artistic expression. She had that fundamental spirit of nature, that spirit of profound womanhood.

After marriage Mill experienced that most wonderful gift that life has to give, a perfect union. Seven years only Mill and his wife experienced their perfect union; after this his wife died of pneumonia. The remainder of his life and work were dedicated to her spirit, her memory. Mill considered himself greatly blessed in possessing the love of two such women as his wife and her daughter.

Mill's life can be summed up in two ways: the objective and subjective, the external and internal; the analytical, scientific, philosophical on the one hand, with a deep pathos, almost sadness of heart, an element of negation, a late fruition, on the other hand.

*Jan. 4, 1905.* Mr. Griggs next took up the study of Pierre Loti with his class in autobiography. Investigation showed Loti to be a man of our own time—a Frenchman of pronounced characteristics and varied charms. Having entered the navy at seventeen, he later felt called upon to write, in letters, of cruelties to soldiers, even at the expense of his own advancement. He was dismissed, but afterwards returned to the navy and was made lieutenant. He contested with Zola for the election to the Academy, and won it.

His love of travel for the sake of studying life, people, places, colors his whole life. His nature was exquisitely responsive. It was like an æolian harp in its musical response to the emotions of life. He had an equal power to express in literature this response to life. His language is marvellously musical. It was a natural power, for in the style we get the man. He voyaged to Iceland to study the life of the fisherman, and found the Iceland fisherman to be simple, primitive, fascinating, full of virility. Loti's strongest characters are drawn from his book "The Iceland Fisherman."

In "The Romance of a Child" we read of Pierre Loti's first acquaintance with the sea, at the age of five years, which is among his earliest impressions. He longed to see it, and when he did, and heard its faint, majestic noise, he went with firm step nearer and nearer to it till he almost touched it. Then he drew back with sudden fear, ran to his mother and buried his face in her lap, a natural place of safety from all fears. Again in the same book he tells us similar impressions of the firelight; also his impressions of sunlight, of a single ray across a corner of the stairway. How vastly different was this childhood from that of John Stuart Mill! From Loti we get the impressions, the recollections, as an influence; we get the inner man. From Mill we get the true story as it happened; an intellectual statement of facts; a philosophical interpretation of life.

Our foregoing lectures tell us why Mill wrote. Careful study shows that Loti wrote because he hungered to reach down into the mystery of life. He had an overpowering hunger for a clue to the explanation of it all. He hungered for sympathy. He wanted to feel that brotherhood with his fellow beings. He hungered to touch hands with people who belonged to him by the right of similar experiences. To do this takes away the sting. How does Loti's contribution compare with Mill's contribution to autobiography?

*Jan. 11, 1905.* The paper that Mr. Griggs called for this morning was read by Miss Smith. It was a clear, definite article on Stanley Hall's "Early



Reminiscences." In it we get valuable points of scientific interest. He furnishes material suggestions in the study of human life. He believes it to be better to blot out certain points if not clearly recalled, and to go on with material points from day to day, than to dip into the dim yesterdays and create an atmosphere of the past. The question comes, Which is the true report of childhood, John Stuart Mill's, Dr. Hall's, or Pierre Loti's? Is the truth of history different from the truth of poetry? Is there not truth in both?

From the history of the Middle Age one gets the facts, creeds, religions, and political lives of the people. And from the outer voice, from the art and poetry of the Middle Age, one gets the aspirations, the spiritual inspirations, of the people. There is truth of action and there is truth of spirit. Plato's fiction is truer than Xenophon's facts.

Dr. Hall in his "Early Reminiscences" shows the advantage of the country form of life over the city life for the child's development. He regards the country life as the ideal environment for the child life. He believes it to be the child's paradise. If this be true, ought we not to stand aghast at present conditions? Is the country life paradise and the city life—the other thing?

Is there any advantage in the city life for the child? The country life engenders a simple attitude of mind. It shows a simplicity of living. It creates a healthy, natural vigor, great force with direct purpose. The danger is a tendency to narrowness, provincialism. It arouses but little mental vigor. It shows a mental state amounting almost to stupidity.

The city life affords the advantage of a wider, more variable contact with people. It engenders large toleration, charity. It develops tact. A newsboy of six years, in New York's slums, could give points in tact and diplomacy to a Gladstone. He knows at a glance what paper each man wants before he asks for it. He knows which man wants the latest edition before it leaves the press, and he knows just the man to whom he can sell his papers that are four and five days old. He is exquisitely tactful. The danger to the city child is that of overstimulation, over-feeding. Modern life knows no medium. Nature protects us. Nature makes good red blood.

Now how can we meet this problem of country life and city life for the child? Comparatively few men now carry on agriculture. There is a constant movement toward city life—a movement from the country, first to towns, then to cities.

Our cities are more or less accident. We did not build them, they built themselves, and now we are doing what we can to rebuild them by putting in public baths, opening up parks and public playgrounds, and offering opportunities for the city child to breathe a country life as well. In time no doubt, the ideal environment, the exact combination of city and country, will be attained. The natural, simple forces carefully and intellectually adjusted ought to produce a well-rounded human development.

Dr. Hall throws considerable light on Pierre Loti. Being in such direct contrast, we get a different view of Loti. It proves his motive to be a deep one indeed—no jotting down of happenings. He could not be the ocean, but he hungered to be a wave of the human ocean, and to be in unity with it. He had a sublime kind of emotion: he desired to be one with God.

E. C. R.

*Jan. 18, 1905.* As this morning was to conclude the study together of the life of Pierre Loti, the lesson was one of summarizing, or gathering up the scattered threads, that the class might get a clear and complete idea of Loti.

First, attention was called to the fact that in his early education everything possible was done to allow free expression; or, rather, there was nothing done to hasten, direct, or limit natural development. He received nothing to discipline his character or to guide his personality. He lived in an atmosphere of affection, playing with little girls rather than with little boys. By this environment his naturally sensitive nature was deepened, and his emotions and imagination were fed at the cost of character growth. He was always interested in novel conditions and experiences; continually longed to be somewhere else, believing that there he would find satisfaction and happiness. John Stuart Mill constantly fought to get over difficulties; Loti would not learn the necessity of mastering friction.

At the age of fifteen a new period in his life begins. He had had beautiful dreams of the life of a minister; this should be his vocation, he thought. But so soon as he began attending church he changed his mind. Preaching in the pulpit displeased and even disgusted him; and he found nothing in the church services to feed his æsthetic sense—everything seemed unrelated to his vital life. A reaction was followed by a period of doubt. At this time he accepted a position as a naval officer. This gave him an opportunity to travel and see strange lands and strange peoples. However, we must not think of Loti's vocation as that of a military officer; his real vocation was the writing of romances and charming experiences.

The reaction of religion on Loti is the great problem. The unfolding of his personal problem was closest to religion. What was Loti's religion and his religious development? What did he believe? An answer to these questions will give us the deepest explanation of his personal development. He shrank from meeting the exigencies of human life. To him life seemed wearisome and impenetrable darkness. This shrinking from life came, in part, from his sensitive nature and imaginative mind. His dread of a commonplace existence and his love of freedom served to increase his spirit of discontent. The man who is always looking elsewhere does not appreciate the full meaning of the possibilities of life. We ought not to be content with ourselves,—this is a divine discontent,—but we ought to be content with our opportunities till we have used those opportunities. Emotional, imaginative sensitiveness—as found in Loti's life—may count for good or for evil, depending upon conditions. Loti longed to identify himself with the universal life. He wrote a history of his life, that he might leave to posterity his joys, love, and sorrows.

Loti gathers from the permanency of inanimate objects about him something of immortality. In this Mr. Griggs thinks Loti is wrong. He thinks the majority of mankind are made to feel the instability of personality by considering the stability of the inanimate creation. Loti must have lost the deeper hope of personality. We see a pathetic sadness in his life. He travels from one country to another, dissatisfied, discontented, constantly asking himself the question, "Is this all?" He returned to his homeland, only to find that the charm that once lingered about the hills and valleys was there no more.

He says, "We diffuse the charm that we get back from nature," and then declares, "I have diffused too much; the spring has gone dry." But this was not true; he had outgrown the hills of his boyhood, and he did not bring back in his heart that charm of which he despaired.

In speaking of his travelling from place to place, he gives us the supreme key to his life in these words: "To say good-by to wild little creatures — just because they were ingenious little children of nature." He went over the face of the earth trying to find happiness from external objects. The man who stakes his life and hope of happiness on things outside will be disappointed; and the deeper the spirit of the individual, the deeper the disappointment. It is marvellous how many people would be happy if only one more thing were added! Don't forget that to-morrow always turns out to be to-day. We should ask, Where blooms the rose of yesterday? That one is worth more to us than a garden of roses of to-morrow.

There are two kinds of people that believe in immortality. The man whose life goes out in deep love for others believes that life is infinitely and eternally worth while; and he who strives to develop the eternal within, who lives up to the eternal potentialities of self, likewise believes that life is infinitely and eternally worth while. Loti belonged to neither class. He never knew what deep love meant. He knew a passion that temporarily appealed to him — this he thought was love. It might be said that every strong tendency of his nature was strengthened by his education, and every weak one was weakened.

Behind all, Loti went over the earth seeking happiness, but failed to get a grip on the reality of life. The principal lesson for us is: In proportion to our sensitiveness of soul we should develop will and reason.

J. A. G.

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## Editorials

*The Magazine* PERHAPS a few words in regard to the Magazine would not seem out of place. The purpose of a college publication of this character, I think, is always two-fold: (1) to offer a medium for the expression, in the best literary form, of the best thoughts of the student body; (2) to represent the College to the community at large. It is to be taken as self-evident that every student has an interest in the Magazine; he enjoys reading it, and wants his friends to enjoy it with him. That interest, in every way, is commendable; but, fellow student, is there not a practicable and more valuable way, in addition, by which we can show our interest? Only the Editor knows with what reluctance that same interested student will offer his assistance by way of contributing an article. Two general



excuses usually are offered by the student for not supporting the Magazine: first, want of time; and in the second place, modesty prompts a number to suggest that they are unable to write an article that is really worth while. Certainly, students, usually, are very busy! but the writer would like to emphasize the fact that the time spent by a student in preparing an article for the Magazine will yield most valuable returns. We believe that "Expression is necessary to evolution." As students of expression, it is highly necessary that we appreciate the literary merit of a selection. To reach the highest possibilities in our art, an appreciation of the best diction and rhetorical merit is absolutely necessary. As evolution depends on expression, so does appreciation of literary form depend upon literary expression. To be able to write well is to appreciate good literary style in another.

As to the second excuse: you would surprise yourself, no doubt, by a careful, conscientious trial. You can think of something to say that would be read with pleasure. But if the judgment of the Editor should consign your article to dire oblivion—his cosmopolitan waste-basket—you still have not lost the real training you received from the effort put forth in the preparation of the article.

There is another point that we would profit by remembering: the Magazine is the property of the student body. It does not belong to the management of the College, but is an endeavor, primarily, of the students. Each one of us has a personal interest in it, and we should feel a genuine pride in its success. The support which the Magazine receives from the Faculty is much appreciated; and we feel that we are only creating the right to a stronger claim to their sympathy and encouragement when we urge the students to rally to the support of their own enterprise. It is a part of the training in evolution, I believe, to help those who help themselves.

To the alumni we want to say a few words most earnestly: we want your help. You are now out in the world meeting with success. Nothing will add more in making the Magazine representative of the College and her grade

of work than a personal letter from you, telling of your experiences. From now on, we want to set aside space in the Magazine for the alumni. This shall be your department, and you are earnestly requested to use it. This will offer an opportunity for all the old alumni to keep in touch with each other, to renew the old ties of friendship, and to interchange mutual, helpful views relative to your own personal work or the work of your Alma Mater. This should be made one of the most interesting and valuable departments of the Magazine.

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*Our**Opportunities*

Every one, we are sure, who is enjoying the inestimably great privilege of following Prof. Edward Howard Griggs in the course in Autobiography which he is now giving at Emerson must be impressed by the wonderful skill and power with which he touches every chord of individual and racial experience. Those who have had the added pleasure of hearing him lecture on other subjects realize and appreciate the full breadth and scope of the man and his work. After every hour spent under the influence of his uplift we come forth feeling bound, as if by a tacit promise, to make our living more worth while, to make our lives larger and better. Can we be content, we ask, to go on existing on the same old plane of humdrum, commonplace endeavor, where the ruts are already beginning to cut deep. A state of unrest which unfits for usefulness is to be deplored, but a healthy dissatisfaction should pave the way for growth.

Some of our greatest opportunities for growth are not possible in the curriculum. As students of expression, as hopeful human beings, we must seek to reach out and expand our sympathies, to keep in touch with live things and grow. We prepare conscientiously for our class-room recitations, and work faithfully and cheerfully for our teachers; but is that all? We know that it is not. That alone would mean stagnation—at the best, mere drifting. We are often told that our teachers can but direct and help us to a slight degree; that what we gain from our course here, or elsewhere, depends almost entirely upon ourselves. And

it is true, to a very great extent, that the happiness of all our to-morrows depends upon the completeness of our preparation to-day. What are we doing with the opportunities for preparation which come to us outside of class, outside of college? What are our recreations—our diversions we may call them? What are we doing with that extra hour (if we don't have one we'll find it a most paying investment to make one) each day, in the line of seeking new impressions to supplement school work, and to strengthen ourselves, root and branch? The robust life, like the plant life of the fields, needs not only to be fed at the roots, but requires other food as well. The sun, the skies, and the surrounding atmosphere must contribute nourishment for the plant's waxing strength. And so we, too, must reach out into the world about us for invigorating food. We are naturally interested in music and kindred arts closely touching upon our work in expression: that is well, but are we using the opportunities we have of meeting outside people in our own and different walks of life? Are we studying them? Are we studying nature at every opportunity? Are we reading broadly, discussing thoughtfully, topics of wide interest? In brief, are we opening up all possible avenues out into the open, which, if followed, will lead to the increasing of our interests, and the broadening and deepening of our sympathies, and the enriching of our whole lives? We cannot afford to close our windows and shut out the light. We must be receptive and gather in a store of food and light that will enable us to grow to the full stature of the approximately perfect man and woman.

Remember how Webster prepared for his great oratorical masterpieces by a long process of observation and absorption of ideas and impressions. The Bunker Hill monument address represented, in its substance, not hours, but years of careful preparation. Webster is but one example of many great men, who, in long years of preparation, were taking in and digesting the nourishment that not only stimulated temporarily, but expanded, enlarged, and strengthened them for many days' mighty labor in the



world's work. "By dint of much hammering," say the French, "one gets to be a blacksmith." By all means, let us be good blacksmiths, if that is to be our vocation in life; but in the hammering out of our careers let us beware of pounding all the time on one side, leaving the other weak. Concentration and specialization are necessary in this day of professional competition, but it is equally important that we strengthen our reserve and auxiliary forces. The more fully rounded the man, the greater must be his resourcefulness and ultimate usefulness and success. We can perhaps find no more striking example of this than Professor Griggs himself, who stands preëminent in his particular field, yet compels us to wonder at and admire the universal sweep of his all-embracing mind. Let us, to-day, then, respond to the inspiration we have received, and begin to live more deeply and fully, by placing ourselves in touch with these broadening influences which are all around us. The elevation we desire will then come with the strength acquired. And as students, especially, we should remember that these are opportunities of to-day. The poet has most beautifully said:

"The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter, and the Bird is on the wing."

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## Exchanges

THE *Minnesota Magazine*, from the University of Minnesota, has received its first welcome upon the Editor's table. It contains excellent stories and poems, and an interesting account of the old books in possession of the University library. Among these books may be mentioned the second edition of Dr. Samuel Johnson's "Dictionary of the English Language," issued in two splendid folios in 1765; the fourth edition of the "Dictionnaire historique et critique," published in Amsterdam in 1730; Balda's "Ecclesiastical History," a Canterbury edition of 1722; a fine edition of Homer, published in Basle in 1583, and a Thucydides of 1731. An article on "American Music and the Concert Program" offers an appeal to genuine composition and originality, while "Bulgarian New Year's Customs" affords an interesting glimpse into the celebration of that day among Greek Orthodox people. Dr. Frank McVey, of the University Faculty, has published a book, "Modern Industrialism," which has received much favorable comment for its originality, candidness of statement, and logical arrangement.

The *Aurora*, from the Agnes Scott Institute, Decatur, Ga., contains an essay which illuminates considerably the religion of the nineteenth-century poets, while the article on "National Songs," in a most attractive way, traces their growth and development from the songs and stories of the Provençal troubadours and Arabs of the eighth and ninth centuries. The stories, poems, and valuable literary notes add much to this current number that is profitable. However, the fiction is too profuse to preserve a proper balance of departments.

The *Kalends*, from the Woman's College of Baltimore, gives an account of the Student Government Conference held at Wellesley College in December. The object of this association is to make self-government a power in the college or school. The President and Faculty entrust to the students the management of all matters concerning the conduct of the students in their college life that are not strictly academic, or that pertain to the jurisdiction of the college. The organization of alumnæ chapters, in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington, and their reports to the *Kalends*, in assisting the Fellowship Fund, prove the inestimable benefit that an active alumnæ is to the furtherance of college power and endeavor. The best of the poems in this number is "A Song."

The *Forum*, from Lebanon Valley College, opens its pages upon that inexhaustible topic, "The Arthurian Epic; Its Origin and Development," while it is followed by "The Inland Empire." This last-named article embraces a land of promise and opportunity in the States of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and presents a glowing account of past and present advancement in every line, to make it truly the "Canaan" of America. The "Development of the French Lyric" is a scholarly treatment of the subject, and forms a distinct literary feature of the magazine.

The *Criterion*, from Columbia College, Columbia, S. C., has for its two principal features, "Milton's Life and Works" and a scientific treatise on "Environment vs. Heredity." The Editorial Department in the centre, and the poems and stories, form an appropriate setting to this magazine bearing the crest of the royal purple.

The Editor acknowledges the following magazines upon the table and thanks the editors for the courtesy of exchange: *The Idealist*, *University Cynic*, *The Holgad*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *Kimball Union*, *Scio Collegian*, *School Journal*, *Vidette*, *Normal Eyte*, *College Review*, *Tripod*, *The Mitre*, *The Budget*, *Forum*, *Kalends*, *Criterion*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *Aurora*, *Minnesota Magazine*.

## Artistic Book-Publishing in Maine

*Frances Dora True, '07*

JUST before the Christmas holidays it was suggested to me by the Editor of the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, that I might make myself useful during the vacation by gathering material in my own city for the Magazine. I could do this, he said, by calling upon Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, the well-known publisher of choice books. As I felt a great interest in the remarkably artistic publications which Mr. Mosher puts forth, I decided to follow the Editor's suggestion.

I found Mr. Mosher's establishment in the midst of the publishing-houses, in the busiest part of the city of Portland. It was Mr. Mosher himself who responded to my knock. He received me with every courtesy, very pleasantly answering my questions and telling me something of his work.

I was curious to see this man whose name is so familiar to book-lovers, not only in our own country, but throughout the English-speaking world. Mr. Mosher is a man of average height. His hair is somewhat gray and his blue eyes have an unmistakable gleam of fun in them. One recognizes in him at once a gentleman and a man of culture.

After a very interesting conversation, Mr. Mosher gave me a copy of the *Lewiston Journal*, containing an account of his artistic publications. This able article speaks of Mr. Mosher's work as a phase of the "Arts and Crafts Movement," and of Mr. Mosher himself as the leader in this phase of the movement.

I shall give here only a portion of the article, which was written by Alice Frost Lord:

The world of English-reading book-lovers pays homage without stint to Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, and his little office at 45 Exchange Street is flooded six days in every week with orders from all over the continent, and from England, France, and Germany. When William P. Cutter, former buyer for the Congressional Library at Washington, and well known as the foremost li-



brary authority in the United States to-day, concedes to Mr. Mosher the honor of first place among book publishers in this country, he qualifies his opinion in this way,— that, more than any one else, Mr. Mosher is publishing for the love of his art, and that in his effort to bring out the choicest literature in books that should be truly beautiful as well as moderate in price, he has been preëminently successful.

Not without a disheartening struggle has Mr. Mosher pursued the course he laid out for himself scarce thirteen years ago. Adverse environment and an isolated locality were obstacles of no small proportions, while the slow gain in public recognition, to say nothing of unpromising financial returns the first few years, was enough to check the career of a less determined and persistent man. But the recognition of his high standards, honest work, and scorn of catchpenny methods spread steadily, until the crisis "of doubt, heroic resolve, and small accomplishment" was passed and Distinction came his way with open hands. But through both the "Sturm und Drang" period and through the later years of fulfilled hopes, Mr. Mosher has never once departed from his original purpose to publish not for mere profit, but out of love for things beautiful in belles-lettres and for their adequate expression in artistic print and binding, which should reach the many who appreciate choice things but who cannot possess them at exorbitant rates.

#### DISTINCT FEATURES OF MOSHER BOOKS.

In thirteen years Mr. Mosher has put out eleven series, making a total of 178 volumes. In these, it is almost needless to say, Mr. Mosher's fame rests not on quantity but on quality; for many another publisher has issued more in a twelvemonth than has this Portland man in all these years.

The Mosher books are distinctive first of all for the publisher's careful choice of literature, made in accordance with one central code of taste. He has not once posed as a writer himself. Only his brief forewords in the yearly catalogues bring him into direct relation with his hosts of friends the world over. His aim has been to bring together the posies of other men, rarely of recent fame, but of tried and proven worth. Mr. Mosher's ability as publisher is next to be considered. Avoiding the blatant type of bind and decoration, he has adhered to simple effects. But an infinite amount of thought has been put into these books in the selection of paper, the planning of the margin, the style of type and the use of head bands, initials, etc., that all might harmonize and be appropriate to the subject to which they give expression.

His Bibelot Series is the only series of Italic books ever printed in this country. The edition was limited, and but a few copies remain of the last three out of the set of ten volumes.

His Vest-pocket Series, on  $2\frac{3}{4}$  by  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inch pages, is unique in the annals of publishing here and abroad, hand-made paper being used, as well as actual 8-point Roman type.

Then, too, his Bibelot, a small quarto issued monthly, is quite out of the line of any other regular publications. Since 1895 these numbers have been going out to an ever-increasing patronage of booklovers who delight in Mr. Mosher's selections from scarce editions and sources of literature not generally known.

Others of his series are not less artistic, but they are not so distinctive, and remain to be spoken of later. In all, Mr. Mosher has given the public ample choice of artistic work, from the value of a quarter, to a few books that have brought as much as \$150.

A year before Elbert Hubbard, of Roycroft fame, had visited Morris's work at the Kelmscot Press in England and caught the inspiration of the Arts and Crafts movement, Mr. Mosher had published the first of a series of 178 volumes which he has turned out in the succeeding thirteen years, and on which he has won a name, unrivalled even by the East Aurora Fra. This first series were English reprints, Meredith's "Modern Love" being brought out in 1891, James Thompson's "The City of Dreadful Night" in 1892, and Robert Bridges' "Growth of Love" in 1894. The edition was of "large paper copies," ten on Japanese vellum and forty on Van Gelder paper, besides 400 small paper copies on the latter paper. Large paper was then the style.

Mr. Mosher went on to speak of his later work, when he abandoned the large paper editions. "Self-restraint in book-making," said he, "like self-restraint in everything else, is productive of good results. I have never done much with illustrations. Thus far the lettering of my title-pages has been drawn by New York artists, but hereafter type will suffice, for I believe it is the more simple and truly artistic. My style of typography is open to anybody, for the types any one can secure. The eight-point old style Roman is used in the Old World Series and the ten and twelve point in the Quarto. In the former, there were specially designed head-bands and tail-pieces, while the flexible Japan Vellum covers were introduced for the first time by me among the publishing fraternity. The Van Gelder paper, which I use for the most part, is of Dutch make. The American hand-made papers I found were prohibitive, because they weigh too much. This Dutch paper I can buy in any weight, and I have always tried to choose a weight of paper to suit the size of the book.

"The uneven margins are always par excellence," continued the speaker, "although I have known publishers to take my books, selling for \$1, trim the edges and put them on the market for from three to five dollars, rebound in various leather bindings. For me they were ruined in artistic value.

"The silk ribbons I also purchase in England, for the simple reason that I cannot secure pure silk in this country.

"The old style blue-paper boards, which I use a great deal, are not to be equalled in New England. The books are all hand-sewed, not sawed into for the insertion of the thread. In fact every step in their make-up is intended to contribute to the enjoyment of the reader. Anything that interferes with this enjoyment indicates something wrong in the book-making. I intend to appeal to the latent energies in people and to say to them, 'Here is something for you to ponder over.'

"But I have never had the feeling," observed Mr. Mosher, "that I had done so well I might not advance my highest mark. Some editions, very limited in number, which never have been catalogued, have commanded as high a price as \$150. These were of pure skin. But the value of my work, such as it has, is not alone in the printing, paper, etc., but in the subjects I have chosen to re-

print. My selections are not to be considered another 'Best One Hundred Books,' such as are handed out to the public by literary men in some lamentable lapses. But I have put out over 150 volumes of different things, each among the best of its kind and not picked in haphazard fashion. Lang has published many books, for instance, but out of five or six score I have taken the four or five masterpieces that are destined always to live. Some authors I would not accept, even if they paid me for it," said he.

So Mr. Mosher talked on of his work, speaking little of his future plans, save that he intended to follow along those already adopted, believing the literature he seeks to reprint far from exhausted. Morris's work, which he likes particularly well, he has regiven to American readers, and more of this he promises for the future. Fiona McLeod, that Celtic writer of compelling power, he was first to really introduce to American readers. Swinburne's and Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems are given in complete editions in the Quarto Series, which are among the best of Mr. Mosher's work. His Omar Khayyam is a marvel of compact beauty, in which the first, second, and fourth editions of Fitzgerald's famous translation are printed entire, the first and fourth being parallel texts. The exhaustive bibliography appended is an original feature not to be found elsewhere. Symond's only complete translation of Michael Angelo's sonnets has its place in the Old World Series. There, too, is Jeffries' masterpiece, "The Story of My Heart," which may be called the parallel, in prose, of Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," in verse. There are translations from Ernest Renan, De Nerval's "Sylvie," Careve's "The Story without an End," Storm's "Immensée" and others from French and German sources, besides exquisite renderings of Greek and Latin lore.

It suffices to say, in conclusion, that Mr. Mosher has never been an advertiser. He has worked for the love of literature and the art of book-making. No hideously colored posters flare his name before the public. His only placards are pad covers bearing original Morris designs and the typical Mosher title-page. His Bibelots go out monthly to tell of his wares among book-lovers, and the rest of the story is epitomized in the hundreds of letters pouring in daily at his little office, where for ten years he has patiently worked in the heart of Portland — not without honor, save in his own country.

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## Dvořák's Biblical Songs: an Appreciation

*Gertrude Chamberlin*

THE Graduate class of Emerson College, re-enforced by a goodly number of guests, had a rare treat last week in listening to the artistic rendition by Mr. William Howland Kenney of Dvořák's Biblical songs.

The occasion was one of the regular periods of the Grad-



uate class given to a course scheduled as "The History of Music; work of the Great Composers; development of the Oratorio, Opera, and Modern Art Song; Sacred Music," and, as will be seen, the songs presented illustrate one phase of this interesting course.

The songs themselves have a rare and enduring charm; once heard they cannot be forgotten. Their appeal is a universal one, and their wide emotional range may be recognized from an enumeration of their subjects:

*Book I.*—(I.) The Deity. "Clouds and darkness are round about Him." (II.) "Lord, Thou art my refuge and my shield." (III.) "Hear my prayer, O Lord, my God." (IV.) "The Lord is my Shepherd." (V.) "I will sing a song of gladness."

*Book II.*—(VI.) "O Lord, give ear unto my cry." (VII.) "By the Waters of Babylon." (VIII.) "Turn Thee to me, for my hope is in Thee." (IX.) "I will lift mine eyes up to the mountain whence cometh my help." (X.) "Sing ye a joyful song unto the Lord!"

Since the many phases of religious feeling—awe, reverence, adoration, faith, trust, appeal, the cry for help, prayer, inspiration, exaltation, and exultation—all are so clearly embodied in the above familiar scriptural lines, a few only of the numbers need be touched upon.

The opening song, No. I., descriptive of Deity, is handled in a superb manner, with majesty, breadth, and lyric sweep that satisfy—an adequate introduction to this magnificent religious song-cycle.

No. IV., "The Lord is my Shepherd," finds, naturally, very different treatment, and is a simple, quiet pastoral of much beauty, while the instrumental accompaniment lends a delicate charm in its suggestion of the shepherd's pipes.

No. VII., again, is of very different character—"By the Waters of Babylon." Many touches of the Oriental type of music are introduced here, especially in the instrumental portion. One would scarcely like to suggest the "Midway Pleasance" in this connection, and the momentary intrusive thought quickly gives way to a widely different sentiment, as the imagination is stirred to memory of ancient Jewish traditions by such lines as "Sing us one of the Songs of Zion . . . in a strange land," and "Jeru-

saalem, if I should forget thee, then let my right hand forget her cunning!"

One would like to end the characterization here, but no, one more of the songs claims a special word: No. X. The chosen people are not to be left in sadness and exile, and the voice of the prophet rings out: "Sing ye a joyful song unto the Lord . . . . Let the fields laugh and sing with waving corn, and let all the trees of the forest be joyful"—and on and on the rejoicing goes, with laughing accompaniment and triumphant,—word, song, and instrument blended in one flowing strain of rapture until the listener is caught up and translated like—like—well, like another prophet whose name is of no moment.

Such work is indeed the creative outpouring of a great natural genius, of a man who, when questioned as to his special teachers, replied, "I studied with God, with the birds, the trees, the rivers, with myself." The "*Biblische Lieder*," to use the true title of the song-cycle, is replete with rare feeling for nature, with religious fervor, and embodies with lyric sweep man's aspirations. The songs are not sung so often as one could wish, owing, doubtless, to the difficulties and exactions of the score. In Mr. Kenney, however, they find an appreciative interpreter, for not only has he the rich baritone voice which can sustain with ease the demands made upon it, but he loves these songs, his whole nature responds to their appeal, and he approaches them in the humble, reverent spirit of the true artist. It is delightful to follow the steady growth in his chosen art made by Mr. Kenney during the past year. Power and temperament he has always had—the gain is most apparent in the ease, the control, shown in making the rapid transitions from passages of dramatic intensity to those of exquisite tenderness; in the massing of effects; in the imaginative voicing of the varied poetic thoughts and emotions. Nor should mention be omitted of Mrs. Kenney's charming, sympathetic accompaniments, which so admirably re-enforce her husband's singing.

Turning to the composer himself, Dvořák presents a striking personality. Born in a little village of Bohemia,

near the Moldau River, the son of the village innkeeper and butcher,—a peasant,—Dvořák retained to the end much of the peasant inheritance: the broadly elemental qualities, the touch with all that has most permanence in the race. An old Russian proverb says, "Where there is a Slav there is a song." Might not the saying be equally true of Bohemians?

But the present-day "Art Song" belongs to a different genre from the song of any preceding age—it would have been impossible to the eighteenth century even, for it was born of the very essence of the Romantic spirit. It is an evolution. The Romantic spirit vitalized music as well as literature, religion, and art.

The musicians of the eighteenth century, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, even Beethoven, were busy with the *elements* of music—with the making of music itself. They were Classicists and gave us the perfected *form* of the Sonata and the Symphony. The eighteenth century expressed society *en masse*; the Romantic movement of the nineteenth century, the *individual*. Naturally, the Romantic ideas differed from the classic ideas; and with the Romantic movement the impersonal in music—as in the kindred arts—gave way to the *personal*.

What was the chief characteristic of the new style? Wagner answers the question in a phrase pregnant with suggestion: "Fertilization of music by poetry." Modern German song-writers, Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, set to music the lyrics of their own language; they sensed and set free the emotional qualities imprisoned in the written word. The *critic* had come into music, as into all the phases of the nineteenth-century life and art—the critic who was also the creative genius. The new men of the musical world, unlike those of the older period, knew many things besides music, and their complex and enriched thought and emotions—and, too, their knowledge of the romantic literature of the world—find supreme expression in the works of a school of musicians who simply *reflect their age*: Schumann, Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, Tschaïkowsky.

In strange contrast with such modern-world environment stands Dvořák, the peasant—of all great composers



the least a scholar. But this very fact gives him his distinction. It accounts, in a degree, for his special appeal; it accounts, too, for his much-discussed opinion that the negro melodies should become our national music. All the elemental instincts are in Dvořák's work: the broad harmony, color, the sensuous, the universal, the quaint, the naïve, the dramatic spirit, splendid massing of tone, lyric sweep, the inner vision—all marshalled into place by a compelling, though unlettered genius.

And Dvořák knew the human heart; he knew nature; he knew his Bible. If you doubt it listen again and again to the sacred songs of the "Biblische Lieder."

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## Alumni Notes and College News

### Class News of the Month

'04

THE graduate plays are progressing nicely, and we are working too hard on them to do much talking. Up to date we have had presented: November 3, "Love and Death," original play, by W. F. Allen; "The Difficulty of Matchmaking," dramatization, by Annie C. Bradley—November 17, "Once Upon a Time," dramatization, by Hettie B. Ward; "Shadow and Sunshine," by F. St. Clair Van Antwerp—December 8, "A Willing Substitute," by Norma S. Mitchell; "Sairey," by Beulah Howland—December 15, "Kilbreth of Ballyragan," dramatization, by Lillian F. Jackson; "An Exiled Star," dramatization, by S. Justina Smith. Others will follow later.

A study of Yiddish life was presented on the afternoon of October 27. Such was the success of the play that we were requested to reproduce it for the pleasure of the alumnae. So, on Saturday evening, November 19, it was presented again. The program consisted of a tragic pantomime; a comedy pantomime; three very able papers, by Mrs. Provan, Mr. Bard, and Mr. Thomas; dancing, by Miss Emerson and Miss Mitchell; and a magnificent solo by a member of the Baldwin St. Synagogue. Not the least enjoyable part of our proceedings was the hunt after material we had in the Ghetto, including a visit to the synagogue and the Jewish theatre. The features were Miss Ward's study of a child, Miss Emerson's dancing, and Miss Van Antwerp's study of a well-known Ghetto character.

'05

Those chosen to represent the class at Commencement are busily engaged preparing their duties. This must be the best day in '05's history.

As class photographers, O'Neil & Jordan have been chosen.

'06

Where's your correspondent, '06?

'07

The class of '07 pronounces itself fully recovered in spirits,— Mr. Garber, its loyal President, has returned.

At a meeting of the class January 17, a unanimous rising vote of thanks was passed for the good will and hospitality shown by the Juniors in the recent reception which they tendered the Freshmen.

L. H. S.

## Flotsam and Jetsam

*"Who loved the work would like the little news"*

### Sorority News



THE year of 1905 opened with bright prospects for the Phi Eta Sigma Sorority. The last meeting in the old year was held at the home of Miss Clara Spence, at Allston, Mass. A part of the time was spent in the initiation of three new members,— Miss Rolfe and Miss Jones, of the Senior class, and a valuable and loyal member of the Faculty, Miss Gertrude Chamberlin. She is loved and respected by all who know her, and has already become one of Phi Eta Sigma's most devoted members. These three swell the list of new members to seven, as Miss Stanfield, of the Junior class, and Misses Goynes, Shaw, and Hammond, of the Freshman class, were admitted at a previous meeting.

The visit to Miss Spence's pleasant home was one of genuine enjoyment, and all present were made to look forward to the work of the new year with added zeal, especially wishing greatest success for their sorority and for their College.

H. H.

From the land of the magnolia and the orange, the following was received, recently, by the Editor:

The season's greetings to "you all." This Southern expression embraces both your own home circle and the class. Our names make us almost of one clan,— you a Northlander, I a Southlander, so it may interest you to know that I am engaged in teaching privately at home this winter, with much success. With best wishes,

ETHEL L. REDDING.

On December 29, at Salt Springfield, N. Y., Miss Bessie Catherine Edick, '00, and Mr. Ira Sherman were married. The Magazine tenders its congratulations.

It is with regret we note that for the last two weeks Mr. Archibald F. Reddie, the efficient Editor-in-Chief of the Magazine, has been confined to his room on account of illness. At this writing he is convalescent, and it is hoped by all that he will be able to play his important rôle in "Aurora Leigh" on the evening of the 30th. His many friends at College are anxiously awaiting his return.

In the absence of the Editor, the preparation of the copy for the current issue of the Magazine was in the hands of the other members of the staff. So, wherein this number is not up to the usual standard of excellence, we ask the kindly criticism of our readers and a small measure of patience for another month.

At the present writing, Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick is in Texas. On her way to California she has been filling a number of engagements through the South and Southwest. After spending several weeks on the Pacific coast, she will return through the middle-west States, giving recitals at different points. The students remember Mrs. Southwick in her absence and take this means of tendering their regard.

### Little Drops

LITTLE drops of water,  
Freezing as they fall,  
Make man's feet fly upward,  
Dislocate his gall.

Rob the merry fat man  
Of his store of mirth,  
Make him leave his trade-mark  
Where he hits the earth.

Make the pretty little  
Lady cease to care  
Who may chance to hear her,  
Who may turn to stare.

Rob the happy lover  
Of his thoughts of love  
As new constellations  
He beholds above.

Make the mighty magnate,  
Sitting on his hat,  
Have disgust for water,  
And such things as that.

Little drops of water  
Freezing where they fall,  
Show that Hades has some  
Good points, after all.

— *Chicago Record-Herald.*

### Observations

Exams. are over! "How did you come out? Oh! was n't that awful? I just know I flunked."

"Oh! I thought it was easy—I know I answered everything. Well, maybe I did n't get the name of the bone in the little toe right, but I know I got everything else."

"Well, all I've got to say is, that old examination in —— was not fair: he asked us questions that he never taught us in class; and I don't care if I did fail"—a sob and a vanish.

"Well, I thought the examination was fair, but I just could n't think. I knew every question before I went in there, but after getting in there I got everything all mixed up."

"I had the toothache last night and could n't work up my notes, so it's not my fault if I did fail."

"And I had company last night, and you know it was n't polite for me to ask him to go—and so I think I ought to be excused if I did n't make a pass," etc., etc., etc.

*Moral.*—Professor Man and Woman, don't you blame *us* if we failed.

*Addendum* (after a good night's sleep).—If we failed this semester, we will succeed the next; if we passed this semester we will make a higher mark at the close of the year.



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## The Real Meaning of the Work at Emerson

*Anna Engleton Marmein, '06*

"Art's the witness of what Is  
Behind this show. If this world's show were all,  
Then imitation would be all in art;  
. . . If a man could feel  
Not one day, in the artist's ecstasy,  
But every day, feast, fast, or working day,  
The spiritual significance burn through  
The hieroglyphic of material shows,  
Henceforward he would paint the globe with wings,  
And reverence fish and fowl, the bull, the tree,  
And even his very body as a man —"

IN this practical age, and especially here in practical America, the first question we ask when taking steps in a new direction, or when making a departure along any line, is, Will it pay? Will it prove a good investment? No doubt the majority of students ask this question, or have it in mind, when entering Emerson College, considering their contemplated sojourn at the College in the light of an investment, their tuition, time, and labor representing the capital stock. This is the practical, unromantic view of education.

Recognizing the need of meeting such demands, the

College presents an extensive curriculum, extending opportunities seldom offered in other institutions; and as year succeeds year additional advantages are furnished, bringing the students into contact with the most advanced thinkers of our age along literary and oratorical lines, and with the most noted exponents of dramatic art, so that the graduate leaves the College with a mental and physical equipment sufficient to fit for positions of the highest trust and responsibility. The record of college graduates now occupying excellent positions all over the country is the best argument in favor of the practical side of an Emerson education.

But the greatest endowment Emerson College furnishes its students is not catalogued in its curriculum, or stated in its diploma,—that magic slip of paper which proves the “open sesame” to a good situation. That endowment is the realization of the higher meaning of life, sympathetic understanding of the shortcomings of others, the dignity of service, the influence of example, and the value of ideals in every-day life. The secret of a student’s success is his grasp of the principles of the College, and a key-note to the principles employed is found in our familiar catalogue, which says, “When a man loves the truth and lives it and can present it effectively to others he has received the best possible preparation for the work of life, as well as for the work of oratory. ‘*The Greatest Thing in Oratory is the Orator.*’” In other words, the foundation of the work at Emerson is built upon the rock of character. A great scientist was once asked, “When should a child’s education begin?” “With its grandmother,” was his laconic reply; and so in our college work we begin at the beginning, the root of things, and we are taught that to succeed in our art we must “ring true.”

Sometimes it is tragic to see the perplexities of students who have come to Emerson for that much-talked-of “finish” to their education. They are suddenly shocked into a realization that something is amiss; they come to an abrupt stop as if up against a blank wall. In their first extremity and confusion they attribute their difficulties to

external causes, seeking in vain for some remedy to straighten the way. Then follows the stage of self-analysis, when we stand face to face with ourselves, and find that the kingdom of heaven, after all, is within. Then it is we learn that no veneer of technique or superficial frills will last, and that "personality, a cultured and noble manhood, is infinitely superior to any trick of voice or gesture." This self-analysis is the crisis of our student life; we go through all the stages of self-pity, discouragement, and humiliation. But it proves a powerful and effective medicine, and if we survive it we blossom out into self-reliant, optimistic, helpful beings, leaving behind in the "Slough of Despond" our petty, trivial estimate of what we then considered art.

The very first step in our "Evolution of Expression" involves the setting aside of self and the thought of others. We can all recall when we were Freshmen and came down from our heights of dignified reserve to chatter with the "Brook," or hum with Mrs. Perrybingle's kettle. The various branches of the work are presented to us in a way which reveals their vital significance as applied to life. Contemplation of the great and good in literature not only establishes the highest literary standards, but brings us into a realization of the problems of the past, and enables us to appreciate the honest efforts of the author who, to give light to others, lays bare the tragedies of his own existence and the struggles of his own soul. The combined study of physical culture and anatomy as taught at Emerson should be productive of the highest physical perfection, but the emphasis of the teachers' endeavor is to have the students realize that back of the laws of material existence is the law of the divine, and that we possess a direct heritage from the Creator of all things.

In our work in expression we soon learn that the art of oratory, like all other arts, is creative, not imitative. We are encouraged in individual interpretation of characters. As dramatic artists we take the dead letter of another's thought and breathe into it the spirit of our mood, feeling, and personality; we represent the channels through which



immortal truths, surging down the centuries, find expression. In the final analysis of genius we find that character is the basic element. We are not puppets at a show; there are no tricks in our trade, the public is welcome to come behind the scenes and see that we pull no strings to accomplish results, but that "Jove nods to Jove" through the eyes, the voice, the heart.

With each passing hour the student is developing the inner life, and each experience as it comes to him reveals what numerous other men and women have thought and done; thus he relates his life to the life of mankind as a whole. Flashes of the higher meaning come to him; he sees the "vision beautiful," and will not sell his divine heritage for a mess of pottage; he realizes that his life is for itself and "not for a spectacle;" he learns that life is the theme, and that books are mere definition or commentaries of life. This growth is so unconscious that it cannot be reckoned by days. It is as Ralph Waldo Emerson says, "We do not know to-day whether we are busy or idle. In times when we thought ourselves indolent we have afterwards discovered that much was accomplished and much was begun in us."

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### Dawn

*Nina Everett Gray, '06*

A GENTLE rustling of the rippling leaves,  
Expectant of the coming morn;  
A whispered greeting of the new-roused breeze;  
The hurried mending of the web just torn;  
A dewdrop nestling in the fragrant rose;  
A soft white mist that's veiling all the earth;  
An incense breathed by every flower that grows;  
The bleating of the lamb just given birth;  
The chirping of a sleepy little bird;  
The pure white cloudbanks gathering in the sky;  
The babbling of the brook now heard;  
The humming of the bee that bustles by;  
A merry, sparkling sunbeam slanting down,  
Laughing in the brook, and startling slumb'ring fawn;  
A burst of song, a mingling of glad sound,  
A hush, a calm—and this is Dawn!

## Autobiography

Reports of Lectures by Edward Howard Griggs

*Jan. 24, 1905.* For the study of his class in autobiography Mr. Griggs next presented Tolstoi's "My Confession." The author's purpose in writing was an effort to help others in solving the same problems that he was trying to solve; an effort to show the road toward solution of struggles similar to his own. He did not try to make an interesting story. The effect of his writing compared with that of other autobiographers was to limit his material. Tolstoi told but little of his vocation, relationships, art, culture. His central problem was a definite, intellectual, religious one: a struggle to find a rational reason for living. In this he differed widely from Pierre Loti, whose problem was how to make life worth while.

Tolstoi wrote at the age of fifty, about five years before his conversion and while this mood was strong in him. He was eccentric, intense, and absolutely true. Tolstoi was even inconsistent for the sake of truth. He was not willing to play with life, as did Loti.

Russia and Russians are a puzzle to the Western world. All civilization is startled by what is taking place there. The Russian character is one of Oriental fatalism; one of a blind, single policy. It can be defeated but not conquered. The Russians will pull back, wait, then go on again with a passionate, impulsive enthusiasm reminding one of the Celt. The Russian is moved by a great sweeping passion not in the Teutonic blood.

Russia is conspicuous in its civilization. It was civilized by a blow, suddenly. Quite late this country came into contact with French civilization, which was taken up by the outer crust of Russian society, which reached out and involved all elements of culture, carrying them to exaggeration and extremes. If one wants to get the last word in culture, the last word in science and religion, one must go to the University of Russia. If one wants the last

word in art and cultivation, let one go to the studios and drawing-rooms of St. Petersburg and Moscow. The cultivation of Russia represents a civilization which is borrowed; a barbaric energy turned in certain directions and carried to extremes. A civilization such as this does not sift down through the people of a country in its several classes, but becomes the possession of the higher circles only, creating an abyss between the higher and lower classes, the rich and the poor. This state of things became the central problem of Tolstoi's life and writings.

After a term of military life, generally disastrous, Tolstoi became one of the literary circle in St. Petersburg, and led a life of extreme dissipation, owing to the intensity of his nature. Even his vices were sincere. Underlying all this excess was the dominant ambition, desire to do something to rectify the social conditions in Russia.

E. C. R.

*Feb. 1, 1905.* At the age of thirty-four we find that Tolstoi married. For the next fifteen years the deeper problems were submerged in a certain satisfaction in domestic life. He was absorbed in his home, children, and the peasants on his estate. In this experience we discover that Tolstoi had no deep conjugal love in his life such as Mill experienced. He had wonderful passion, a characteristic sweeping desire, but no great love; no deep insight into that great love that reaches out and takes in another life.

Was Tolstoi right in turning aside from his deeper problems of life during those fifteen years? At times when the spiritual enigma is too much and one becomes restless spiritual morphine may be advisable, but it is not food for life. A good practical test of the wisdom of setting aside life's problems is one's effectiveness from day to day.

These fifteen years comprised a period of temporary stagnation in Tolstoi's life. When at last aroused to action he was in utter despair, and, for a time, suicide seemed the only solution of his difficulties. If we try to understand one phase of Tolstoi's life apart from the



whole, it is hopeless; but the whole result, as we see his life, justifies the temporary stagnation.

How does Tolstoi's struggle compare with John Stuart Mill's upheaval between the ages of sixteen and twenty? Owing to his youth Mill was not so hopeless as Tolstoi, but his despair was as genuine as the despair of youth could be. While Mill had a creed that satisfied him intellectually, his springs of emotion were dried up. The contrast here between the two men is important. Tolstoi had plenty of emotion, but not sufficient aim and purpose in the ultimate solution upon which to direct his forces. Tolstoi did not yet see that in the infinite process of change there is the Divine hand which he could trust. His question formed itself in the final form that human life can take.

E. C. R.

*Feb. 8, 1905.* This morning Mr. Griggs asked Mr. Potter to read his paper on Tolstoi's "What To Do." In his sketch of the book Mr. Potter told us the most depressing facts of the social conditions in Russia. The former part of the book is accepted, but the latter part is not considered correct. Tolstoi was now confronted with the frightful social problems existing in his country, and the cry within him was, What can I do for others?

Faith will express itself in all that we do; it is the soul of every action. While religion is the primary problem, it does not come to our consciousness first. This awakening to the evils of the world forced Tolstoi back to the religious problem. The strong human character is first forced into faith, but the enigmas of religion, the belief, come later. To regenerate society one must regenerate the individual.

Tolstoi's great personal question now was, What can I dare to believe; what can I dare to do? He was tormented continually with queries such as these: Suppose one discovers that life is not worth while, why not keep still? Why do anything about it? Suppose we agree that the world is bad. If man is the last of physical organism, whence come passion, love, justice? Tolstoi did not

then see that when one denies justice in the world as it is he affirms a higher sense of Divine justice in himself.

Tolstoi investigated every avenue known to him, seeking a solution to his problems. From physical science he got his own question put back at him accurately. Given a finite cause, what will be the finite effect? This is science as long as it is healthful and successful. The survival of the fittest is most comfortable as long as we are surviving. After that it is no good. Metaphysical science gave Tolstoi a restatement of his own idea, and he now turned from science and philosophy to humanity, to men and women of his own class. These were the upper crust of society separated from the rest of humanity, and they gave him no answer. Another phase of humanity represented those who took life as they found it, for the most part a case of "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." From this phase of humanity Tolstoi got no answer. In the slums the problem seemed no nearer solution.

In his despair science seemed the only solution to him, and yet something withheld Tolstoi from accepting it. He believed better than he knew; he lived better than he knew.

At last it was in the great mass of Russian peasantry that Tolstoi found his answer. Although they believed in a faith that seemed absurd, indulged in crude superstition, an idolatry almost disgusting, yet underneath all this he found the elements of real faith. They did the duty nearest them. They felt they were here to do God's will.

This is important. This finite instance connects the infinite cause. Aristocrats missed it. The slums missed it. Science missed it. Philosophy missed it. The Russian peasantry hit it, and from his people Tolstoi got his great historic background. To grapple with the finite they got a grip on the infinite,—God, freedom, duty, immortality!

E. C. R.

*Feb. 15, 1905.* In drawing to a conclusion our study of Tolstoi, we are dealing with a man who does not conclude. Realizing that the idle and rich were not human

nature, Tolstoi tried to identify himself with the peasants. He changed the character of his life to live their life. In doing so he found he could not accept their superstitions. He saw, however, that underneath the outward ritual they had the right faith. His heart was somewhat satisfied, but his intellect was repelled. He saw the absolute necessity of faith in order to live.

Tolstoi adopted the church the peasants believed in, for a time; he even went through some of the sacraments of the church, but he was so shocked by them that he could not do so again. He next found that the priests did not live as sincerely as did the peasants. This horrified his sense of absolute moral sincerity.

From the Greek church Tolstoi turned to the other sects and got no satisfaction. But he found the connecting link to be the actual teaching of Christ, from which all sects got their vitality. In following this link Tolstoi made the great discovery of the New Testament. He heard the gospels read and chanted, and thus learned for himself that Christ said, "Return good for evil;" "Overcome evil with good."

Having learned these great truths Tolstoi adopted them — a test of his moral sincerity. Coming into such light as this one need not mind the intellectual attitude. Tolstoi found that Christ taught self-sacrifice, self-forgetfulness, and he believed that if one can rise to Christ's way one can let even immortality go.

Tolstoi started with hunger for immortality, and ends with belief in God, and trusts Him with the issue. This is his conclusion, sublime in its beauty and simplicity, and yet how difficult! Did Tolstoi find the peace which passeth understanding?

E. C. R.

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"There are moments when the mind refuses to be satisfied with evolution, and demands a ruddier presentation of the sum of man's experience. . . . At least, there will always be hours when we refuse to be put off by the feint of explanation, nicknamed science, and demand instead some palpitating image of our estate. . . . Science writes of the world as if with the cold finger of a starfish; . . . but what is it compared to the reality of which it discourses?"



## Joe

*J. A. Garber, '07*

It was a dreary night in early March. A fierce north wind sent the rain and sleet in fury against the window. Thomas Melvin shivered as he drew his chair closer to the fire; and a few minutes later he threw his overcoat about his shoulders. The hour was late, but he sat alone gazing into the flames, his head bent low upon his breast in deep meditation. His book lay on his knee in the same position it had been for more than an hour; on the table by his side was his meerschaum, the fire in it dead. Had you seen his face, you could not have mistaken the nature of the thoughts that were keeping company with him. The impress of pain and sorrow was there.

We need not wonder that the knock at the door had to be repeated before his reverie was broken. He spoke his welcome, "Come," in a mechanical manner and did not look up as Clarence Champlin, his college chum, entered the room.

"Why are n't you bundlin' up your effects, Melvin; you don't expect to spend your vacation in this den, I hope?"

"Take a seat, Clarence," replied Thomas, in the same strange tone he had used a moment before.

As Clarence seated himself near the fire, he said:

"What's wrong, old boy; get a disappointing letter from your girl? You didn't? What! you are not still worrying over that play? Pshaw! I've forgot about that long ago. I tell you, we can give that thing all right, but we were in hard luck that night, that's all! The rain kept lots of people away, and an earthquake could n't have wakened up the ones that did come; so don't worry any more, Tom; you did some good work even if you did have icicles before you."

"Ye-e-s," was the meaningless reply.

"See here, Melvin, straighten up and tell me what's gone wrong with you."

For the first time during the conversation Thomas looked up. "Come over here and take this chair; I want to tell you a story, and then you will understand why I seem so unlike myself to-night."

Just here Thomas reached for his pipe, but laid it back again. "Clarence, we won't smoke to-night; somehow I don't feel like it." Moving his chair yet nearer his friend, he began:

"Ah, well do I remember that night; it was soon after Christmas, and the snow was falling fast. It had been falling since early morning, so by night it lay deep upon the streets. I remained at home that evening with father, mother, and baby Nellie.

"Nellie was the pet and idol of the home. She was only three years old, had golden brown ringlets that encircled her tiny neck, soft blue eyes, and a face of such innocence and sweetness as seldom graces earth.

"The clock had just struck nine when there came a knock at the door, so faint at first we thought it was only the wind; but again we heard it, this time

a little plainer. On opening the door, I saw before me on the step a little figure covered with snow. As I drew it into the warm room, two lustrous brown eyes peered up into my face with such a sad, pleading expression as I had never seen. Soon my mother had him dressed warmly, but we were unable to get him to talk. By this time Nellie had mastered her shyness sufficiently to speak; so, coming up immediately in front of him, with that unaffected, childish earnestness she asked, 'Who wuz oo?' The thin lips parted and with a voice full of music he replied, 'I 'm little Joe.' That voice at once betrayed the owner's nationality—he was a little Italian waif.

"We could learn but little from him. His parents had lived on the outskirts of the city, but several days before had gone away, leaving the little boy at home; but they did not return to him. He had wandered about he knew not where, till, cold and hungry, he stumbled over our doorstep and could go no further. He was a child of about six years. His eyes found their complement in his dark, wavy hair, that clustered about his forehead in an unkempt condition; and, despite its want of color, the boy's face was beautiful, and there was a charm about the little fellow that we instinctively felt. Soon Nellie had shown him all her toys and the two children were fast friends.

"By the next morning it was decided that little Joe should remain with us till his parents could be found. After a fruitless search for them of several days, our little friend was adopted as one of the family. It was not long before we were all attached to him, but none so much as Nellie; and he was devoted to her,—a slave to her every childish wish. The largest piece of candy was always Nellie's; the prettiest and largest doll had to be given to her; the reddest apple and the ripest peach always went to his little playmate. For three years life moved on for the children in their little world, innocent, pure, and beautiful; but then came a change.

"How distinctly do I recall the time! It was early spring, just five years ago. The heavy snows of winter still lay on the mountains above us, and now the rain was pouring in torrents. 'Too bad,' my father said; 'we will have to spend to-morrow at home; and I know mother will be disappointed.' As far back as I can remember, it had been my father's custom always to spend the fourth day of March in the country with grandmother, for this was her birthday. That night we retired with rather sad hearts; but next morning we arose early only to realize how useless had been our misgivings. The sun was flooding the world with its welcome light, and nature seemed to be wearing a gladsome face.

"Breakfast done, we were soon on our way. The day was much enjoyed by all; but the children found an endless delight in looking at the cattle, horses, chickens, and most of all, in playing with 'Shep.'

"The drive home that fateful evening made an indelible impression on my mind. Not a cloud was to be seen in the clear, blue sky. The sun was just gliding behind the rugged mountains, on whose side, here and there, large patches of snow yet glistened and sparkled at the parting touch. Beyond, a roseate hue lingered on the heavens, more rich and yet more dainty than brush could paint. As we looked in silence at this gorgeous scene, our hearts were filled with a new thankfulness.

"For some time we had been travelling over low, soggy meadows; now we arrived at the little creek that ran along the eastern side of the city. To our surprise, what was but a tiny rivulet in the morning was now a river. The melting snows on the mountainside had increased the volume many fold. Nowhere along the creek was there a bridge; nor did we think of one, as it did not occur to us that the stream could not be forded with safety. Only those acquainted with the country know how treacherous these little streams become. My father urged his team in. Higher and higher the water rose on the sides of the horses; and swifter and swifter it swept under us. We had reached the middle of the stream when the frightened animals reared and plunged forward, and our carriage was hurled over by the awful current. Then some way, I know not how, the rushing waters swept us to the bank.

"I shall never forget the feeling, Clarence, that filled my heart on reaching dry ground when, on first looking about, I did not see Nellie. Above me was father; below, mother was safe; and yet a little further on, climbing up the bank, was little Joe; but where, oh, where, was Nellie? I hastened toward little Joe, but before I could reach him he ran down the bank, and then I saw and understood: three or four rods beyond, a short distance from the shore, was a small willow-tree whose boughs had caught Nellie's skirts; and she lay in the eddy below the tree, buoyed up by the current that swirled about on both sides. Before I could prevent him, little Joe, a few yards higher up the stream, jumped into the turbid flood. As the current swept him along, the little hero grasped one of the long branches of the willow, and in a moment the two children were borne on by the mad waters. The little fellow managed to work his way with his lifeless burden nearer to the shore; and where the stream made a sharp curve, the body of Nellie was caught by the projecting bank. For a moment, but only for a moment, little Joe clung to her; just as I reached for him he was caught by the current, and after passing the curve, the little body was carried far out into the stream, and I knew he was lost. With his last strength he looked back and feebly cried, 'Save Nellie—save Nellie—don't let her ——' and then the little form was lost from sight.

"When Nellie was revived, she asked in a faint whisper, 'Where's Joe'? Next morning we found the cold body of the brave little boy a mile down the stream, where it had been caught by the branches of a willow.

"On the green hillside we laid him to rest, just as the sun sank to rest, but his grave is still kept green; the roses and violets bloom above him; and every day, just as the sun is sending back its last faint rays, a little girl can be seen climbing the hillside, bearing a small bunch of flowers.

"It was five years ago, Clarence, that little Joe was taken away, but always when gloomy nights come at springtime I see his face and hear that pleading call from afar, 'Save Nellie.' To-night I heard it again, as plainly, it seemed to me, as I hear my own voice.

"This, then, is my story. Do you wonder that I am sad? and do not think me weak because of these tears which seem so girlish."

Clarence arose and shook his friend's hand. "Your story is both sad and beautiful, Tom, and your tears make you manly," he added, and something glistened in his own eyes.



## “I Hear America Singing”

IN his announcement program Arthur Farwell, the adapter of American Indian music, and composer, and founder of the Wa-Wan Press in Newton Centre, Mass., says:

“We are at last coming to the full realization that the music of the American Indians stands directly in the main pathway of progress of American musical composition, and that it is not to be regarded as a matter merely of passing interest or curiosity. To absorb into our general musical life the strong and poetic inspirations from the folk-songs of our Indians is not a question of desirability alone, but of inevitability. For it is a well-known and universal law of all racial development that a conquering race inevitably absorbs into its own life and institutions the thoughts, the arts, the mythology, the music, all that represented the essential spirit of the race that is conquered and succeeded. Beyond this, the history of music shows us that musical art in a new land never fully finds itself, nor matures, until it combines with the strong elemental forces of folk-music which exist in that land. Hearing true Indian music, however, and accepting it because of its appealing beauty and intrinsic worth, we no longer need such historical evidence as the foregoing to aid us in realizing this present force in our American musical evolution.

“The present is the significant moment of the beginning of this development in America. Already more than five thousand, possibly ten thousand, Indian songs have been collected and recorded, and this number is daily being increased. Many of these have already been printed in scientific reports. This wealth of artistic material has at last been discovered by American musical life, and already at least seven American composers have begun the work of developing it, as many as twenty-five compositions, instrumental and vocal, based on Indian themes, are already available in print, and many times that number exist in manuscript. Indian songs, sung by David Bispham and

others, have been enthusiastically received in various places, and compositions on Indian themes, performed by different artists in many cities from Atlantic to Pacific, have prepared the ground for a rapid growth of distinctive and serious American musical art through the latent poetry, the intense humanity, and the directness and power of Indian music."

"'Wa-Wan' means 'to sing for some one,' and is the name given to a ceremonial of social relationship, in which the symbolistic 'Pipes of Fellowship' were formally presented by a man of one family or tribe to a man of another."

In a following issue of the Magazine we hope to present an article on this most interesting subject from Mr. Farwell's own pen.

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## Fragment of a Song

*C. F.*

My love, the night has come —  
The trembling night  
When I shall bear thee home,  
As seems my right.

Say, while the boatman waits,  
How strong art thou  
To share my strifes and straits,  
Support my vow?

A vow have taken I  
To storm the world —  
Make mine the battle-cry,  
My flag's unfurled!

## Frank T. Merrill and His Work

*Archibald F. Reddie*

IN one of the prettiest parts of Dorchester, on top of a hill commanding a fine view of the bay, lives the man whose name heads this article; a man whose life and works should be of peculiar and especial interest to Emerson students, some of whom, indeed, have been so fortunate as to visit Mr. Merrill in his studio.

Mr. Frank T. Merrill is a Bostonian, in every high sense of the word. Indeed, his "forebears" have lived in this immediate part of the country about as long as any white people have, and some of them have done historic deeds. Conspicuous among these stands Paul Revere, whose sister Mary was in direct line of ancestry from Mr. Merrill, being his great-great-grandmother. As well, Mr. Merrill is eighth in line of direct descent from the "Mayflower" John Alden, this surname being that of Mr. Merrill's mother.

Having this rich atmosphere of New England faith and life behind him and beside him, it would be strange indeed if Mr. Merrill, as an artist, did not express himself in some way peculiar to his surroundings. This he has done, and, in his brown studio at the top of the brown house on the hill in Dorchester, is doing from day to day, through the medium of book-illustration.

Now there are book-illustrators, and there are illustrators of books. Mr. Merrill belongs to the latter class. He strives to show, pictorially, the exact meaning of the author, illuminating it with his own delightful genius. Mr. Merrill pays especial attention to what is termed "period" work; i. e., illustration carried out in detail in the costume of the day in which the story is placed. Now, the great rank and file of illustrators are satisfied to let a ruff, a slashed doublet, and silken hose stand for anything within two centuries of the Elizabethan era; a big hat with a feather, and some baggy knee-breeches suffice for Charles II. Not so our Dorchester artist. For many years Mr.



Merrill has made a careful and exacting study of costume, and to such a fine point has he drawn his technique in this respect that he will often delay the completion of a drawing for days, even, in order to get the exact style of button on a coat or buckle on a shoe.

Mr. Merrill's studio is a veritable curiosity-shop of costumes. As you enter, on the left, is a great bookcase filled with valuable works on costume. Beneath this is a storehouse for wigs, caps, collars, aprons, and the like. Facing the door is another bookshelf containing illustrated magazines, showing the work of Mr. Merrill's contemporaries and competitors, and beneath this is a chest of drawers which forms a receptacle for what the artist calls his "rubbish;" buckles, buttons, gloves, epaulettes, spurs, ribbons, bows, sashes, pipes, snuff-boxes, etc., etc., fill every inch of space. Over the door and on pegs around two sides of the room are the hats,— great hats, small hats, gray hats, tawny hats, hats of every age and clime! Beneath the hats, as is proper, come the costumes, many of which, on account of their genuine antiquity, are really priceless. These Mr. Merrill keeps hung on shoulder-pieces in a closet, and packed away in chests. A lay-figure, female in intention, but who serves for Napoleon and Achilles equally when Mr. Merrill cannot get just the living model he requires, usually occupies stage-centre, while the space below the big window is occupied as working-space by the king of the domain.

Mr. Merrill is known all over the country by his work, and it is to him the publishers turn when they have any special illustrating on hand. Very much of his work has been of a historical character, and among the books illustrated by him may be mentioned Longfellow's "Courtship of Myles Standish" and "New England Tragedies;" Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair" and the "Legends of the Province House;" Irving's "Rip Van Winkle;" and Mrs. Austen's "Standish of Standish." Many of the historical stories of more recent date have been illustrated by him.

The thoroughness of Mr. Merrill's methods should ap-

peal largely to all who are interested in interpretative or dramatic work, especially. The close study of people and their ways of living, the things they eat and the clothes they wear, their manner of walking and of shaking hands, the arrangement of furniture in their rooms,— all of these details are well worth the careful attention of the student of oratory. The allied arts are the supporting arts.

In conclusion let me quote from the *Transcript* of Nov. 25, 1904:

“At the Dorchester Women’s Club, Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Frank T. Merrill was introduced as the lecturer of the afternoon, his subject being ‘The Customs and Costumes of Our Early Settlers.’ Mr. Merrill began with the Pilgrims, and gave rapid and telling sketches upon black-board, illustrating the early houses, furniture, cooking-utensils, tools, weapons, and also those instruments of punishment the stocks and pillory. Mr. Merrill was assisted in making a vivid presentation of this picturesque period of our history by the presence of a group of persons, whom he introduced, carefully costumed, to represent a number of famous historic characters; viz., Captain John Smith, Miles Standish, and Captain Church; Priscilla Alden, Governors Winthrop and Bellingham and their wives. The characteristics of the dress of this group were carefully explained, and brief accounts of how these and other famous folk of a later date must have looked were given. The ready crayon of the lecturer added much to the interest of the afternoon, and the appreciation of the large audience was shown by the frequent applause and close attention given.”

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Thomas Dixon, Jr., says that there was once an aspiring young author who submitted a manuscript to a large publishing-house. The publishers read the story carefully and sent it back to the writer, asking him to condense it. The author condensed the story and returned it to the publishers once more. It was returned with instructions to condense it once again. The young man followed the instructions. The manuscript was returned to him five times, each time to be condensed. When the fifth request came the aspiring young author got his revenge. On a sheet of paper he wrote the title of the story. Under it he wrote the three words: “Born, Wed, Dead.”—*The Bookman*.

## Another Thought for 1905

*Katharine Speer Reed, '05*

To Robert Louis Stevenson's inspiring prayer, "Give us Courage, Gaiety, and the Quiet Mind," I always add in my heart, Sympathy. In these four words lies the fulfilment of the character which is sweetest to me, and best worth striving for. I admire the person of courage, who has the spirit to overcome great obstacles, and to scorn the petty ones, the character who will gladly face sorrow and disappointments for the sake of the broad humanity gained through the experience. I want gaiety of the kind which is spontaneous, and carries happiness wherever it goes. How apt we are to let the trivial worries chase away the smiles, and cause us to forget the universal purposes of life! With this gaiety I would have the quiet mind, the mind which knows its centre and can "stay at home" in itself, ready to direct aright in the affairs of every-day life, and to stand poised when the shocks and crises come. Let us see far enough ahead to make the present woes seem only temporary.

Stevenson probably meant to include the spirit of sympathy in his prayer when he asked for courage, gaiety, and a quiet mind; but to me the use of the word itself means so much! To be able to see through our friends' eyes their heartaches, and to give them our helpful and loving thoughts, if nothing more is possible, returns to us a rich harvest; for we are loved as we love. We will find only a few friends in this life who will give and take the close touch of genuine friendship; but with the others we can at least "labor smiling." "What seems to grow fairer to me, as life goes by, is the love and grace and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge, —grand as knowledge is,—but just the laughter of little children, the friendship of friends, and the cozy talk by the fire, and the sight of flowers, and the sound of music."



### More "Thackeray Letters"

"HE came to us whenever he could," says Miss Lucy Baxter, in her introduction, "with perfect freedom and informality. He begged to dine with us before the lectures, which even at first bored him greatly, and in the end became a real burden. The monotony of saying the same things over and over again, and the constraint of being obliged to be ready at a given time, whether he felt in a talking mood or not, were very trying to him. He became greatly attached to my mother, whose quiet sympathy soothed him, and his place at her right hand, with the claret-pitcher ready for him, was an established arrangement before a lecture. He would sometimes stop in the midst of the desultory conversation then in progress, and roll out in a deep voice, with an exaggerated accent, the opening sentences of the lecture next to be delivered, making us all laugh at his comic distaste for the performance. He did not like the lecture-platform, and had it not been for the abundant shower of 'American dollars,' assuring the future of the much-loved daughters, he would doubtless have refused many of the invitations which came to him from all parts of the country. Indeed, his letters will show that he was often sorely tempted to throw up his engagements, and run off to England by the next steamer."—*The Bookman*.

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### Madame de Balzac

Two or three pages in the "Recollections" of Princess Catherine Radziwill contain some statements that will surprise lovers of Balzaciana. Princess Radziwill was a niece of Madame Hanska, whom Balzac married toward the end of his life, and she claims that the novelist was indebted to her aunt for the development of his genius to an extent which has not even been suggested by other historians. "She has gone down to posterity as the woman whom Balzac loved," writes the Princess Radziwill, "while she deserved to have been known as the one being to whom he was indebted for the development of his marvellous genius, and also as his collaborator in many of his works. For instance, the novel called 'Modeste Mignon' is almost entirely written by her pen, and certainly some of her illustrious husband's best books have had something or other added to them by her hand."

The Princess Radziwill throws some interesting light on the later years of the life of Madame de Balzac. Her family had not wished her to ally herself to a personage who, according to their aristocratic prejudices, was nothing but a French novel-writer. Pecuniary considerations were put forward and people had attributed sordid motives to Balzac. The result was that before her second marriage Madame Hanska voluntarily gave up her great fortune, and after Balzac's death found herself bearing the burden of his large debts. In her later years she never left Paris, except to spend the summer at a property she had near Ville Neuve St. George. She became very infirm and immensely stout. All traces of the beauty for which she had been renowned in her youth disappeared, but the incomparable charm which had fascinated the author of the "Comédie Humaine" never left her.—*The Bookman*.

## Editorials

G—There are twenty-six letters in the English alphabet. They are all used pretty often, and most of them are misused nearly as often, and some of them are subtracted, added, and multiplied in a way which should make the figures jealous. Far be it from the man behind this pen to say that it is easy to remember English final consonants when such words as *slough, dough, enough, chough, bough, rough*, and many more occur hourly to confuse the unwily. But there are simple forms which in rule are practically invariable, and which are continually insulted and violated. Conspicuous in this relation is the final *g* in words ending in *ing*. The bobtailing of this *g* is so common that in society it is scarcely commented upon, and even upon the stage it is pardoned on account of a musical voice, a pair of handsome eyes, or a blonde head. Americans are very fond of arousing the ire of Englishmen on account of the cockney's poverty with regard to the *h*, but this theft of the *g* is equally bad. *Havin'* is quite as distasteful to the cultivated ear as *'aving*.

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AW—Less than a century ago we heard a handsome, imposing woman (a public reader) asked what she considered the most effective number on her program. With a smile which dimpled the corners of her perfect mouth and displayed a double row of exquisite teeth she answered, "The Boy *Awrator*." From that moment it seemed that her beauty grew less; we felt she was charging for that, not for her art. She slurred the latter because so conscious of the power of the former—over weak minds only, observe.

However, this *aw* is something awful, and no pun is intended here, moreover. The *aw* and the indescribable *aah* are running through the veins of our speech in America like some poisonous injection.

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R—In New England especially the inhabitants seem to think that words ending in *a* are like Manx cats, all

right when they are sitting down, but in action rather deficient. So when the Puritan speaks such a word he gives it a caudal *r*. But, on account of the strictness of conscience which (next to his beans and his squash pies) is hugged ever to his heart, he cannot allow himself the privilege of adding this *r* without subtracting it elsewhere. The result is sometimes interesting, as:

“Thy *shaws ah empiaks*, changed in all save thee —  
*Assyriar*, Greece, Rome, *Cothage*,— what *ah* they?  
 Thy *wottahs* wast-ed them while they *wuh* free,  
 And many a *ty-rint* since; *thaah shaws* obey  
 The *stran-ju*, slave *aw sav-idge*; *thaah* decay  
 Has dried up realms to *dezzuts*; — not so thou,  
 Unchange-a-bell, save to thy wild waves’ play —  
 Time writes no wrin-kell on thy *azzha* brow—  
 Such as cre-a-*shin’s dorn* beheld, thou roll-ist now.”

In writing it was impossible to refrain from holding up to the public view one or two *patés de patois* not aforethought, but none the less glaring.

Ä—Not to leave New England too soon, however (for it is a grand land), we must mention the weird, flat *a*, which is so often inserted in place of the sonorous and dignified *ah* sound brought over in the *Mayflower* and (thank Heaven) never discarded. We hear of the *Pähhk*, and *Dätmouth* Street. Why not *squäsh* and *fäther*?

AH—Journeying west we discover (not a solitary example, alas!) the *ah* instead of *o*, and instead of *aw*. And there we discover the elasticity of vowel sounds which we had supposed were forever within boundary. But the West, and the Western flights of fancy, are too big to do more than hint at here, and we want to say just one word about the Middle States.

AH-E—Presumably because these States are in the middle, their inhabitants adopt a peculiar vowel sound, as though expressive of that middle realm of the body where



the stomach-ache abounds. The nasal *why* and *how* and *I* sometimes met with in certain sections of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey (especially the last) is really painful to hear. In New Jersey there is some excuse for it, as in that mosquito-inhabited land, where the *ngngng* of that persistently diabolic fowl of night is heard on every hand, the babies acquire a twang through unconscious imitation, but in New York and Pennsylvania (though, be sure, your Quaker is a nose-talker) we might expect better things.

*Language or  
Dialect?*

We can all attempt better things; we can sharpen our sense of what is euphonious and befitting; we can elevate our ideals and urge our speech to follow closely. Soon then, individually, we will establish a right to feel proud of our English language instead of being negligently indulgent in our use of the English dialect.

The Editor wishes to thank the friends who so kindly launched the February number of the Magazine for him, and express here his appreciation of the excellent number it proved to be.

### Exchanges

*The Idealist*, from Kee Mar College, Hagerstown, Md., contains an interesting essay on "Raphael, the Christmas Artist," in which a comparison is quoted between Shakespeare and Raphael in their different lines of art. "Possibly the most important is the marvellous objective power which both possessed. As Shakespeare varies his characters infinitely, but is impartial with all, so Raphael creates endless varieties of faces, each one individualized and having a place to itself. Another striking feature is the manner in which both borrowed and assimilated the teaching of their masters. As Shakespeare copied and digested Marlowe and Lyly and Kyd, so Raphael copied and digested Perugino and Leonardo and all with whom he came in contact. Another feature which is common to the two is the religious and moral sanity they exhibit. Both are normal in religion and morals without being fanatical. The works of both teach great moral lessons, and emphasize great moral laws. Both show a decided preference for heroines; Raphael has painted a great many more women than men, and Shakespeare has a half-dozen heroines to one hero."

*The Vidette*, from the Illinois State Normal University, opens its pages upon a debate on the subject, "Resolved: That the control and supremacy of the Yellow Race in the Orient will not be inimical to the world's best progress and development." The reading of the affirmative and negative sides of this question, as it was presented to the University, cannot fail to emphasize the absolute necessity for justice, that one may appreciate with Whittier

"That all the good the Past hath had  
Remains to make our own time glad."

*The Vidette* evidently scorns fiction and poetry, so in this frivolous age it is well to be reminded that solemn subjects should fill the columns of a college magazine.

*The Forum* always has an interesting article from its court, and "Wagner's Use of the Sagas," in this issue, deserves special commendation. A review is also given of a young American journalist's new book, "An American in Oxford," by John Corbin. The sympathy of this College is extended to the Lebanon Valley College over the loss by fire of the administration building, containing records, books, papers, paintings, associated with the entire history of the institution.

"The Origin of Myths," a sermonette on "Vanity," and "How Shelley's Life was Influenced by the French Revolution" are the subjects treated in the *Aurora*, from Agnes Scott Institute, Decatur, Ga. The translations of two poems from the French were much appreciated, together with the "Literary Notes."

*The Winthrop College Journal*, from Rock Hill, S. C., contains "The Life of Albert Gallatin." It is well to be reminded of some of the great men who figured in the early political history of the nation. A triumvirate that ruled Rome seems nearer than the triumvirate of Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin, who ruled the country for sixteen years. When Thomas Jefferson was elected to the Presidency in 1800 Mr. Gallatin was elected Secretary of the Treasury, though bitterly opposed by Alexander Hamilton and the whole Federal party. He succeeded in managing and reducing the great national debt and made the Louisiana Purchase possible. In 1813 he went to St. Petersburg to secure the proffered mediation of the Emperor of Russia between the United States and Great Britain. He was minister to France in 1816 and minister to England in 1826. In the full liberty of the present day let us sometime bend the knee to a man like Mr. Gallatin—"lest we forget."

The "College Notes" in *The Kalends* contain announcements of the lectures by Dr. George Cole, of Pasadena, upon "The Ancient Cliff-Dwellers; Their Ruins and Monuments," and "Saracenic Domes and Minarets of India and the Mediterranean Region," by Dr. Blackshear.

The Editor acknowledges the following magazines upon the table, and thanks the Editors for the courtesy of exchange: *The Volgad*, *Normal Eyte*, *Allisonia*, *Hamptonia*, *Peddle Chronicle*, *Collegian*, *Wisconsin Journal of Education*, *Scio Collegian*, *University Cynic*, *Latin School Register*.

### Some News from Our Absentee

ON Friday afternoon Mrs. Southwick, wife of Dean Southwick of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, read at the Calhoun-Chamberlain School before one of the finest and most appreciative audiences ever gathered to listen to a cultured public reader. Mrs. Southwick amply fulfilled the expectations of those who have never before had the pleasure of hearing her. She left her audience charmed and enthusiastic over her work. Mrs. Southwick is a woman of rare personal charm, and her interpretations combine subtly a keen insight into the true spirit of a selection and that mastery of technique which enables the artist to present that spirit to others. With it all Mrs. Southwick retains a freedom and vivacity which remove from her work a suggestion of the stereotyped. Her program was varied, and in both light and classic vein she seemed at her best. Most noticeable among her serious selections were the arena scene from "Quo Vadis," the potion scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth," which met with universal admiration.

Altogether it was an enjoyable occasion.— *Montgomery Advertiser*.

AUBURN, January 21. (Special) — The college students and people of the town had a rare treat Friday night in the dramatic recital of "The Merchant of Venice," by Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, of the Emerson College of Oratory. Her attractive presence, her marvellous power in character-interpretation, and her superb voice all combined to make her recital one of the best ever presented to an Auburn audience.— *Montgomery Advertiser*.

MONTEVALLO, January 18. (Special)— Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, of Boston, gave one of the most artistic readings ever heard in Montevallo, at the Industrial College, Monday night. Mrs. Southwick is an exponent of the best in oratory. Her voice is particularly pleasing, and she reads with a breadth of sympathy that at once wins the hearts of her audience. She gave last night an arrangement of Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's "Faust." Mrs. Southwick was given an enthusiastic reception when she appeared on the stage, and the interest and enthusiasm ripened into an ovation at the close.— *Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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### The Southwick Scholarships

Theresa L. Kidder, '98

AMONG the many beneficent ways in which the influence of Emerson College is being extended, one of the more important is that of the Southwick scholarships, now held by Miss Jean Boyd Sharp, of the Freshman class. These scholarships were offered to the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union, through the State Superintendent of Medal Contests, Mrs. Theresa L. Kidder, '98, and were contested for at the State and National conventions of 1903. We quote from the Massachusetts report of that



year: "One pleasant feature of the year was the magnificent offer made by Dean Southwick, of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, which secures to the winner of the diamond contest at Springfield a year's tuition at the College; and to the successful contestant at Cincinnati a full three years' course. It is highly gratifying to have the 'contest work' recognized in this generous manner by the leading college of its kind in the world, and it is little wonder that the offer aroused great enthusiasm."

At the same convention grateful acknowledgment was made by a formal resolution unanimously adopted.

This shows how cordially Dean Southwick's gracious offer was appreciated by the serious workers of the temperance organizations, and we are sure that Emerson College and its beloved leader are carried in the hearts of these women as one of the accepted means of furthering their ideals.

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## Delbert G. Lean: Caleb West

At the meeting of the Southwick Literary Society in Chickering Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, February 15, the students of Emerson College and their friends enjoyed to the full the program the society offered. This consisted of a reading from Hopkinson Smith's novel "Caleb West" by one of the Senior students, Mr. Delbert G. Lean. Mr. Lean was assisted by Miss Edith B. Dalton, who sang some French and German songs.

Of Mr. Lean's work there is so much to say that one scarcely knows where to begin. To begin at the beginning, however, every one in the audience felt sure that Mr. Lean had something important to say, and that he was going to say it well, from the moment he stepped on the platform until the storm of applause which welcomed him was over and he was allowed to carry out the impression created. His first word was strong, and from that until the piece of really consummate silent oratory, more effective as a climax than any spoken words, which closed the performance, there was a steady progression onward and upward. The ten characters impersonated were distinct, and many of them shaded to a fine point. Among these might be mentioned Caleb West, Captain Joe, Tony, Butcher Jones, and most difficult of all to represent truthfully, it seems to me, but portrayed by Mr. Lean with the utmost simplicity and sweetness, Betty, Caleb West's "girl wife."

The arrival of Betty in Aunt Bell's kitchen, the removal of her shawl, and her remarks about her husband's boots stand out as bright, particular points in the reading, sun-lit spots irradiating the tale of storm and danger.

Another scene which gave great scope for the reader's powers, where comedy and tragic incident were hand in hand, was Part IV., "As seen from the lighthouse." Here the audience was kept continually on the "tenterhooks of despair," continually on the verge of merriment, as the sea-glass was handed from man to man, and each in turn described what he saw of the belated cat-boat in his individual manner.

The temptation is to go on, but space orders a stop, so with just one more tribute to Mr. Lean (I feel that I have given all too few) I will close. This last comment is rather one on the man himself than on his work, or rather, the way in which the man showed up through his work as a powerful engineering force, uplifting and helpful.

The Southwick Literary is to be congratulated on presenting such a reader, the audience of the afternoon is to be congratulated on the chance to hear Mr. Lean, and Mr. Lean is to be congratulated for many things, principally for being himself.

A. F. R.

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### Y. W. C. A. Notes

FEBRUARY 10 Mrs. F. G. Fassett, née Helen Radford, acting chairman of the city Young Women's Christian Association, gave an address in chapel.

February 17 Mr. Harry Wade Hicks addressed the Association at the regular Friday afternoon meeting.

Over three hundred delegates attended the New England Y. W. C. A. convention at Portland, Me., February 17-20. Regular business meetings were held, and delegates from various colleges compared methods of conducting Association work. At the religious meetings, among the speakers who are known at Emerson were Miss Ruth Rouse, of London, England, Miss Bertha Condee, Miss Margaret Matthew, Mrs. W. C. Pickersgill, Mrs. F. G. Cook, and Mrs. Geo. Mehaffy. The hospitable Portland people opened their homes to the delegates. Mrs. George Frye entertained Misses Edwards, von Rohr, Goodspeed, and Sims, who represented the Emerson Association. It is inspiring to come into contact with representative college women who are leaders in the world's largest organization for women.

## Aurora Leigh: An Outsider's Criticism

*By Request*

At first the very idea of a dramatization seemed impossible, there being so little concerted action, and the poem being of such an exalted quality of thought and ideal. Then, upon looking at the program, one said immediately, "Oh dear! Five acts! Why five acts? Could it not be condensed with better effect?" Yet, one's interest was held throughout those five acts, long as was the performance.

Professional actors would have hesitated in attempting this effort, as being much work for little glory and benefit; yet as a whole the play was very well performed indeed, even to each minor part.

As to Aurora Leigh herself, the part was deeply thought out by Miss Noyes, and she submerged herself in the character, as she conceived it, marvellously well. Her Aurora was rather of the New England type, or of the English-woman of Mrs. Browning's own day, and as such was a wonderful picture. It might have been improved by an infusion of the rich, hot Southern blood of Aurora's mother. However, Miss Noyes was very convincing.

Mr. Reddie worked into his part by degrees, if one may criticize at all, knowing him to be suffering from illness. At first he seemed conscious that he was acting Romney Leigh, and he did not lose himself in the part until later. He was a wonderful picture in the last act, in Romney's blindness and in the unexaggerated portrayal of the broadened and greater Romney, which he played with fine reserve. The entire last act was well-nigh perfect.

Miss Cooper deserves high praise for her good work as the Aunt, Miss Hulda Leigh. She would have crushed anything youthful, and like a child, at its first day. Her acting made Miss Leigh's death justifiable.

It seems almost impossible not to mention Lady Howe and Lady Ayr together, so carefully did these two play into each other's hands. However, their work developed delightfully different characteristics in each. Lady Howe was the indolent, sometimes insolent, woman of society to perfection; and Lady Ayr, as played by Olga White, was decidedly typical of the well-fed, self-indulgent, impressive woman of younger-middle life whom one so often meets—and by whom one is usually snubbed.

Miss Latham made the most of a very trying part—a part which is too ideal, in a way, for stage purposes. One slight criticism here might be in order: Miss Latham, in her uplifted moments, too continually faced the audience.

Mr. Bard's versatility in two widely differing parts, Mr. Fager's personal effacement as Lord Howe, Mr. Allen's foppish Sir Blaise, Miss Tatem's fine portrayal of jealousy as Lady Waldemar, Mr. Lean's peasant, Miss Mitchell and Mr. Whittier as the young lovers, Mrs. Spaulding as the woman from the slums, etc., etc., deserve praise in their respective parts,—not forgetting the delightful comedy afforded by the "five Miss Grenvilles" and their engineering mother, the latter pantomically played by Miss Joslin.



Mr. Reddie deserves much credit for a dramatization so near the text of the original, more credit for selecting his material in a way that at no moment was the audience conscious of incongruities such as might occur in a play made from a poem such as "Aurora Leigh," a poem so beautiful in parts that it hurts, and that is not meant for a large crowd where one fears to make it common; and above all he deserves credit for a natural movement of events out of a set of stilted episodes written in a kind of verse, hard to read at any time, harder still to repeat naturally from part to part, by the actors.

The costuming was very good, and I repeat in closing that the work was interesting throughout.

EDITH B. DALTON.

It is always very hard, especially when one feels deeply, to express thanks in a fitting manner; yet I feel that the occasion demands an expression of gratitude on my part. Having been an admirer of Mrs. Browning's great poem for many years, having known it intimately for several, and having attempted the dramatization of it, I feel it incumbent on me to thank those who helped me to produce it. First, Miss Noyes and Miss Tatem, not only for the artistic work done by them, but for the understanding and appreciative way in which they took up another's work, and made it real and living. Next, I wish to thank Mr. Fager, who managed the production under most discouraging circumstances, and who always answered, when asked how the rehearsals were coming on, "All right, and be sure not to worry!"

It would take too much space to enumerate the cast, but I thank them, one and all, from the youngest Grenville who swung her saucy little white stockinged feet, to the imposing Mrs. Henly, and Lady Anglesea with her dowager-like carriage, Lucy, Jim, and, most especially, Susan, who had a great deal of very trying business to do, and who acquitted herself with the touch of the real English housemaid. Again let me express my deep gratitude to you all for helping the Magazine of our College, and helping a fellow student with his work.

Had I been as familiar with "Aurora Leigh" the play, before its production, as I now am, it would have been possible to give a better acting play to the cast; I now see many more faults in it; many things to be improved. However, what 's done 's done. In conclusion, let me speak for the cast in appreciation of the manner in which the work of the evening was accepted by the audience.

ARCHIBALD F. REDDIE.

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## Alumni Notes and College News

FREDERICK H. KOCH, of Boston, gave an entertaining comedy, "Don Cæsar de Bazan," with monodramatic impersonations, at the High School hall, Monday evening, to an appreciative audience. The comedy presented last night precedes one which will be given to-night at the hall for the same purpose,—for the benefit of the High School art fund, which is expended for classic pictures to decorate the various recitation-rooms. Mr. Koch came to

Meriden last year, and his excellent dramatic impersonations brought a re-engagement this year.

As Charles II., king of Spain, he imitated that monarch in a manner to depreciate the king among believers in monarchical government by his idiotic expression. His interpretation of the rôle of the jolly good fellow Don Cæsar de Bazan was the exact counterpart of the brave man of the world. Marquis de Rotundo brought hearty laughter by his grotesque figure and rustic speech.

Miss Lena M. Dickinson, '03, who is teaching at the State Normal School, Edinboro, Penn., writes in an interesting manner of her work, which is quite heavy, but which those who know Miss Dickinson feel sure is placed in most competent hands.

Announcement is made of the marriage, on Dec. 26, 1904, at Morris Pratt Institute, Whitewater, Wis., of Mrs. Alfarata Hull Jahnke, '00, and Mr. Seneca A. Niver.

Those who were unable to be present at the meeting of the Emerson College Alumni, January 21, missed one of the most enjoyable events of the year. The committee of the evening deserves sincere congratulations. Room I. was completely filled, and many stood about the doors to gather the crumbs of the feast. The business meeting was omitted, and the chairman immediately introduced Miss Chamberlain, of Wellesley College, who read "King René's Daughter."

Miss Chamberlain is one of the many students of whom Emerson College is proud, and it is no small honor to be a member of the Faculty of Wellesley College. Miss Chamberlain possesses a most remarkable power of compelling attention. She wins her audience the moment she speaks; one feels that she is deeply in earnest, and filled with the purpose of the message she has to give. It is a delight to listen to one who loves her work for the work's sake.

The pleasure of the evening was greatly increased by a three-piece orchestra, and the young people found the dance-music irresistible. The evening seemed unusually short, and every one regretted the hour of departure. There certainly should be larger quarters and more evenings for the alumni.

N. E. G.

## Class News of the Month

'04

'04 has again failed to hand in its monthly report. We presume the P. G.'s are still suffering from what seems to be a chronic P. G. trouble, theatricitis. However, we hear of some delightful hours spent with Browning, Tennyson, Rossetti & Co. Could not one or more of our good friends in '04 let us have some news from this most fascinating class of Miss Chamberlain's? Also, it would be interesting to those heirs-apparent to P. G. privileges, the Seniors, to hear a word of what goes on in the Platform Art class from week to week. The Seniors are beginning to talk of "Posting" these days, you know.

## '05

As the days of '05 glide along, the class reporter feels more and more pleased with her class. Our members are distinguishing themselves in various ways. One of our number has dramatized "Aurora Leigh," and another member has managed the production, and several other members took part in the play. Then Mr. Lean has been doing big things, not as platform reader only, but as promoter and impromptu humorist, stump speaker, and boomer generally for the Magazine Benefit performances. Miss Cameron has been substituting for the past five weeks at Bradford Academy, taking the place left vacant during Mr. Reddie's illness; Mr. Potter has a big list of private pupils; Miss Richardson has stopped talking in chapel; Mr. Farley and Mr. Lean *never* whisper in class any more; Miss McIntyre threw her last mannerism out of the window week before last; and all of our girls say they hope nobody will think *they* want to be in the class play, for they *don't!* Altogether, good old '05 is the same jolly lot as ever.

The Senior class wishes to express its appreciation to '07 for the very courteous invitation extended to '05 for Friday evening, February 24. We'll be there, brother!

## '06

The class of '06 takes this opportunity to express its sincere appreciation of the play of "Aurora Leigh," presented by the students and several members of the Faculty on January 30. Apart from the pleasure and enjoyment of this exceeding literary production, it is our privilege to lay at the altar of appreciation our tribute to the work of its dramatization. We congratulate the class of '05 for numbering among its members one who has achieved the dramatization of a difficult poem in such a way as to make us sensible of its great beauty and deep principles. May Mr. Reddie accept more from us than mere "Measure for Measure" in praise, for "Love's Labor" finds its deepest response in sympathetic comprehension of his work for "Aurora Leigh."

By the way, do you know that we are a very busy class? We are up against *it*. What is *it*? Oh, *it* is no secret! Literary Analysis. We are studying the "Last" but not the "least" of the Barons. If old Warwick knew the consternation he is causing he would, we are sure, turn in his grave. And yet there is one individual who smiles serenely through all our vexation of spirit; no intrigue of the Woodville family disturbs his calm poise. Oh, we see our finish! We expect to get "Trippéd," you know, and in anticipation of our fate we have planned a dire revenge,—we will send Pecksniff "no flowers"! Oh, why is he so cruel? We can "chuzzle" our "wits" no further. Will he not have "Mercy" upon us and show us that there is some "Charity" in his make-up? We are in such a "Pinch"! A. E. M.

## '07

The '07 representative made a mistake this month and gave her report to our Business Manager instead of to the Editor. Now, as the Business Manager has not turned the MSS. over to the Editor, the latter naturally supposes



that the Business Manager, being a man of business, has sold it for a piece of silver. But, as Editor and Business Manager, when off duty, are the best of friends, the former does not like to broach the subject, and only hopes that the general coffers of the Magazine have profited. Still, that new necktie worn by the Business Manager does look suspicious!

Later—Found! Our Business Manager only rented it. That's all!

Even though the second term started several weeks ago the Freshman class is still welcoming new members. We mean to keep on growing—not only in numbers, but in other things.

We hope to see all our friends on February 24. Come one, come all; and we'll have a jolly good time! Now, Seniors, don't forget!

L. H. S.

## Sorority News



ON Monday evening, January 23, the Phi Eta Sigma gave a chafing-dish party at Emerson. The evening proved to be unusually pleasant. Each member of the sorority invited a friend, and the amusements were informally begun by untangling cobwebs in Room 7; each one had to employ all the technique learned in Platform Art classes to do this easily and gracefully. Room 9 was devoted to the culinary department, which was marked by the ability displayed. Mr. Tripp successfully proved his training in making a Welsh rarebit, and Miss Tatem became his close rival, while Mrs. Willard's shrimp wiggle was in great demand. The latter part of the evening was spent in dancing (with fudge and hot chocolate on the buffet for those who wished). All were in the best of holiday spirits—perhaps, partially, this was due to the fact that mid-years were just over.

Why are the other four sororities so "turrible quiet"? Let us hear from you, too. The Phi Etas have been unusually good to us with their news, but we want yours, as well. The Alpha Taus, we know, will soon be heard from in a big way; but remember that the alumni would like to know what the rest of you are doing.

## Flotsam and Jetsam

*"Who loved the work would like the little news"*

BY the time this Magazine is published there will have been produced one of the most remarkable plays in the history of Emerson College. It is reported at the present date, St. Valentine's day, nearly two weeks in advance of the performance, that not a seat is to be had, so greedy are students and their friends to witness "Martin Chuzzlewit," as performed by the entire Faculty, plus four students. These four are Mr. Bard, '04 (Tom Pinch), Mr. Fager, '05 (Young Martin Chuzzlewit), Mr. Pancoast, '06 (Mark Tapley), and Mr. Hooper, '04 (Porter).

Judging from what we have been able to learn in advance, the Prologue, written by Miss Gertrude Chamberlin, will be the *pièce de resistance* of the evening. This scene represents the meeting of all the relatives of old Martin at the home of Pecksniff, for the purpose of discussing the possible dissolution of old Martin, and the spoils thereafter dividable. It is in this scene that most of the Faculty, who do not usually tread the mimic scene, will participate. Here will be Mrs. Alice Emerson, as the female relative with the toothache; Mr. Alden, as Montagu Tigg; Mrs. Rogers, Miss Barrett, Miss Chamberlin, Mr. Paul (as the broken-out cousin); Miss Tatem, as Mrs. Timothy Chuzzlewit, the strong-minded woman; Mr. Kenney, as the irate Augustus Spottletoe, etc., etc. But we trespass on the report of the performance, which will be given in next month's Magazine.

On Tuesday morning, February 21, the students (and the Faculty!) were greeted with an exhibition of a poster, framed and hung in the second-story corridor. The designer of this work of art (?) had collected the photographs of the entire cast of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and painted queer little burlesque bodies for them, taking off odd mannerisms of hand and foot. Mr. Tripp had a halo over his head; Professor Ward and Mrs. Emerson figured (as the cherubim from the Sistine Madonna) at the bottom of the picture, etc. The poster is to be the property of the Dean, and is to be honored by a place on his office walls.

*On dit*: That on the afternoon of February 9 Misses True and Nickerson, both of the class of '07, did so far descend from their high estate as to manufacture, build, and otherwise construct of that chilly substance yclept Beautiful Snow, a MAN at least five feet in height. They did even wax affectionate, not to say demonstrative, over the fabrication of this cold gentleman, who, nevertheless, literally turned to ice under their very touches. Even when patted on the cheek and smoothed down the back (of the head), the white man did not exhibit the slightest symptoms of responsive drill. Far be it from the writer to recommend gentlemen other than white as the subject for expression practice—but even a reporter on a street-corner would like to change places with a snowman sometimes.

Mr. Pancoast, '06, has been doing the *mortal slide* on his upper lip with a razor.

The sororities are still doing a rushing business at the old stand.

Miss Tatem now takes charge of the physical culture drill in chapel when Miss Smith is absent.

This year the play for the benefit of the Public School Teachers' Pension Fund will be "Richelieu," with Dean Southwick in the title-rôle. Rehearsals have been going on for over a month, and a brilliant performance is predicted. Mrs. Southwick, it is hoped, will play Julie, and Mr. Tripp plays De Mauprat. The remainder of the cast will be made up from the student body.

*P. G.*— You know that Richelieu is the Dean's *cheval de bataille*.

*Freshman.*— Oh, is that the *hors de combat* you spoke of yesterday?

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## A Sheaf of Lyrics

*E. Charlton Black*

### “When Many a Year Has Passed Away”

WHEN many a year has passed away,  
And stars of far-off winters see  
Thy gravestone overgrown and grey,  
And life for me a memory;  
Methinks that yet in some strange way  
I should be thrilled to ecstasy,  
Were some one here on earth to say —  
I sang of thee.

For this alone I ask for fame —  
That, in the summer eves to be,  
Lovers may meet and name thy name,  
And tell how thou wert loved by me,  
With love above reproach and blame,  
Serene in perfect constancy,  
The while out of a heart of flame  
I sang of thee.



“When Matin Bells by Greenwood Tree”

I

WHEN matin bells by greenwood tree  
Affright the browsing fawn,  
As mountain winds my heart is free;  
I roam; and every thought of thee  
Glows like an April dawn.

II

And till the day is very old,  
And, far by hill and lea,  
Fall glories of the sun-set gold,  
My work breaks to a thousand-fold  
Dear dreams of love and thee.

III

But when the weary labourer hears  
The vespers sounding low,  
My thoughts of thee grow dim with tears,  
I know not why, and nameless fears  
Lie on my heart like snow!

“Why Risest Thou Before the Dawn”

I

WHY risest thou before the dawn,  
When all is dark and still?  
Why leavest thou the sheltered lawn  
To climb the hill, to climb the hill?

II

Why wanderest thou the livelong day  
By mere, morass, and wood,  
Across the hills and far away  
In solitude, in solitude?

III

And when the sunset fires burn  
Behind the western bars,  
Why glow thine eyes, on thy return,  
Like winter stars, like winter stars?

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“I Lay upon the Lonely Height”

## I

I LAY upon the lonely height  
That overhangs the bay;  
I saw the triumph of the night  
Over the dying day.

## II

Above the darkened bay at last  
The stars shone silently,  
And far within my being passed  
The pathos of the sea.

“Above the Sand, Beside the Sea”

## I

ABOVE the sand, beside the sea,  
They delve the sailor's grave;  
Around it sounds eternally  
The requiem of the wave.  
But deep within a moorland grave  
The shepherd sleeps his sleep,  
Above his head the grasses wave,  
And clustering mosses creep.

## II

The sailor rests beside the sea,  
Above the gleaming sand;  
The shepherd sleeps beneath the tree,  
Beside the pasture land.  
The sea-mew wails above the sand,  
The grey sea breaks below;  
The plover calls along the land,  
Where the long grasses grow.

## Life-Tenure

## I

No unclaimed land lies in this world we live in,  
No tract of ground that is debatable;  
All is the property of Him of heaven,  
Or of the lord of hell.

## II

May-hap you deem your acres but of poor land,  
Where rich crops cannot grow, nor sleek kine graze;  
But loamy meadows and wild, rocky moorland  
A just Judge will appraise.

## III

We work the land we have for worse or better;  
But when o' the reckoning day we hear the knell —  
Say, would you be to Him of heaven the debtor,  
Or to the lord of hell?

## “What Are We Doing”

## I

WHAT are we doing here by day and night? —  
We that were left so much to guard and do? —  
Helping as best we can to clear the right? —  
To help the true?

## II

Ah me! we waste our days in greed and spite;  
We make God's air reverberate with our jars,  
And, mad with life's new wine, we curse and fight  
Beneath God's stars!

## III

Or if, with finer sense, we seek to shew  
Within these rags a soul of things divine,  
Like those of Dalmanutha long ago,  
We ask a sign!



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“Right Heartily We Laughed and Talked”

I

RIGHT heartily we laughed and talked,  
And took our youth together;  
And far and firm of foot we walked  
Through wet and windy weather.

II

But as we paced a twilight glade,  
Where leaves were hanging yellow,  
Death shot an arrow from the shade,  
And slew my trusty fellow.

III

And now I walk a lonely world,  
By the dim feeling haunted —  
That, when the grisly shaft was hurled,  
Mine was the life it wanted!

“Alone with the Wind and the Night”

ALONE with the wind and the night,  
On the cold hill-top I stand,  
Dreaming of life, and love, and light,  
In an undiscovered land.

“It Is the Depth and Not the Length”

IT is the depth, and not the length,  
Time drives his silent plough,  
That, drawing on the inner strength,  
Furrows the cheek and brow.

## The Character and Scope of the Sonnet

*Henry Timrod*

THE sonnet has never been a popular form of verse. Those who maintain that the poet should address himself to the popular heart alone may regard this as a significant fact. We are not, however, so disposed to consider it. As far as we know anything of that interesting organ, the popular heart understands very little about poetry, and cares less.

The audience of the poet, "fit though few," is even more limited than that of the musician. As there are a great many persons wholly unable to enjoy the music of an overture, or an opera, so there are a still greater number who are equally incompetent to appreciate an epic or a sonnet. We appeal to the experience of every true lover and critic of poetry. How often have his sensibilities been shocked while reading to divers representatives of this popular art some noble passage which has stirred his own soul to its very depths! The subtle melody has fallen on deaf ears. The deep thought, the lofty imagination, have not been comprehended at all. "Very good, I dare say, but — I am no critic," or, "Quite pretty, but, after all, give me a song of Moore's." The enthusiastic reader shuts the book with an internal malediction. In truth, we are not inclined to regard this popular heart as a human heart at all. It is only a mean, narrow, unintelligent thing, which beats, sometimes under fine broadcloth and sometimes under coarser textures, to the tune of dollars and cents. Where, since the time of Milton, has the reputation of every poet, with the single exception of Burns, commenced? Not with the multitude. A few cultivated persons explain their admiration to the popular heart, which echoes it much as an empty room echoes a voice. Even the popularity of the songs of Burns and Moore we are disposed to attribute to the airs to which they have been married, rather than to the excellence of their poetry.

It is not our object in this essay to argue the sonnet into popularity. The attempt would be no less absurd than that of the foolish fellow who tried to teach an ape to read. We only design to answer some of the objections urged against this form of verse by people who should know better. There is Rogers. That complacent poet has remarked that he had never attempted to write a sonnet, as he could see no reason why a man who had anything to say should be tied down to fourteen lines. He adds, somewhat condescendingly, "It did very well for Wordsworth, as its strict limits prevented him from lapsing into that diffuseness to which he was prone." That a poet who was wont to confine himself to four couplets a day, as much, we suspect, from actual sterility in word and thought as with any design of polishing his verse, should speak in terms of such cool disparagement of the style of Wordsworth is amusing enough. But with the banker's strictures upon the author of "Laodamia" we have nothing to do. What shall we say in reply to that objection which turns upon the impossibility of compressing the thoughts of Mr. Rogers within the compass of fourteen lines? The answer lies in a nutshell. It is plain that Mr. Rogers had never reflected upon the nature of the sonnet. He did not know

that it partakes — with certain differences which will soon be alluded to — of the nature of a stanza. We can give no reason wherefore, in the Spenserian stanza, the verse should always, and the sense generally, conclude with the ninth line, except that the nice ear of the poet by whom it was invented so determined it. The poets who followed the inventor, finding the stanza to be one of great variety, sweetness, and strength, adopted it, without inquiring why it might not consist of eight or ten lines. In the same manner, the sonnet was the invention of some other poet of happy taste; and this little harp of fourteen strings, after having been swept with great effect by the hands of a few great masters, has been accepted and approved as one of the legitimate instruments of poetry. There are certain ears on which music of every kind — Mozart's as well as Milton's — can fall only in parts; and to such ears it is not surprising that no sufficient reason can be given why the sonnet should never transgress or fall short of the limits which have been assigned it. But the educated poetical ear, capable of appreciating the music of the sonnet as a whole, will detect in it a strain of melody which, like an air that has been played out, comes naturally and easily to a close at the fourteenth line. We do not say that this effect is always produced, but it will always be produced whenever the sonnet is properly written. And the poet who complains of the shackles that bind him lacks either skill or genius.

An objection will be suggested to the above remarks by that which constitutes the difference between the sonnet and the stanza. The latter often leaves the sense incomplete, and may run into a succeeding stanza; while the sonnet, even when used as the stanza of a long poem (as in Wordsworth's poem on the river Duddon, and in his ecclesiastical sonnets), must be at the same time a complete poem in itself. This objection is, of course, no answer to what we have urged as to the musical effects of the sonnet as a stanza, but points only to the additional trammels which it imposes on the poet. That it does impose such additional trammels we acknowledge at once. But what then? The poet finds ready made to his hand an air of exquisite sweetness to which he may set his thought, and to which, if he possess the due degree of skill, he may, by means of pause and cadence, give the most delightful variations without destroying or marring the effect of the original melody. Must he refuse to employ it because it is difficult? That many poets have written bad sonnets only proves a difficulty which nobody denies, and which those poets had not the ability to overcome.

It is not long since we heard the law of the sonnet ascribed to the same caprice which once led men to write verses in the shape of triangles and other geometrical figures. That that law depends upon something more than caprice we think we have already said enough to show. But the remark could scarcely have been made in earnest. No apology whatever could be forged by the most ingenious critic which could justify in the slightest degree the freaks of pedantry referred to. But it will not be denied that the sonnet admits at least of a very plausible defence. No good poetry that we have ever heard of has been pressed into the figure of a trapezoid. But it will not be denied that much noble poetry has been given to the world through the medium of the sonnet.

The sonnet has been called artificial. It is artificial, but only as all forms



of verse are artificial. There are persons who imagine poetry to be the result of a mystical inspiration, scarcely to be subjected to the bounds of space and time. Others, regarding it as the outgushing of a present emotion, cannot conceive how the poet, carried on by the "divine afflatus," should always contrive to rein in his Pegasus at a certain goal. All this is simply ridiculous. If the poet have his hour of inspiration (though we are so sick of the cant of which this word has been the fruitful source that we dislike to use it), it is not during the act of composition. A distinction must be made between the moment when the great thought first breaks upon the mind,

"leaving in the brain  
A rocking and a ringing,"

and the hour of patient and elaborate execution.

It is in the conception only that the poet is in the *vates*. In the actual labor of putting that conception into words he is simply the artist. A great poet has defined poetry to be "emotion recollected in tranquillity." No man with grief in his heart could sit straightway down to strain that grief through iambs. No man exulting in a delirium of joy ever bubbles in anapests. Were this so, the poet would be the most wonderful of improvisators; and, perhaps, poetry would be no better than improvisations usually are. There can be no doubt that much of the most passionate verse in the English or any other language has been

"Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre."

The act of composition is, indeed, attended with an emotion peculiar to itself and to the poet; and this emotion is sufficient of itself to give a glow and richness to the poet's language; yet it leaves him at the same time in such command of his faculties that he is able to choose his words almost as freely, though by no means so deliberately, as the painter chooses his colors. We are inclined to think that the emotion of the poet somewhat resembles, in its metaphysical character, those inexplicable feelings with which we all witness a tragic performance on the stage — feelings which, even while they rend the heart, are always attended by a large amount of vivid pleasure.

It would be easy to multiply quotations in confirmation of our remarks. Wordsworth speaks of himself as

"Not used to make  
A present joy the matter of his song;"

and Matthew Arnold separates, as we have separated, the hour of insight from the hour of labor.

"We cannot kindle when we will  
The fire that in the heart resides;  
The spirit bloweth and is still,  
In mystery our soul abides:  
*But tasks in hours of insight willed  
May be through hours of gloom fulfilled.*"

Is it not significant, also, that the best love verses have been written by men who, at the time of writing them, had long passed that age during which

love is warmest and the heart most susceptible? The songs of Moore's middle age are far superior to the Anacreontics of his passionate youth.

We confess we are unable to see the stigma conveyed in the term "artificial" as applied to the sonnet. The poet is an artist, and, we suppose, he regards every sort of stanza, but as the artificial mold into which he pours his thought. The very restriction so much complained of he knows to be, in some respects, an advantage. It forces him to condensation; and if it sometimes induces a poetaster to stretch a thought to the finest tenuity, what argument is that against the sonnet? As well might Jones object to the violin of Paganini because his neighbor Smith is a wretched fiddler.

The sonnet is designed, as it is peculiarly fitted, for the development of a single thought, emotion, or picture. It is governed by another law not less imperative than that which determines its length. This law the cavilers have not as yet interfered with, doubtless because they know nothing of its existence. Yet, perhaps, it is that which constitutes the chief difficulty in the composition of the sonnet. We do not know how else to characterize it but as the law of unity. In a poem made up of a series of stanzas, the thought in the first stanza suggests the thought in the second, and both may be equally important. The concluding stanza may have wandered as far in its allusions from the opening stanza as the last from the first sentence in an essay. In other words, the poet has the liberty of rambling somewhat if his fancy so dispose him. In the sonnet this suggestive progress from one thought to another is inadmissible. It must consist of one leading idea around which the others are grouped for purposes of illustration only. Most of the sonnets of Wordsworth meet this requirement exactly. Whatever be the number of the images they contain, they are usually perfect in the unity of the impression which they leave upon the mind of the reader.

At some future time we shall return to this subject, and, passing by many cavils equally as trivial as these we have discussed, we will examine and illustrate more fully the laws which govern this department of verse. At present we will only say that we claim for it a proud distinction, as it is represented in English literature. We believe that we could gather from it a greater body of tersely expressed and valuable thought than from any equal quantity of those fugitive verses the laws of which are less exacting. It abounds in those "great thoughts, grave thoughts," which, embodied in lines of wonderful pregnancy, haunt the memory forever. Brief as the sonnet is, the whole power of the poet has been sometimes exemplified within its narrow bounds as completely as within the compass of an epic. Thought is independent of space, and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the poet — the minister of thought — enjoys an equal independence. To-day his stature reaches the sky; to-morrow he will shut himself up in the bell of a tulip or the cup of a lily.—*The Outlook*.

## The Advantages of Fourth-Year Work

W. Fred Allen, '04

THIS is the time of year in which one Senior asks another, "Are you coming back next year?" and the answer is too often, "Perhaps," "I don't know," "I can't afford it," etc., instead of a hearty, decided "Yes." In sporting terms, "take a tip" from a member of the Graduate class and *come back without fail!* Believe me, it's worth taking three years to earn the fourth, and the work seems wonderfully smooth when the diploma is snugly tucked away somewhere at home and it is in the student's power to be a real alumnus. Never say, "I can't afford it." Nothing is impossible, though many things are improbable, and there are several graduates this year who said, "I can't afford it" last year. Make up your mind to come, and in nine cases out of ten the wherewithal will come as from the skies.

By all means take the graduate year immediately following the three years' work. The vagaries of life are uncertain, and when the student has once left E. C. O., hoping to return at some future time, it often happens that he never returns. This year it was good for my soul to be among the familiars who have beamed upon me from the days of Evolution to the work in Shakespeare. Team-work is easier among friends than it is among strangers. Then, too, individual work is plentiful. We know the teachers well; for three years they have tried to make the rough places plain; the most confidential relations exist, delightful to witness and thoroughly enjoyable. Then the cosiness is a supreme quality. It is a veritable little colony all in itself. There are no divisions, for we are all one section.

There is no place for the indolent student in the Graduate class, but there is every opportunity for the wide-awake who is consumed by *the desire to know*. We have dramatic work in its every phase, and too much stress cannot be laid on its value. Our course in literature is admirable: Carlyle, Ruskin,—and students, don't forget the



course in Browning! Shakespeare and old English Comedy are two excellent perquisites, the teacher's course is nothing if not well-ordered, and finally there is platform art, in which every teacher takes a hand and in which every side of this manifold question is discussed. All the student has to do in the fourth year is to *ask*. He receives bountifully, and his cup runs over. Lastly, dear brother and sister, I can testify that the knotty problems that confront the anxious student in his previous work somehow solve themselves in the fourth year. Recapitulation is the best word I can use, and all the richness, the fulness, and the progress that the word suggests the Graduate course furnishes.

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## The Black Hills of Dakota

*J. E. Irvine*

"THE Richest One-Hundred-Miles-Square on Earth" is the favorite term used here for the "Black Hills" of South Dakota. This country, to-day so well known throughout the United States and even in Europe, was, prior to 1874, almost unknown.

Far away from the ordinary lines of travel, in the midst of a dreary monotony of plains, surrounded by hostile Indians, covering a country almost as large as the State of Massachusetts, a magnificent mass of mountains for years loomed up in silent majesty, their very name being to the frontiersman the dark embodiment of his fullest idea of the mysterious.

The scenery is truly grand and beautiful. From the top of "White Rocks," one mile above sea-level, one gazes in awe at the infinite variety below and about. Westward are sublime mountains, frowning crags, massive precipices, gloomy abysses, dense forests, alternating with smooth lawns, gentle slopes, and lovely "parks." Far beyond appear ridge after ridge, mountain upon mountain, until the mass, rendered luminous by distance, blends with the blue of the sky. To the northeast lie the

rolling plains with their browsing herds and fields of yellow grain. Each view is a gem; each picture complete.

One must see and taste in order to appreciate the beautiful streams of pure clear water dashing down the shelving rocks, forming rapids and cascades, and rendering nature's sweetest music.

The beautiful mountain parks which mark the course of every stream are shut in at each end by the cañons and defended on all sides by battlements of rock. These parks present slopes long and smooth, covered with emerald grass, and decked with flowers, the wild rose being prodigal in abundance. The density of the pine forests covering the mountains have from their sombre hues suggested the name of this region to the Indians, who called it Pah-Ha-Sap-Pa, "Black Hills, Home of the Gods."

This country has become self-sustaining agriculturally, and has developed some of the richest gold-mines known. Experienced miners and mineralogists believe it to be one of the richest mineral regions in the world, and the principal business here is the mining of gold. The production amounts to upwards of one million dollars a month.

There are two wide-awake cities, Deadwood and Lead, and several towns and villages, with an aggregate population of nearly 70,000. These cities and towns have many modern improvements, and there is a greater degree of prosperity here than in any region with which I am acquainted. The thousands of miners and other mechanics receive good pay, and the demand for higher education for their families is increasing yearly. Many of the Black Hills people are cultured and well educated. The South Dakota State School of Mines at Rapid City, the State Normal School at Spearfish, the High Schools of Deadwood and Lead, and the numerous lower-grade schools throughout all the cities and towns attest to the general desire for education.

In view of the foregoing facts I should say that the Black Hills will be, in the near future, a good field for graduates of that excellent educational institution, The Emerson College of Oratory.

At the first Black Hills public celebration of the fourth of July, 1878, Judge Bradley, of the city of Spearfish, brimming over with patriotism, as well as admiration for his adopted city, in his address of welcome gave eloquent expression to the following truly poetic sentiments:

"We throw wide open the gates of the city and bid you welcome to the land of the wild rose and the home of the golden grain. Come and greet the gentle zephyrs mid the wild flowers, sweeter than Eros ever sipped from the lips of Psyche! We lay upon the altars of our homes our hearts and our hospitality, and again we bid you welcome; yes, a hundred times welcome, to Spearfish, 'The Queen City of the Hills.'"

In conclusion I will quote from an article in the *Black Hills Illustrated*, by Mrs. R. Anna Morris Clark, president of the Thursday Club of Deadwood:

"There is no spot on earth where the door of opportunity stands so wide open for women as it does right here in the Black Hills. The response to opportunity is true and strong, for under the bluest of skies, surrounded by the high and rugged hills, they are nerved to do their very best. No matter how long ago the school or the college door closed behind them, they are still students, ambitious to preserve their health and to broaden their mental and moral training along higher and more effective lines."

*Deadwood, S. D.*

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## Nature

THE rounded world is fair to see,  
 Nine times folded in mystery;  
 Though baffled seers cannot impart  
 The secret of its laboring heart,  
 Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,  
 And all is clear from east to west.  
 Spirit that lurks each form within  
 Beckons to spirit of its kin;  
 Self-kindled, every atom glows,  
 And hints the future which it owes.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



## Comedy, Burlesque, and Farce

*Sydney Thomas, '06*

A TEACHER, in order to gain certain results, says, "You may go so far as to burlesque it, for the present." Again we hear, "Be careful that you don't burlesque it!" Why are such remarks made? Is the burlesque always to be avoided? And if so, why?

When we speak of burlesque we generally think of ridicule; either what is serious is treated lightly or the trifling is treated with all seriousness. Some minds are so constituted that the ridiculous side is always the most apparent to them; even life itself contains nothing serious. To these burlesque comes as naturally as the air they breathe. But is this burlesque habit a good one? It is true that the burlesque is almost as old as the comedy, and that even Shakespeare has not entirely abstained from its use.

A good burlesque does no harm; it is only when weakly or poorly handled that injury is done. What have "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," and many other classics been subjected to? And yet we know they have been treated in the manner of burlesques, and with some success. The mind of the Shakespearian devotee receives a shock from the presumption, but the name and fame of Shakespeare are secure.

If there is no harm done to the writer or his works, who is affected by the burlesque? Does the interpreter receive no harm? Is not the habit of seeing only the ludicrous side of a situation liable to cause one to lose love and sympathy, without which one can never be entirely true? This is but one argument against burlesque; it appeals to me as a very strong one. But there is still another. The object of the burlesque is to amuse, to excite laughter. Is there no other or higher form of amusement which can answer this need?

Farce! What is it? Dryden has said that farce is that in poetry which is grotesque in a picture; that the persons and actions of a farce are unnatural, and the manners

false. Farce, like burlesque, has its own place; and only when these trespass upon ground not entirely their own can they be in any way condemned.

As students of expression, what should be our aim? "Hitch your wagon to a star." If we aim for the highest in one thing, why fall short of that in any? We have seen how the burlesque and the farce (though the latter is more nearly allied to pure comedy) are in no way the highest forms of this line of expression.

What is pure comedy? It is a literary composition which treats with the lighter passions and ambitions of man, the result being a happy one, and the design of it amusement. The pure comedy has been handed down along with tragedy, for ages; and the best comedy stands hand in hand with tragedy. They are twin-born.

After the cares and worries of a day or week, who does not enjoy the laughter-provoking comedy? It becomes a tonic to the worn-out worker. One realizes that life is not all labor and trouble, and goes away feeling like another man. And why? Because what has been seen and heard has been true to human life, without a trace of exaggeration or ridicule. Then why turn it aside for a lesser form of amusement, or why mix with it any other, since in itself it is amusement enough? Let us leave it to others, then, to perform the burlesque or farce; while we, as students of Emerson College, "Hitch our wagon to a star."

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## Autobiography

Reports of Lectures by Edward Howard Griggs

*Feb. 24, 1905.* We find Amiel's vocation to have been lecturing and teaching. In his teaching he held the noblest ideals; he regarded himself as a priest of truth, and he annulled himself for fear of standing between his students and the truth he was presenting to them. Saying is a certain kind of action, but it is not virile. Consequently, his students did not discover the man, did not

know him, and as a teacher he failed. It is through his "Journal" that the world knows Amiel.

In reading this diary we are always mindful of the sadness that pervades it. If a statement embodies a great centre of character, that character centre is deepened by the expression. If a statement depicts a passing emotion, the character is freed by the expression. In Amiel his expression of sadness deepens his character, which signifies that it was more than a passing emotion; but it is so artistically done that we feel a distinct gain in having the "Journal." And yet artistic literature would not be Amiel's natural expression, because his teaching covered that phase of his character.

Now in what field of duty did Amiel centre? In religion; in trying to reach the Infinite by abandoning the finite. This is peculiar; different from Mill, Loti, Tolstoi. Amiel said, "God is all true, but how can we get God in the commonplace?" His students seemed dull; he disliked them, and teaching seemed commonplace to him. But he did it faithfully. Reaching for unity with God and turning back to the commonplace expecting to find it there seemed to him despicable.

It is not the size of the deed, but what it carries. "A cup of cold water" is so very little to give that one hardly sees the connection between it and civilization; but it can be given with such a courtesy that the act will carry the whole philosophy of the brotherhood of human love. This is where Amiel got lost. He did not get God and the act together. If one could get action under the aspect of Eternity one would have a Divine day. An act must be in relation to the whole background of life, and to the universal forces, principally God. We need to have a spiritual perspective. The Divine will only be found in the actual, and we find it in the smallest detail.

When Amiel returned to family life at thirty years of age his situation was pathetic. He held the most lofty ideal of love, of married life. Love was to him the most sacred thing. He put his ideal so high that he demanded perfection. Fearing he might never attain his ideal, he



did not marry at all. One can hardly refrain from questioning his course.

What we aspire to be we are; not by what we do should we be known. If we know all the fruit of the tree we can judge of the tree. If we know only part of it we cannot. So Amiel was right in part. We cannot put the ideal too high, but we must not demand too much of the ideal in one day. One cannot always be at high-water mark. If we have the mountain-peak there must be the valley. It is right to be so. The ideal is not gone, but quiescent.

E. C. R.

*March 1, 1905.* An excellent paper was read to the class this morning by Miss Jensen. The autobiography she reviewed was Romanes' "Life and Letters," by his wife. From the sketch we learned that Romanes was a pronounced character well balanced, comprehensive, intellectually honest, inscribing the thought of to-day, unheeding the expression of yesterday, and fearless of a possible change of opinion on the morrow.

While in the midst of bewildering problems, he passed through many stages of evolution. Romanes in science was rational, and he delighted in speculating on biology, trying by experiments to settle some perplexing questions in science. Just here his death-warrant sounded, leaving him but four years in which to adjust his life. He did not go back, but went on to faith, on to another phase of revelation. During these four years Romanes came to terms with himself and willingly accepted the terms offered.

During these last years illness did not cloud his intellect; contrary to this, his suffering gave him a comprehensive view. His wife, with a woman's instinct, saw the unity of his soul with the Divine problem. Had Romanes lived, undoubtedly the fruits of his spiritual and intellectual growth would have been permanent.

In returning to Amiel we find that he placed his ideal so high that little short of perfection satisfied him. From his inability to act in the effort to attain his ideal we discover a keen self-distrust, and a willingness to cultivate resignation in life to whatever comes. His mind was more

passive than active. He accepted, he bore what came from fate, but he could not endure what accrued from his own mistakes.

This state of things evidenced an element of fear, of cowardice, in Amiel's nature. We fear the unknown. What cures fear? A child may fear the dark corners of the attic at sunset; but the man knows there is nothing there to fear. Why does one fear death? One can know the attic corners by investigating them, and fear is dispelled. One can know death personally only by dying. Now do we not know the dark corners of life so well, and these are the setting of death, that we need not fear death? We follow up logically all the steps to the conclusion, then reject the conclusion. One can reach a point in the universe where one need not fear life or death.

Amiel failed to express his will in regard to the universe, and if one does not use one's will one will experience fear, a lack of ability to adjust one's self to conditions. One is helped to solve these questions by the dark corners in one's life. Socrates said, "It is not important whether I live or not."  
E. C. R.

*March 3, 1905.* Amiel's relation to Shelley and Wordsworth was discussed this morning. Amiel in reality was more like Wordsworth than Shelley, yet in many ways he strangely resembled the latter poet. Amiel had a deep sense of the religious in nature. In interpreting nature one uses the deeper tones of human life to do so. Amiel and Shelley both expressed themselves in this way. Some men live within thought and spirit so much that this world within becomes more real to them than the world of things they actually see. This is frequently so of men of very fine, sensitive organisms. In sentiment, feeling, temperament, in what Amiel is, he is like Shelley. In his religious attitude and in what he is trying to be he is like Wordsworth.

Undoubtedly in a higher development more pain and pleasure are united in the same experience. And also one is subject to a deeper sense of sadness. It is partic-

ularly at times like this that one reaches out towards God. But when one has all sadness, an overpowering sense of gloom, with no feeling of hope, there is no inspiration in the individual temperament. Amiel was an exponent of this latter type.

Being a singularly pure man, in a negative sense, Amiel was unstained, and retained the blush, the bloom, that one sees in a young girl. His was a responsive, temperamental nature from inheritance. His cosmopolitan culture made him responsive to all natures. Receptivity was cultivated in him to an extreme. Activity was so little cultivated that his nature expanded without developing a self-centre. As Amiel's view became more cosmopolitan he indulged in less creative energy. It is difficult to be critical and creative at the same time. It is dangerous to love and coldly criticise. There is a great chance of stifling the creative energy by being too critical. Amiel had developed his critical forces so far that he had paralyzed his creative springs. Once in a while we get a man who combines both, but it is rare. When we do we get one of the world's masters. Dante was one of these. Goethe was one of these.

If one can have both, develop criticism. If one cannot, drop out criticism. Appreciation represents a higher order of mind than criticism. Amiel gave us brilliant epigrams and he dwelt in intellectual paradoxes. He wanted to do something so big that he was afraid to begin and do anything small. He wanted God in one woman revealed in one moment. Amiel wanted the whole dynamic process in one experience. In many ways he failed. His "Journal" was a substitute for all that Amiel might have done. And the "Journal" may be worth more to us than a dozen volumes on science or poetry. The "Journal" is the key to solving the greatest of human problems. In realizing happiness Amiel failed. In illuminating personal diaries he did not fail. One would not want to be Amiel, yet we are so glad we have his "Journal" to enlighten our problems.

E. C. R.



## Editorials

*The Observer.* PERHAPS one of the hardest problems in student life is to sit back and see other students chosen for public representation when one feels surely the ability to do pretty nearly as well, if not quite as well, one's self. Harder than this is the ability to sit back and say with truth to ourselves that we are glad the other student is the representative one. He who has done this has conquered an army.

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*The Observed.* The hard part is not all in the keeping of the one not chosen; the one on whom the footlights shine is in serious danger—more danger, indeed, than is he who faces the stage. It is so easy to lend one's self to the sweet poison of applause. Sometimes we even think the glare of electrics is sufficient recognition of our greatness; that it is enough to be behind the curtain line to be reckoned with the stars. Learn humility, O chosen one! Remember, you are only in possession of that elusive thing, a chance. Seize it, look at it especially on the seamy side, and make use of it—and *pass it on!*

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*From Observer to Observed.* How can one prearrange so as to stand in the former class, and leave the latter to the lay brother? Certainly, not in a day can this be done. It must be a part of one's Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior work, as well. The good, positive attitude, backed by careful study and an understanding perspective, is the best preparation for the one who would win prominence in our line of work. It is the student who is not only willing, but anxious, to help in class doings who sees his class forge ahead soon. Begin in your Freshman year, then, to "speak out in meeting." If there is anything of which you do not approve, get up and say so plainly, but simply. Let your fellows hear your voice, and you will presently hear theirs. In your Junior year carry this farther. Consider that *you have a right* to your "say," and

*Speak your mind.* No one will resent this action, or misunderstand you, if you are convincing. Only, be sure you really believe yourself to be right first. You will so serve your class.

Then, having established your right to a certain place, in your Senior year do not relapse. Do not expect to be a graduate unless your credits are secure. Do not hope for a place merely because you would like to have it. It will not serve you unless you are really deserving of it, and the individual knows best. He does not often fool himself.

Above all things, let us remember that better than all the glamor of footlights or place is that "settled low content" without which even the genius cannot stand at his possible highest.

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### Greek Plays in England

It was not many months ago that, by coincidence, the "Ajax" of Sophocles was given on the same night in Athens and New York. And now, within a fortnight of each other, six Greek plays have been given in England,— the "Agamemnon," the "Libation Bearers" and "Furies" of Æschylus, the "Electra" of Sophocles, and the "Hippolytus" and "Alcestis" of Euripides. Thus an unusual opportunity has been afforded for the comparative study of the three great dramatists. Almost equally interesting was a comparison between the varying conceptions and the circumstances under which the plays were given, from the quaint simplicity of the schoolboys at Bradfield to the marvellous acting of Mr. Granville Barker in the "Hippolytus;" from the pathetic young Greek Orestes in the "Electra" to the deep tragedy in Mr. F. R. Benson's conception of Orestes in the Æschylus dramas. By far the most wonderful thing in its way was the Greek play at Bradfield College, which Dr. Gray, with generous enthusiasm, produces every third year in the exquisite Greek theatre which he has built. In view of the fact that the "Alcestis" is to be given in New York next winter, it was interesting that that should have been the play chosen for Bradfield this year. The boys produced it, under the scholarly direction of the Warden. The appreciative audience, gathered from all corners of England and beyond, fell under the spell while approaching the theatre. A gap in the hedge at the roadside, and a winding pathway overarched with shadowing trees and hung with vines and honeysuckle, curves down the hillside and leads one, expectant but mystified, till a sudden turn reveals the Greek Theatre, with its sweep of gray stone seats rising to the wooded crest of the hill, arched by a soft blue sky. Facing the seats is the richly colored temple, with wreathed statues, and the smoking altar in the centre. The charm of the set-

ting is greatly enhanced by the feeling of permanence. It is hard to believe that this hillside was not carved out many hundred years ago, for the theatre seems always to have nestled in its arms. Wild roses spring between the stones, and vines and blossoming shrubs make patches of welcome green amid the gray. When to this is added the delicate sweetness of English midsummer, with the song of thrush and blackbird and lark, with swallows wheeling overhead and darting in and out of the temple, can one imagine a more perfect setting for a Greek drama? The boys who were privileged to act amid these surroundings made good use of their opportunities, and the wonderful play, so modern in spirit, with the secret self-sacrifice of Alcestis, and the fair hope breaking through the gloom at the end, made a deep and lasting impression.—*Outlook, July 10.*

"He canvassed every friend, his hoary sire,  
The aged mother, too, who gave him birth;  
None but his wife he found."

EURIPIDES.

## "Martin Chuzzlewit"

Potter Hall, Monday, Feb. 27, 1905

### THE CAST

Martin Chuzzlewit, Senior	.....	Mr. Southwick
Martin Chuzzlewit, the Younger (His Grandson)	.....	Mr. Fager
Anthony Chuzzlewit (Brother to the elder Martin)	.....	Mr. Eldridge
Jonas Chuzzlewit (Son of Anthony)	.....	Mr. Garber
Chevy Slyme	} Cousins of the elder Martin	..... Mr. Gilbert
George Chuzzlewit		..... Mr. Paul
Seth Pecksniff		..... Mr. Tripp
Augustus Spottletoe		..... Mr. Kenney
John Westlock (Former pupil of Pecksniff)	.....	Mr. Kidder
Montague Tigg (Chevy Slyme's friend)	.....	Mr. Alden
Tom Pinch	.....	Mr. Bard
Mark Tapley (Of the Blue Dragon Inn)	.....	Mr. Pancoast
William (A porter)	.....	Mr. Hooper
Mrs. Hezekiah Chuzzlewit	.....	Mrs. Emerson
Mrs. Ned Chuzzlewit ("The Strong-Minded Female")	.....	Miss Tatem
Hannah	} Daughters of Mrs. Ned Chuzzlewit	..... Mrs. Rogers
Susan		..... Miss Chamberlin
Barbara		..... Miss Barrett
Sophronia Chuzzlewit	} Cousins of the elder Martin	..... Mrs. Whitney
Sophia Chuzzlewit		..... Miss Fogler
Mrs. Augustus Spottletoe	.....	Miss Smith
Charity Pecksniff	} Daughters of Mr. Pecksniff	..... Miss Noyes
Mercy Pecksniff		..... Mrs. Hicks
Mary Graham (Ward to the elder Martin)	.....	Mrs. Willard
Ruth Pinch (Tom's Sister)	.....	Mrs. Puffer
Jane (Maid to the Pecksniffs)	.....	Miss McQuesten

The large hall filled to overflowing, the curtain arose on the prologue. Such a storm of applause greeted the assembled Chuzzlewit family that it was



some time before Mr. Pecksniff could begin. It would be utterly impossible to describe to the lay reader what took place that night, but the initiate can fill in with his imagination (bred of acquaintance intimate) all that will be required after reading novel, play, and cast. If you could have seen Mrs. Emerson, gorgeous in purple silk and flowered bonnet, scrape the dust of Pecksniff's parlor (?) from her feet, and have heard her say, "You bad man!" as she made her exit in wrath, you would feel as though you had a tonic for life.

As for Miss Chamberlin, Mrs. Rogers, and Miss Barrett (in poke bonnets, and with white-stockinged ankles showing!) as the three little daughters of the "strong-minded female"—it was simply too funny. Miss Tatem, as their maternal ancestor, used her diaphragm with great effect, and carried herself into heights of dramatic expression which it is a pity Dickens had to miss, so well she depicted the character. (I wonder if C. D. was n't there in some shadowy corner?)

To Mr. Alden, however, fell some of the greatest honors of the prologue. His Tigg was a creation. He was ably aided in his scene by Mr. Gilbert, as the redoubtable Slyme, who was truly as funny-looking as the eye could wish. Mrs. Whitney, Miss Fogler, and Miss Smith, Mr. Eldridge and Mr. Garber,—all were delicious in their respective parts, and the attempt at a fight between Mr. Paul and Mr. Kenney was a memory for the sporting world. Mr. Kenney used his voice in a way surprising even for him, and bullied Pecksniff roundly. It did not daunt that worthy man, however, who, with his clinging daughters, viewed the angry throng with the supreme disdain of some sainted being gazing at the machinations of atoms illimitably removed from his pacific sphere.

Such a feat as that prologue is only for once in a lifetime. The play itself (the "Tom Pinch" of Dilley and Clifton) was in every way a professional performance of the highest mark, and far ahead of any performance of the same the scribe has ever seen.

Mr. Southwick's Old Martin was a piece of powerful acting, and not too much can be said in praise of the Pecksniff of Mr. Tripp. Mr. Kidder was a fine, manly John Westlock, and the Mercy and Charity of Mrs. Hicks and Miss Noyes were side-splitting. Mrs. Puffer was an affectionate, sisterly Ruth. Mrs. Willard was thoroughly charming and convincing as Mary, and Miss McQuestin's Jane curtsied through the piece in a very fetching manner.

Of the students who assisted in the production, Mr. Bard stands forth in his Tom Pinch as a conspicuous example of what intelligent acting can give to an audience. Mr. Bard's rendition of the part was so true as to make the novel live again for us. It was careful, not overdrawn once, and professional in every way. Mr. Bard's genius is undoubted, and we cannot see him too often in this work.

The Young Martin of Mr. Fager is another pleasing memory. Perhaps Mr. Fager's age scores him several, for it is always charming to see a character of certain years rendered by an actor of the corresponding age, but, nevertheless, he played a "straight part" in a straight manner, and yet accomplished the difficult task of submerging his own personality in that of the part

he played. Mr. Pancoast was a fine, jolly Mark, and Mr. Hooper gave good color to his part of Porter.

The audience was enthusiastic, and curtain calls were numerous. Owing to illness Professor Ward was unable to be the "epilogue," so after the close of the last act the Dean came forward and gave the following:

TOM PINCH IN BOSTON—EPILOGUE

*Imitated by Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night."*

WHEN that I was and a little tiny Pinch,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
The world and I grew inch by inch,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
I found the small world like the great  
If you only stroke against the grain.

But when I came to Boston town  
Where never bloweth wind or rain,  
I sought in vain all up and down  
For the man who e'er strikes back again.

These family broils from distant strand  
They touch us not by night or day,  
All Boston hails from Fairyland,  
Where every wight is grave and gay.

But when I came to Emerson  
I there found Boston at its best,  
A happy family joined in one  
Where team-work wins in every quest.

And win they shall, 'neath moon and sun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
But that 's all one, our play is done,  
We 'll try to please you every —  
Once in a while.

The net proceeds from the evening's entertainment, combined with the receipts from "Aurora Leigh," amounted to \$470, which, our business manager informs us, *all but* wipes out the debt.

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## Alumni Notes and College News

Calvin C. Thomas, '04, of the Graduate class, is teaching Expression one day a week in the Hartford Theological Seminary (Congregational), Hartford, Conn.

Miss F. Elizabeth Mack, '03, writes from Windsor, Conn., where she is teaching expression work in the High School, "My work has been most strenuous. My days are given up to teaching English and Reading until one-thirty. Then I go to the West-Middle School for the afternoon. The princi-

pal is much impressed with our psychological methods. . . . Evenings I devote to private teaching, having about twenty scholars besides a private class. In addition I have done considerable public work; but in spite of hard work late hours, and little leisure I flourish. Am well and enjoying life."

The Wilton Literary Society of the Texas Christian University, Waco, Tex., presented "She Stoops to Conquer" recently. The play was coached by Miss Olive L. McClintic. The college paper, *The Skiff*, after numbering the triumphs of the actors, says, "Much credit is due Miss McClintic, who has directed the rehearsals from the beginning. It is no small matter to take raw collegians and make finished artists of them in ten weeks' time, so in the performance of Friday night new laurels were added to those already won by our efficient head of the Oratory Department."

Miss Florence I. Jaynes writes from "snowburied Spencer," where, in spite of the white burden, there seems to be much going on. Miss Jaynes has staged two plays, "The Chaperon," and "Kiku," the latter a sketch of missionary life in Japan, written by Miss Jaynes herself. Miss Jaynes has also been giving readings in dialect, and teaching privately, meeting with much success in mastering personal defects of the voice.

We are in receipt of an interesting letter written by our former editor, Miss Helena M. Richardson, descriptive of a deer-hunt in which she participated. We would be pleased to hear personally from Miss Richardson, and our readers would enjoy some of her experiences told in magazine article form.

Miss Hettie B. Ward, of the Graduate class, handed us an amusing article which she terms "A Piece of My Mind as to the Value of the Graduate Year." We regret that lack of space forbids its publication. The pros and cons were cleverly adapted from the saws of the First Gravedigger and Touchstone, and, with the interpolations by Miss Ward, were quite "pat."

WESTERN IOWA COLLEGE, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.  
Feb. 7, 1905.

*The Editor, Emerson College Magazine:*

If you find this letter to be of a quality that warrants its publication, kindly insert it where it can be seen out of the corner of the eye. I ask no more. It was very interesting to read the letter from Miss Hatmaker, wherein she pictured "the darker (ph)fa(s) ces" of life. I cannot promise any such interesting theme, at least in this communication, for I am afraid all my space will be taken up in describing this locality.

In daily conversation this place is known as "The Bluffs." I have met not a few persons who are under the impression that it is "all a bluff," but this is a great mistake. In the first place it is not a bluff in the literal sense of the word, for the elevation so denominated is divided into several sections by means of ravines. In the second place, that it cannot be called such, in the figurative sense, is shown by the fact that we possess several marks of advanced civilization: for instance, a large evangelistic tabernacle used as a skating-



rink, and at least half a dozen electric towers, each of which somewhere between the earth and the clouds supports a cluster of artificial stars that render the *heavens* bright even on the darkest night. These towers, by the way, are a humanitarian innovation which but few cities possess. Whenever, upon a dark night, as you grope your way along the streets, you chance to lose hope of ever reaching home, all you need to do is to fish out your opera-glass (which, by the way, you always carry with you for that purpose), turn it toward the heavens, locate one of these clusters of home-made stars, and immediately new courage will inspire your breast. You stop for neither puddle nor post, even if it takes you all night to travel, and reach home in "the cold gray dawn of the morning after."

This is a very progressive and up-to-date place. Expecterating on the sidewalks and the singing of "Way Down upon the Swanee River" in basements are acts prohibited by law and punished as misdemeanors.

Immediately across the Missouri River is located Omaha, the necropolis of the West. That city receives most of its light from the electric towers of "The Bluffs," the rays from these lights not striking the earth closer than about two miles from the towers. It is my opinion that Omaha in many respects compares very favorably with Philadelphia.\*

There are quite a few things in "The Bluffs" that remind me of Boston: on a clear day the sun shines here, and the rain is wet just as in Boston; the mercury in the thermometer crawls down when the weather is cold, and climbs up when the weather is warm, just as in Boston. But the beans are not like the beans of old Bean Burg. Once more,—and I say it with a tremor of ecstasy,—once more I am able to look a bean in the face without wincing, for the beans of "The Bluffs" are not like the beans in Boston.

Among other items of interest I may mention that we have a population here of more or less people, and a Union depot about a mile out of town, the structure of which, however, has not yet been erected. We also have some residences, and a daily newspaper which insists that it is the only one in the world. But I fear that I have already consumed as much space as I can possibly be granted and my letter must come to an end. I hope my readers have, from the above description, formed a clear idea of the place in which at present I find myself. I shall gladly furnish more detailed information to any one interested. If this article is accepted I shall be encouraged to write another, which, however, I shall endeavor to make lighter in character and not so full of meat. Good wishes to the enterprising Magazine, and fond greetings to all friends.

BERNARD N. LAMBERT.

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\*I presume that Mr. Lambert must be acquainted with the story of the Philadelphian who wished to commit suicide, and hurled himself across a down-town trolley track. Three days later this reckless mortal died of pneumonia where he lay.—ED.

## Class News of the Month

'04

Anything doing, naught-four?

'05

'07 ENTERTAINS '05

On Friday evening, February 24, in the dear old rooms of our College, the Freshman class gave a reception to the Seniors. They very courteously extended the invitation to the Juniors and Postgraduates as well.

The affair was surely one of the most enjoyable Emerson College has ever witnessed, and in one particular the Freshmen surely carry off the palm from all competitors up to date. This is in the air of ingenuous hospitality which simply pervaded the hour and made each guest feel as though he, above all others, was the honored one of the evening. I don't know *how* they did it, but they *did*. It must be in the way they work as a solid mass. You cannot separate them.

The entertainment was most informal. The whole second floor was decorated with evergreen boughs and laurel under the direction of Miss Jean Sharp, with Mr. Garber and Mr. Beck as aides-de-camp. Room 8 was arranged as a witch's cave, with tripod and seething cauldron complete, and Miss Kate Minch made a charming and dramatic fortune-teller. In Room 7 Miss Nickerson traced silhouettes for those who wished to know their noses as known to their friends, and in Room 4 Miss Farnum had an exhibition of all the banners and college cushions that Emerson girls possess. Room 3 was arranged as a tête-à-tête tryst, and Rooms 1 and 9 were cleared for the dances, the order of which reminded us of other lands, including schottische, Portland Fancy, quadrille, Virginia Reel, and other revels not common in these days and parts.

A great delight to all was the music, furnished by the "Tech" band—the best music, by the way, we have ever danced to here in the writer's day.

In Room 5 punch flowed throughout the evening, and in Room 6, at ten o'clock, the collation of ice-cream, sherbet, and *gateaux* was served.

In every way '07 looked after the reception, entertainment, and comfort of guests, and all in the most informal manner, without any consciousness of effort on the part of any one.

A pretty feature of the evening was the costuming of the entire receiving class. We had only to look for a costume and we knew we were in the presence of a host or hostess. Excellently well done! Altogether the evening and the occasion were most happy. We were sorry to say good-by; glad to know our baby better.

Blessings on you, little man!

V. C.

"Pat" Flanagan was in our midst a couple of weeks ago, shaking hands with friends and acquaintances. Come again, "Pat."

Miss Luvia E. Mann took advantage of her spring vacation and coached for a contest between Woodsville, N. H., and Littleton, N. H. Miss Mann was coach for the Woodsville side and her students won! Hurrah for us! We are proud of Miss Mann and the record of work she has to show. I am sure no one who saw her Lady Blanche in "The Princess" will ever forget it, and those who witnessed the superb work Miss Mann did as the grief-stricken mother in "The Riders to the Sea" will not be surprised hereafter at any success which she may attain.

### '06

The class of '06 extends its heartiest congratulations to the class of '07. The class exercises in chapel were clever enough to make '06 realize it must wake up or the "babes" will outdo us. '06 is rather busy just now, and needs all her powers of concentration to keep up her record, without trying to break it. Our "sky-rocket," for which the babes must thank Miss Alberta Black, the originator, requires an immense amount of effort and unity of conception, which accounts for the rarity with which it has burst upon you. We are glad the Freshmen did not usurp *all* our past glories, so we can still say we were a "handsome baby." '05 and '04, here's to the prattler! May its *evolution* be glorious, may its *voice* grow as sweet as the babbling of "The Brook," and may its *atmosphere* never decrease. The regular class meeting was held March 14.

N. E. G.

### '07

#### THE FRESHMAN STUNT

In chapel, on Thursday morning, March 2, occurred a sight that made others besides the laundryman feel glad,—the Freshmen, all in snowy white, and badged on the left arm with '07. They came flocking in, and flocking in. Dear me, what a big brood that jolly '07 is, and how they cuddled down front, packed so closely that the rest of us wondered how they would manage the exercises! But if you think you can daunt '07 you are mistaken. They are such team-work tots, these prodigies of ours, that the closer they get the better they do a thing. It was a truly inspiring sight to see the parallel diagonal lines swaying in unison.

But, to our tale. Mr. Garber, the president of '07, appeared in cap and gown of his class colors, olive and canary, carrying in his hand a great green plaited basket filled with "a host of golden daffodils"—"tossing their heads in sprightly dance." After a few well-chosen, courteous words of greeting, Mr. Garber presented his burden of beauty to the Dean. *Then*, turning to us of the audience, "who could not but be gay in such a jocund company," he greeted the school at large, and at a sign his class rose and burst into song. A pianist and a violinist, the Misses Rolfe and Murch, both '07 girls, popped into sight from somewhere, and the jamboree began.

First came the song "Emerson," written by Mr. Garber, and sung to the tune of immortal "Dixie."

Goodness, how those chicks sang! I'm sure I saw every Southern girl in the College with her handkerchief out, and some Northern ones, too. What



a wonderful thing is a tune which touches the heart-strings sympathetically! It stands for universal understanding.

After the song came a toast to the Faculty. Mr. Garber drank to them only with his eyes, but as some of his remarks were extra dry, the sentiment of the occasion was preserved. Each one of the thirty-odd was put in turn on the grid; but the fire beneath was only the flame of love, and so the result was just a comfortable warmth.

As chorus to this came a sort of envoy to the tune which makes your Briton rise from his seat. This was succeeded by the '07 "Faculty" yell, with waving of class-color wands interspersed *ad lib*.

The best is ever yet to come, and now the Freshmen paid their "Respects to the classes." This had a pantomimic accompaniment not learned under any teacher of expression, I can assure you, but very *expressive* nevertheless, and amusing in the extreme. Here again team-work came to the fore.

More yet? Sure, Mike; you can't stop a babbler of that age when he starts with the mainspring of expression (*animation*) well wound up. So the Freshies peeped out another little yell—just interpolated to get up a real voice for their "Rickety" class yell which followed. Then after they had exercised their vocal chords (how many in number?) on these for a while, they tackled another song, to the "Marching Thro' Georgia" air. This is the '07 class song. To it they marched out, singing, singing, singing—the other classes clapping in time. In the main corridor they (the babes, of course) formed an arcade with the aid of their wands; under this all the other classes and the Faculty passed. Then this vigorous '07 yelled a little more, sang a good deal more, and then—went upstairs to receive instruction in voice methods and expression work. Heaven save the mark!

The Freshman stunt was dead.

P. S. (not P. G.) It makes a lively corpse.

#### CLASS YELL

Rickety rus, rickety rus,  
What in the world 's  
The matter with us?  
Nothing at all, nothing at all!  
We 're nineteen-seven,  
The best of all!

#### FACULTY YELL

Ward, Kidder, Southwick  
Whitney, Hicks,  
Tripp, Paul, Gilbert  
Tatem, Smith!  
McQuesten, Fogler,  
Willard, Black!  
Kenney, Puffer,  
Chamberlin, Alden!  
And don't forget the  
Dean, Dean, Dean!  
And Rolfe, Rolfe, Rolfe!

Oh, the Freshman Class of Nineteen-seven!  
 Their "stunts" raised a Special's heart to heaven  
 And it interfered with his transportation;  
 For he lived so long in that demonstration  
 He forgot to get out at the Park Street Station,  
 And when he awoke he was in despair,  
 For he found himself at Sullivan Square!

— Anon.

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## Sorority News

### KAPPA GAMMA CHI

One of the most brilliant and enjoyable sorority functions of the year took place in Pierce Hall, Tuesday evening, February 21. The annual dance given by the Kappa Gamma Chi is an occasion always looked forward to with great anticipation by its members, and the event of this year was fully up to anything ever given before. Every one went in for a good time, and it is safe to say that all had it.

The excellent floor of the large hall was comfortably filled, but not crowded, and the strains of beautiful music caused the air to vibrate until the witching hour of twelve and the slow measures of "Home, Sweet Home" filled all with a regret that the pleasure of the evening was rapidly drawing to a close.

And the ladies—what of them? Words fail us here, but, to our hostesses—beautiful, charming Emerson girls—we wish to say that never have we spent a more delightful evening. The patronesses were Mrs. Southwick, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Hicks, and Mrs. Sanborn. Mrs. Kenney, Mrs. Willard, and Mrs. McLeod received.

D. G. LEAN.

### ALPHA TAU LAMBDA

At Catskill, N. Y., on Monday afternoon, February 20, Miss Edna Tallmadge was married to Dr. Eugene Eunson Hinman, of Albany, N. Y. Dr. and Mrs. Hinman will make their home in Albany after they return from their wedding journey in the South.

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## Flotsam and Jetsam

*"Who loved the work would like the little news"*

In Santa Barbara, Cal., they have women's clubs, as the following story will show. A certain organization known as the Tuesday Club held a "Victor Hugo" day, marked by the usual paper and readings. Among those who read was a woman whose position in town was due to her wealth; who had been elected to the club solely because of her wealth; and who, because of her wealth, had "Les Misérables" assigned to her. Her peroration ran in substance as follows: "Whatever we may think of Hugo's morals, or his sociology, we are obliged to admit *that his English is faultless.*"—*The Bookman.*

A young lady touring Texas sends this pathetic ballad. It will bring up all sorts of memories to platform folks. We have all been there many a time and oft:

ON THE WAY THERE

Sometimes we eat,  
 Sometimes we sleep,  
 Sometimes we pace the floor,  
 And other times  
 We ponder crimes  
 And our bad luck deplore  
 As we wait  
     For the freight  
         That is late.

Twice weekly it's a washout;  
 Sometimes the men all rush out  
 To find a muley cow upon the track;  
 Sometimes Fate jeers and mocks;  
 Some one murmurs, "A hot box."  
 And all for proper English language lack  
 As we wait  
     On the freight  
         That is late.

Sometimes we miss connections  
 And indulge in choice reflections;  
 Other times we never make the town.  
 And then sometimes when we do  
 We must stay a day or two,  
 And neither fret or frown,  
 But just wait  
     For the freight  
         That is late.

Sometimes we swear to stop it,  
 Just leave the "road" and drop it,  
 And know the things that make life dear.  
 We know fame's an empty bubble;  
 Yet in spite of all the trouble,  
 The next week's sure to find us here.  
 So we wait  
     For the freight  
         That is late.

The authoress of the foregoing is Miss Edna George, who is doing successful platform work in the South, in spite of "the freight that is late."

AT THE JUDGMENT BAR

*St. Peter.*— And who are you?  
*Candidate.*— I am a merchant.  
*St. Peter.*— And you advertised?  
*Candidate.*— Yes, sir.  
*St. Peter.*— Did you always tell the truth?  
*Candidate.*— Well, w-e-l-l, I-I-I—  
*St. Peter.*—



## Exchanges

*The Minnesota Magazine* is living up to the favorable impressions made in its last issue. The February number contains a concise treatise on the "Evolution Theory," explaining incidentally that the term "Darwinism" is too limited to be applied to the broader understanding of the laws that govern the process of evolution.

As Bostonians we read with interest a criticism of Miss Nance O'Neil made upon a performance in New York City of her "Judith of Bethulia." The criticism speaks highly of the play itself (I quote from the article): "As pure poetry it is worthy of being ranked with the closet dramas of Tennyson and Browning. It is written in free-flowing blank verse, now as majestic as the lines of Marlowe, and again breaking into exquisite lyric strain. Notably in the tent scene, the songs and the sensuous music of the spoken words are thrilled with the opalescent glories of a Swinburne. Although the play is dramatically a disappointment, it is, nevertheless, a literary gem. William Shakespeare wrote plays to be acted and to be read; Mr. Pinero writes plays to be acted; Mr. Phillips writes plays to be read. Likewise, Mr. Aldrich's tragedy must be catalogued among the readable plays. 'Judith of Bethulia' is an opera rather than a drama. It needs a Wagner to compose its music. Then the minor characters would be grouped as choruses, which they in reality are; the swelling volume of the verse would compensate for the lack of action; the effectiveness of the dramatic climax would be 'doubly redoubled;' and the last act would merge into a pæan of renunciation."

To *The College Review* from Shurtleff College, Upper Alton, Ill., we are indebted for a most simple and dignified article on the ever-momentous subject of "Socialism." We are also impressed with the "neat and trim" appearance of *The College Review*.

In going through the February number of the Ogontz *Mosaic* we have come across the black bordered page containing an In Memoriam to Jay Cooke. Emerson College extends its sympathies.

*The Forum* contains an excellent article entitled "Youth's Greatest Problem," dealing with the many difficulties that confront the energetic and ambitious youth, and giving these trials their due significance. "The mature mind," says the writer, "seldom if ever gives the young man and the young woman the credit they deserve and the honor they merit for conflicts won in the arena of life."

*The Holgad* of Westminster College has given us an interesting article on "The Power of Habit." It is treated in such a way that it seems like an old friend presented to us in a new dress.

The Editor acknowledges the following magazines upon the table and thanks the Editors for the courtesy of exchange: *The University Cynic*, *The Normal Eyte*, *The Collegian*, *The Kimball Union*, *The Winthrop College Journal*, *The Hamptonia*, and *The Peddie Chronicle*.

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## Vevey

*Eva M. Unsell, '03*

TO GERTRUDE CHAMBERLIN. SWITZERLAND, JULY, 1903

A VINEYARD green, a far-heard chime,  
Of village girls a bevy,  
A glittering lake, a summer sky,  
And you and I at Vevey.

A distant song, the wind's faint stir,  
While yonder on the levee  
The yellow lights gleam bravely out,  
And then 't is night at Vevey.

A choir of birds, a burst of song,  
The air with rose-scent heavy,  
The mountains grand on every hand,  
Ah, morn is heaven at Vevey!

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## The Art of Reading

*Harriet Rumball, '04*

“CONCENTRATE, though your coat-tails be on fire,” was the sage advice given to Sentimental Tommy, an aspirant to literary fame. As applied to reading and oratory, this counsel is very significant; for concentration, the absolute

focusing of all one's powers to a given purpose, is the key-stone to success. By concentration in oratory I refer more particularly to the aiming at complete expressiveness by means of voice, body, thought, and spirit. Let it be remembered that behind the oration there must stand the man, for words are meaningful only when backed by moral weight. When you have looked at a landscape painting which the critics have pronounced great, have you seen in it only trees and a pool and the sun's after-glow? or did its greatness depend upon the artist behind the picture; the man who in the lonely shadows under the trees put something of himself; the man who saw in that still, black, sombre pool a symbol of the human heart, with its dark, hidden depths in which lie buried drowned hopes or sunken ambitions? But be the artist ever so noble, ever so powerful, his *appeal* is in proportion to his ability to express that with which he has first been *impressed*, for inspiration and technique must go hand in hand. Technique does not make an artist; but a true artist, whether in poetry, painting, music, oratory, or any other art, always *masters* technique. You may *think* beautiful thoughts till you are black in the face, but if you don't know how to express them of what significance are they to others? If a musician knows only the theory of music, can he play? And who ever yet performed a symphony who had not labored hard upon five-fingers exercises? Believe me, it is the sum of little things that distinguish an expert from a bungler.

Like every other art, reading is one in which perfection does not come in a bound; it is a slow, steady growth, an evolution of one's powers. You will speak best when you live best, for every art is inextricably bound up with life. And in choosing the reading profession, let it be remembered that unless we as individuals make the profession a worthy one, we had better far be doing actual manual labor, such as scrubbing, which is of practical value to some one. Our ideals must be placed high, for not only is the presentation of trivial trash not good, but it is wholly evil. It is this playing to the galleries, this conscious pos-



ing, this affected exhibition of ourself, rather than the earnest effort to be only a medium for the transference of worthy thoughts, that have made elocution an abomination from the Atlantic to the Pacific among cultured audiences. It is not essential that we present heavy dramatic monologues from Browning, nor scenes from Shakespearian tragedies, for which, indeed, comparatively few people are fitted. We may revel in the light and airy, the humorous, the beautiful wherever it abounds. But if we content ourselves with farcical productions which have neither literary nor artistic merit, and which are merely calculated to win the uproarious applause of the uninitiated, is the profession really worth while? Is it not better that the reader familiarize himself with the masters of thought in all ages; that the orator deal with the great issues of life; and that the actor concern himself with the vital problems related to the pulsating heart of humanity?

No one person can say, "We are the people, and wisdom will die with us," for the final word on this subject has never been said. Our part is simply to hew straight to the line as we see it, not caring in whose face the chips may fly. Our supreme effort must be to keep a firm hold upon the power of growth, grasping higher and higher for better things — for all that is "pure and lovely and of good report."

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## The Artist and Dress

*Bertha S. Papazian, '07*

It is safe to say, perhaps, that the artist cares less about dress than does the average mortal. This is not because he does not appreciate beauty of color or of line, nor because he is insensible to the charms of an æsthetically clad figure; of all people, he delights in this sort of thing, and if clothes grew upon trees or came to hand in some other easy way instead of having to be sought after and concocted, how he would indulge in them!

As it is, like other thinkers and dreamers, he is generally

too much preoccupied (and too poor?) to be able to give the necessary attention to the irksome details of the fashionable toilet; consequently, many artists have taken refuge in a dress which, because of its simplicity and freedom, is of an enduring type.

One recalls at once the long line of celebrated men,—the Byrons, the Shelleys, the Tennysons,—painters and sculptors innumerable, all dressed more or less in the same manner. There is the long hair, the easy collar, the soft scarf, and the slouch hat—peculiarities that appear in the make-up of great statesmen and philanthropists as well. There is also the much-maligned musician with his long mane and careless aspect. His appearance is looked upon with suspicion, if not with derision, and yet it is not a pose with him any more than it has been with the other artists. Is it not rather the recognition of the claims of nature and utility over those of custom?

In order to be strictly fashionable one must be an out-and-out conformist. One can conceive without too great a stretch of the imagination, perhaps, of a slovenly artist; but of a smug, dapper one, never. Liberty of thought is apt to demand liberty of body. One cannot accomplish much when the body is in fetters, and the fashionable costume has for centuries been worthy of no better name.

Throughout the array of men who have risen to fame in the arts one is struck with the noble sincerity of their faces; in almost every case a soul lies revealed. The personality is not obscured by accessories. One is not impelled to say, "There has been a great effort here," but rather, "There is a great power here."

When one comes to the dramatic artist, however, he is face to face with a different consideration. Here is a man usually attired *à la mode*, distinguished looking, or dandified; good-natured, sometimes shrewd and gritty looking, sometimes commonplace. What are we to do with him? Infer that he is not an artist because he has not the fine air of a Byron?

With your woman artist the case has been somewhat different. The tendency toward unconventional dress has

not been quite so well marked; where she is concerned one cannot think of any special arrangement of hair, and the brown velvet jacket of the brother artist will not work in here, nor will the blouse (except in the case of Rosa Bonheur). Although, for obvious reasons, fashion has had women pretty well under its thumb for a long time, there have been many who have managed to escape from its meshes, and we have George Eliot, George Sand, Lucy Stone, and a host of other distinguished women to console ourselves with.

Again, confronting the stage, we find the women conventionally attired, inclining to the ornate. To correspond with this state of affairs we see faces pretty, challenging, good-humored, and so on, but we rarely meet with faces of the thoughtful and exalted type. Query?

Should an artist follow the extremes of fashion—paltry trifles which detract from the main idea, which is of course the individual? Social life has seen fit to ordain that certain styles of garb must be worn by all—masks, as it were, in which each personality may sink into oblivion, —but the artist and his needs are of another calibre. His salvation does not lie in suppressing individuality.

Let women artists of our day set out to realize their ideas as to “wherewith they shall be clothed”! They go to the various shops, only to find that the simple things they had dreamed of are not on the market. Discouraged, they often fall victims to the hypnotic suggestion of the saleswoman, and so stumble into the trap of looking “heterogeneous,” or they go to the other extreme. They adopt a severely plain and uncompromising manner of dress, go about in dun-colored garb of uninteresting cut, and twist their hair into tight knobs. They are in reality seekers after the beautiful, but are driven to resort to the ugly in self-defence.

To particularize: place on the head of one of these a stiff straw hat which flares up in shining flutings from the face, and tell her that it is the fashion and that every one is wearing it. The chances are that she will go right out to a “Men’s Clothing Store” and buy an Alpine hat which



she will wear on any and all occasions rather than face again the terrible ordeal of the milliner, et cetera.

So much for the woman who refuses to be victimized but who has not the inclination to spend time and thought upon her wardrobe. It is she who has unwittingly helped to make Dress Reform a dangerous combination of words, suggesting infinite possibilities of ungainly basques, square skirts, and cotton gloves. Nevertheless, from an artistic standpoint her case is equally desirable to that of the amiable fashion-plate (sure to be either ordinary or extraordinary looking).

The plot thickens. How are we to make head against this terrible nightmare? Purses are slim; the buyers for large and small stores are dogmatic, and for the most part lacking in taste; dressmakers have ideas of their own, and they pull you from one harness into another, willy-nilly, until finally they set you up on the floor, a wooden doll richly caparisoned, decked out in bits of buckram, cordings, bretelles, lapels, tabs, and other nameless devices, and you are assured that you look "quite the proper thing." You accept the flattery with a weak smile; your heart is full of misgivings.

What *is* to be done?

Well has it been said that dress is the most difficult of all the fine arts. In this, as in the rest of the arts, simplicity is the desideratum. Simplicity is generally expensive and always difficult to attain. On the downward path leading to Fuss and Feathers there are always persons anxious to assist you on the way; but if you venture to bend your steps in the opposite direction there is trouble in store for you, and unless you keep a stout heart you are bound to conclude that it is you who are the misfit.

Let us take counsel with ourselves. What is it that charms us in the artists with whom we come in contact? It is personal appearance only in so far as this reveals to us attractive mental and moral characteristics; when these are lacking gewgaws cannot supply the deficiency. In fact, it is from the oppressiveness of these commodities that we wish to run away. We go to art for rest. What if

here too we should be confronted by the same old trumpery and fixings?

The artist's great responsibility is that he must be able to satisfy the highest demands. He is called upon to typify thoughts and emotions that are universal. On this account it is necessary that he should be broadly human. That he may not be handicapped by an appearance betraying self-consciousness and vulgarity, should he not ignore the fluctuations of fashions that are purely commercial in their origin and adopt those that are based upon the eternal laws of use and beauty?

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### The Interpretation of Literature\*

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THE interpretation of literature is a subject that may be approached from many sides. From the historical, for example; and this would lead us to a study of the development of the ever-changing life of nations. From the biographical; and the interpretation of literature would become a revelation of a noble and worthy personality — that of the man behind every great book. From the psychological; and we should consider the how and the why of the emotional effects produced by great literature. Or we may approach the interpretation of literature from the philological side; and this method is of infinite importance when our guide is a master whom the details do not blind to the truth that all philological research is but a means to an end, — the finding out how a great writer has ennobled human life and enriched the world with lovely presences. But as teachers of English you have heard much of these methods of approach to the interpretation of literature; you have discussed some of them in the meetings of this Association; and this morning we are going to consider another way, — I may not say a more excellent way, but certainly one more personal and vital, — the interpretation of literature through intelligent and sympathetic reading aloud.

I hasten to assure you that I am not going to give you a complete and elaborated statement of all that I think and feel upon this subject of interpreting literature through intelligent and sympathetic reading aloud. I am purposely going to present to you the matter with the edges rough and unfinished, the better to stimulate that free discussion of the subject which, I understand, is one of the interesting and helpful features of the meetings of this Association. My plan is to put before you in a plain and simple way evidence in

\*An address, on March 15, before the New England Association of Teachers of English.

support of two contentions, the truth of which grows clearer to me the longer I teach literature and the wider becomes my range of experience: first, that by virtue of its emotional-element qualities all great literature — every contribution to what De Quincey called the literature of power as distinct from the literature of knowledge — demands to be read aloud, and can only be seen in its beauty and truth when interpreted in this way; and, second, that one of the chief stimulating forces and vital impulses to creative work in noble literature comes from the intelligent, sympathetic reading aloud of great literature in prose and verse, deep calling to deep, greatness begetting greatness.

That poetry gains by being read aloud may seem to many obvious enough, but this plain, simple truth is in serious danger of being forgotten and its significance wholly ignored when we go into our libraries and begin to pore over "The Canterbury Tales" or "The Faerie Queene" in some variorum edition overlaid with the pedantries and learned stupidities of generations of commentators. In such circumstances we too easily forget that all the world's great creative literature has been dedicated to the human voice, and that it made its appeal primarily to the ear. In our literary investigations to-day we make a great deal of getting a true idea of an author's contemporary atmosphere and environment and the general relation of his work to his own day and generation. Along these lines much has been done for Chaucer and for Shakespeare; we have been helped to see those poets as they saw themselves, and as their contemporaries saw them, and in this way our appreciation and our enjoyment have been deepened and strengthened. A little application of this most useful kind of research to the circumstances in which the great literary works of bygone ages were given to the world shows that they were intended to be heard rather than read. This is not more true of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* than of Herodotus and all the other classical Greek authors. Herodotus cannot be appreciated to the full to-day, cannot be truly understood, if we fail to keep in mind that he wrote to be heard as truly as either Isocrates or Demosthenes. Herodotus read his history in public at Athens and other places — a fact which throws a flood of light upon many difficulties in connection with his style and diction. The great Latin writers were in the habit of reading their works aloud in public and in private. As the late Professor Sellar used to tell his students, the full capacities of the Vergilian *Rexameter* for purposes of spirited narrative, of solemn or pathetic representation, of grave or impassioned oratory, of tender or earnest appeal to the higher emotions, can only be realized when that "stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man" is read aloud. It is interesting and significant that so close-textured a writer as Tacitus put as much emphasis upon training in public speaking and interpretation as Cicero did, and in his "Dialogus de Oratoribus" he shows that the failure to keep eloquence in the prime place in the education of Roman youth is a sure symptom of social, intellectual, and national decadence.

The world's great religious books, the Hebrew Scriptures from the Law to the Prophets, the New Testament from the Sermon on the Mount to the Pauline Epistles, the Sacred Books of the East, yield up their inner meaning when interpreted by intelligent, sympathetic reading aloud. For these



books are surcharged with that rhythm of nature and of life which, as Theodore Watts-Dunton has said, can only be expressed as it is expressed in the melody of the bird, in the inscrutable harmony of the entire bird-chorus of a thicket, in the whisper of the forest leaves, or in the song and wail of wind and sea. The profound impression which Christ made upon the Nazareth villagers was through his reading aloud in the synagogue a passage from one of the old Hebrew prophets. "And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened upon him." In this connection it is worth while to recall what Professor Hiram Corson has described as one of the most comprehensive and satisfactory characterizations of good reading. It is the eighth verse of the eighth chapter of Nehemiah: "So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading."

That all the great dramatists from Æschylus to Shakespeare, from Shakespeare to Ibsen, demand interpretative vocal rendering goes without saying; and what is so obviously true of the drama is equally true of the epic and the lyric. "Beowulf," the Cædmon Poems, the laments of the Kymric and Gaelic bards, the treasures of folk-tale and mediæval romance, the old ballads, all tell in form and structure how they were first given to the world, and how interpreted; and so how they ought to be interpreted as living literature to-day. Layamon's "Brut," the Ormulum, and the other great monuments of Middle-English literature indicate everywhere on their pages the appeal to the spoken voice — the very spelling of the famous old manuscript of the Ormulum, with the doubling of the consonant after the short vowel, showing how the author wished certain words to be pronounced and emphasized.

"To know Chaucer as a poet," says Professor Corson, "and not merely as a writer of fourteenth-century English, his verse, which, after a lapse of five hundred years, continues to rank with the best in the literature, *must* be voiced; and to voice it, with the best knowledge of its pronunciation which has been attained to by Alexander I. Ellis in his 'Early English Pronunciation,' and by other phonologists, requires a careful training of the voice, and much practice. A susceptible reader comes, in time, to feel, to some extent, what the *intonation*, also, of the verse must have been. To inspire students with a permanent interest in 'the morning star of song,' the teacher must be an accomplished reader of his verse, and must train his students to the best reading of it of which they are capable. Of course, a knowledge of the language in its historical development previous to Chaucer is desirable, though not indispensable, to appreciate his poetry; but the best vocalization, in the fullest sense of the word, which can be attained to *is* indispensable. To know of what earlier inflection any final *e* is the residual is well enough; but I cannot think that any one would insist that such knowledge is indispensable to an appreciation of the poetry. Philology is not the handmaid to poetical cultivation. She can be dismissed altogether from service. There are no emergencies, even, where it is necessary to engage her temporarily." And in her brilliant little essay, "The Book of the Poets," we find Mrs. Browning saying that no English poet uttered more true music than Chaucer — music that can only be brought forth, in its exquisite cadences and complete

modulation, by a sympathetic reader. But as we have read from the venerable Cornell professor's notes on "The Voice and Spiritual Education," let us also peruse Mrs. Browning's note on Chaucer's versification:

"Not one of the Cavalier poets or of the Queen Anne men, measuring out tuneful breath upon their fingers, like ribbons for topknots, knew the art of versification as the old, rude Chaucer knew it. Call him rude for the picturesqueness of the epithet; but his verse has, at least, as much regularity in the sense of true art as can be discovered or dreamed in the French school. Critics, indeed, have set up a system based upon the crushed atoms of first principles, maintaining that Chaucer wrote by accent only. Grant to them that he counted no verses on his fingers—grant that he never disciplined his highest thoughts to walk up and down in a paddock—ten paces and a turn!—grant that his singing is not after the likeness of their sing-song; but there end your admissions. It is our ineffaceable impression, in fact, that the whole theory of accent and quantity held in relation to ancient and modern poetry stands upon a fallacy, *totters* rather than stands; and that, when considered in connection with such old moderns as our Chaucer, the fallaciousness is especially apparent. Chaucer wrote by quantity, just as Homer did before him, and Goethe after him—just as all poets must. Rules differ; principles are identical. All rhythm presupposes quantity. Organ-pipe or harp, the musician plays by time. Greek or English, Chaucer or Pope, the poet sings by time. What is this accent but a stroke, an emphasis, with a successive pause to complete the time. And what is the difference between this accent and quantity but the difference between a harp-note and an organ-note? otherwise, quantity expressed in different ways? It is as easy for matter to subsist out of space as music out of time."

I have read these passages from Professor Corson and Mrs. Browning to make clear to you how the truly musical and poetical qualities in Chaucer must be interpreted by the voice, intelligently and sympathetically, with naturalness and delicacy. Had we time, I should like to show you how true this is of each of the great poets. The full beauty of the Spenserian stanza can only be brought out by a sympathetic reader—the varied cadence and rhythm, the alliteration, the generous rhymes, the rich, full Alexandrine, with its sense of summing up and yet wistful promise of good things to come!

I need not speak of Shakespeare again after what I have said in connection with the way in which all the world's great dramatists make their supreme appeal to the interpretative power of the human voice. Many of the notoriously difficult passages in Shakespeare become bright with meaning when they are interpreted in the spirit in which they were written, and rendered vocally with reference to the main principles of dramatic expression. Shakespeare's plays were meant to be studied and felt by the whole being and delivered "by heart"—in the true, worthy, original meaning of this much abused old expression—*by heart*; i.e., with the whole heart, the understanding, sympathetic heart, out of which are the issues of life. The letter killeth; the spirit maketh alive.

How true all this is of Milton! Those of you who have heard Dr. William Everett read "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" do not require to be told

how vocal interpretation of such poems opens up their beauties of form, structure, and detail. That Milton wished his poetry to be read aloud it would not be very hard to prove. Professor Massen has indicated that the very spelling of the early editions may give a clue to the way in which Milton wished his poems to be read and emphasized. Only intelligent, sympathetic vocal rendering will bring out the special qualities of Milton's blank verse, the great swing of the period, the superb melody, the sonority, the rhythm, of the great style.

But we cannot deal in detail with each of the great English authors. We may mention, however, the glimpses which we get in years near to our own day, of Wordsworth and Tennyson declaiming their own verses and interpreting them in this manner. De Quincey called Wordsworth an admirable reader. Professor Van Dyke was led to change his estimate of "Maud" through listening to Tennyson's own interpretative recitation of the poem. Tennyson's humorous description of his reading has value in this connection:

"The poet little urged,  
But with some prelude of disparagement,  
Read, mouthing out his hollow *oes* and *aes*,  
Deep-chested music. . . ."

It is interesting to note that the contemporary blank verse of greatest distinction and originality is that of Stephen Phillips, who has had careful training and experience as a vocal and dramatic interpreter upon the English stage!

What has just been said of the English poets is true of all the masters of English prose from Malory to Ruskin; it is peculiarly true of the creators of prose in the grand style in the nineteenth century, De Quincey, Macaulay, Carlyle, Emerson, Newman, Ruskin. The prose of these writers, informed as it is with color, emotion, and rhythm in varying degrees and proportion, gains in every way by being read aloud; it makes a direct appeal to the ear. In De Quincey's creative work — as in the Confessions and the *Suspiria* — we have always this appeal. He distinctly tells us that he intended his best work to be a musical composition in which words play the part of notes. In one famous bit of autobiography he describes the pains he took to avoid harsh syllable arrangements. After explaining how he might have ended a sentence more briefly by substituting for the last nine words the single trochaic term *master-builder*, he exclaims: "Ah, reader, I would the gods had made thee rhythmical, that thou mightest comprehend the thousandth part of my labors in the evasion of cacophony!"

In Macaulay's prose there is little of the musical roll which we find in De Quincey's; but the long, oratorical climactic periods of Macaulay call for the interpretative voice as much as these rhythmic cadences of De Quincey. Professor Macmechan has pointed out in his admirable introduction to "Sartor Resartus" that Carlyle goes a step beyond both De Quincey and Macaulay, and addresses himself almost exclusively to the ear. "At times Carlyle's words seem to shout at you from the printed page. There is hardly a sentence which does not produce the illusion of an audible voice full of



mirth or scorn or tenderness, or melancholy, or entreaty. Often a passage which seems hard to the eye yields up its meaning when read aloud. Then every sentence becomes alive to the finger-tips, concentrated, declamatory, but not oratorical." The way in which Carlyle revels in Interrogation, Exclamation, Apostrophe, Concession, Correction, Vision, and the other figures of speech of the old rhetoricians, shows how his deep-seated dramatic instinct calls for interpretation by vocal rendering.

Time would utterly fail me were I to show how these general principles regarding vocal interpretation are exemplified in the case of Newman, of Emerson, and of Ruskin. I hurry on to give you a few concrete examples to illustrate my second contention, — that a vital impulse to creative work comes from the intelligent, sympathetic reading aloud of great literature.

When Bishop Berkeley, over one hundred and fifty years ago, propounded the question whether half the learning and talent in England were not lost because reading was not taught as an art in schools and colleges, he had reference not so much to its practical use in after-life to those whose profession demands public speaking as to the fact that by this means, more than by any other, may be fostered in the minds of the young a taste for poetry and high literature which all the attempts of the grammarians, rhetoric-grinders, and philologists could not destroy! This taste for noble literature is really universal among the young. Generally, where it appears wanting, it is only dormant; and it is dormant because nothing has ever been done to cultivate the sense of rhythm, and to make the beauty and delectableness of words in fair, ordered sequence understood. You will remember in this connection the old saying that we all carry within us a sleeping poet whom the touch of the true teacher will start into noble activity. There can be no better means for storing the mind with a choice vocabulary than the practice of reading aloud; there is no more effective way of developing and strengthening the imagination; and certainly there can be no more admirable guide and inspiration to creative work in composition. In the great days of ancient Greece and Rome, practice in public speaking and reading was a regular part of composition drill; and the two most masterly treatises on the subject of composition ever published in England — Campbell's "Philosophy of Rhetoric" and Whateley's "Rhetoric" — recognize elocution and eloquence as the basis of instruction in the art of writing. As one turns over the old pages of Campbell to-day, one wonders how the vital connection between interpretative reading and composition could ever be lost sight of, — interpretative reading of noble literature in prose and verse, with full understanding of the purport and meaning of every word, and under the excitement and impress of the feelings, imaginations, and passions, in which is the real life of the poem, the story, or the oration. In this way a pupil comes into living touch with the greatest and best of the world's expressers; he catches the spirit of the noblest authors — personality explains personality, and thus is revealed a new world with ever-widening horizons of thought and ever-broadening possibilities of hope and faith. Do you wonder that one of the most influential college professors in New England, in reply to a school superintendent's question as to what would better the preparation of secondary-school boys for college in composition and English subjects, said, "For heaven's sake, teach them how to read!"

Each one of the great prose writers of the nineteenth century whose work we have discussed and illustrated\* this morning has left on record — in letters or autobiography — his indebtedness to vocal interpretation as a means of liberating the creative impulse; and each one of the far-shining band was himself an interpreter of literature through vocal rendering. De Quincey never wearied of declaiming the impassioned prose of Hooker and Sir Thomas Browne; Macaulay was not more effective as a writer than as a speaker; Carlyle and Ruskin were most impressive lecturers and readers; and surely every member of this audience knows of the marvellous tones of Emerson's voice as described by Lowell and Dr. Ames, or Newman's as described by Shairp and Matthew Arnold. What magnificent readers and interpreters were the three latest of the great novelists of England, — Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot! The principle informing these significant facts is that intelligent, sympathetic reading gives us the true vision of a writer's meaning, and thereby are stirred into activity those ideas which respond to the ideas enshrined in great books. It is from the power of true appreciation — the appreciation which can be developed only by contact with the great — that good and noble expression comes. This is the secret of how to write well; this is the key to composition of the best kind. The more intelligently and sympathetically we read the works of great writers, the easier it is for ourselves, when we speak or write, to say with life and distinction what we mean. Vision is the parent of all true expression.

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### Sister Felice

*Eva M. Unsell, '03*

SISTER FELICE stood before the Gate  
And watched the passers-by go on their way: —  
Both rich and lowly, tramp and burgomaster,  
My lord in scarlet and the thief in rags, —  
All gain the same sweet smile and earnest gaze;  
For Saint Felice loves to study lives,  
And grieves for those who have not sanctuary.

Sister Felice steps within the Gate,  
But backward gazes at a man and maid  
Who walk together careless of the world,  
Her hand in his, his lips to hers close-pressed.  
Sister Felice smiles again — but in her heart  
The calm is broken — lo! unrest is there,  
And in her eyes — regret.

\*The address was illustrated by readings from the writings of De Quincey, Macaulay, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Emerson.

## The Principles of Gesture

*Jessie Eldridge Southwick*

### POISE

It is necessary, as a basis for all graceful action and effective gesture, to give attention to the bearing. Bearing expresses personality; it is the background of all you do.

Physically, the poise should be with the weight almost over the balls of the feet, or at the instep, the crown of the head well raised. The ear, the point of the shoulder, and the point of the hip should be in a line with the middle of the foot. Of course these are merely mechanical suggestions and will not insure good bearing. One may be correct and yet stiff. The thing necessary to bear in mind regarding poise is that while you must have the relations of the body correct, the condition of poise itself depends upon the conscious centre of gravity from which all the agents can move freely.

The chest should be forward and well up; the back should be firmly erect; but the principle of freedom must be found. The student who undertakes to find for himself, without a teacher, this secret of poise must try to discover, watching himself in a mirror meanwhile to see that he is working toward the correct proportions, that balance which shall enable him to feel perfectly free in his movements, while at the same time he is perfectly centred with relation to the lines of gravity.

The weight should never be thrown habitually on the heels, because the body, in adjusting itself to this, is apt to fall very much out of line. It also brings a strain upon the back which is entirely unnecessary, and wearisome to the nerves.

It is scarcely necessary to caution a person about carrying the weight too far forward on the feet, because this fault is not apt to occur. It is the right line of gravity and freedom that we must seek.

As bearing expresses the character or personality, attitude expresses the mood or feeling of the moment, while gesture, in the sense of motion, defines both feeling and thought. Bearing is a permanent quality, to which the person constantly returns. Attitude changes with the emotion, and movements of gesture are of course strictly transitional, fugitive in effect.

The meaning of gesture is indicated in the point of departure of any gesture, and also in the form it takes.

Delsarte gave us the most complete system of observed laws in gesture that has ever been laid down, and whatever we have had since has been adapted from his teaching. He did not give us a pedagogical method, but he did enunciate the laws of expression as manifested in the human body.

Here are some of the principles laid down by Delsarte:

Expression is, according to the plane of man's consciousness, either mental, moral or emotional, or vital.

That which is mental is "accentric," or suggests drawing in toward a centre; as, for instance, when the head is thrown forward in thoughtful attitude. The



moral, or normal, is expressed in the "concentric" or circular form or movement; and the vital is expressed in the "eccentric," from a centre; as, for instance, where a person is very vital the head lifts itself buoyantly, the hands are spread in strong vitality, the chest is lifted, expanded, etc.

In the divisions of the body, the significance of the head is mental; the torso, moral or emotional; and the limbs, vital.

Each agent is also divided in its significance into three parts: the mental part of the torso is the upper chest; the moral part is around the region of the heart; the vital part is the lower part of the body, the hips.

The arm is divided in significance: the hand is mental; the middle or forearm, moral; and the upper arm, vital.

A corresponding division is made with the lower limbs:

The head: the upper part, around the brow and eyes, mental; the sides, the cheek and the nose, moral; the jaw, the lower part of the face, vital.

The hand: the fingers, mental; the middle part, moral or normal; the ball, vital.

These subdivisions can be carried further in the different parts of the body. Gestures from the heart, for instance, would be correspondingly significant. Gestures made from the head would be in the realm of the mental. Sweeping, outward gestures would be strong in vitality.

The weight on the heel represents sometimes the absence of life, sometimes reflective mentality. The weight perfectly balanced on the feet indicates poise, or the normal. The weight a little springing on the balls of the feet expresses vitality. This is most strongly expressed when the weight springs from one foot forward onto the other, the feet well apart.

The head thrown vigorously up expresses vitality; the chin drawn in, firmness or poise; brow bent forward, thoughtfulness.

The chest is not so noticeable in its movements, but the condition of the chest in gesture affects the influence of the person's attitude very much. The chest broadened and expanded indicates vitality, and gives the impression of strength and endurance. The chest elevated and leading from the chest centre in the attitude is affirmative in a moral way. The chest somewhat collapsed or depressed at the top may indicate either the absence of vitality or a passive reflective attitude, according to the expression of the other agents.

In the Emerson modification of Delsarte's teaching the so-called moral realm, or normal, is subdivided into two aspects, — the will and the feelings.

The will, according to this, being the determinative element, would be ascribed to the joints or articulations of the body, which are that portion of the human structure which expresses either freedom or constriction. Perfect will is expressed in freedom. The absence of self-determination is expressed in rigidity of joints.

The most significant articulation of the body perhaps would be the waist. The neck also is another. Others are obvious.

The "Law of Correspondence" as taught by Delsarte refers to the corresponding expression in the lower plane, with the significance upon the higher plane. "As above, so below" is the phrase used. This means that we may know the laws of the higher plane by translating the laws upon the lower

plane, and that there should be a responsive harmony between the higher plane of consciousness and the lower plane of sensation,— an act symbolical of a thought.

The law of opposition in gesture is an announcement of the fact that in all normal expressions two agents, as, for instance, the head and the hand, moving simultaneously, will oppose each other, or move in opposite directions. If the hand goes toward the head, the head will correspondingly bend to meet the hand, and vice versa.

If this law is not obeyed the result will be an appearance of awkwardness. When the significance of a movement determines that two agents are to move in the same direction, as, for instance, the hand pointing to an object toward which the head must also turn, the two or more agents never move simultaneously; in such a case as has been mentioned, the head would turn first so that the eye could see the object, then the hand would point toward it. The head and the hand, if these two only; or, if the distance involved the whole body, it would be the head, the body, and the hand. This succession may come very quickly, but it is there; otherwise, we would have what is called parallelism in movement, and where there is parallelism there is the effect of absurdity or awkwardness. This is often used in farce or comedy.

The law of opposition, expressed in the attitude of the body, would require that the agents in active expression should balance each other in opposition. For instance, if one hand, as a leading agent, comes forward the other hand would have the opposite tendency, though the condition would be passive as compared with the leading agent.

If both hands were used as one agent both might come forward at the same time, of course. In that case some other part of the body, as, for instance, the head, would be found in opposition in a perfectly graceful attitude.

Without elaborating all possible positions in detail, as the study of gesture, of course, is a matter which must necessarily take some time to follow out, I would call attention to this fact:

The poise of the person as the centre, all actions balancing with reference to that in opposite directions, to greater or less degree, according to the emotion expressed. Judgment would have to be used, and taste in determining the complete application of this principle. An experiment, to the intent of any of these laws, will at once illustrate the cause of awkwardness.

It may be said that if these are natural laws of expression it ought not to be necessary for the normal individual to be taught them. We would reply that in a measure this is true; that the normal individual will have the tendency to realize the expression of these laws, but, like any faculty of the human organism, it is susceptible of culture, and the beauty and freedom of its operation can be much heightened by the practice of exercises and attitudes that emphasize the right characteristics.

I believe it is not desirable to prescribe too closely with reference to the expression of any particular thought just what gesture a person should make, but the criteria of gesture should be understood and applied in criticism and correction of what the person does when striving to realize the best expression of his thought.

Cultivation is necessary, not only because all faculties need development, but because there are so many influences in our world, and because of our habits, which serve to warp the normal spontaneous tendency toward expression which is innate. This warping process must be minimized, and physical culture and gesture used to keep up the normal tone, vitally and expressively.

The great physiological condition underlying all these principles of expressive action is the reflex action of thought upon the muscles of sensation, and of emotion upon the nerve centres which control the muscles, and of one set of muscles upon another. Of course all this takes place through the different nerve centres. A thought realizes itself in a picture; a picture makes a feeling, and the feeling is at once converted into the impulse of expression.

The difference between self-determined or calculated movement and the spontaneous expression of emotion is the difference between the emotional and the definitive gesture. In actual expression these are intermingled to a large extent, and the danger often arises that in endeavoring to apply critical criteria to the expressions of emotion, the spontaneous element may be inhibited and the calculated movement substituted. This must be avoided by the care of the teacher and the intuition of the artist. This point is one of the most important in the study of the subject of gesture, and this danger is the crucial point which divides the schools of teaching, — the so-called mechanical and the so-called emotional.

The true artist will find the balance between the mechanical and the emotional, and will lose none of the beauty of the one or the significance of the other. Some artists have a genius for expression and are unable to formulate their methods of getting at the results in effective pedagogical form. This kind inspires us, but may not be able to teach us to do what they do, because they are unable to communicate the process by which they attain their results.

Others may understand philosophically, and yet not have bodies sufficiently responsive or well trained to carry out what they know. These may be, in sympathetic intuition, admirable teachers. The ideal of a philosophical teacher who can communicate the principles of his art, and at the same time illustrate them, is of course desirable.

The only suggestion I will make at this point to guard the student against mistakes is this:

Fix the thought clearly before the mind; invite, through expectancy, some expression; criticize that expression by means of the love of the right ideal, and strive to feel its significance. If you can do this you will not be in danger of falling into that slavish and mechanical imitation which all true artists and lovers of natural expression would desire to avoid.



## Autobiography

### Report of Lecture by Edward Howard Griggs

*March 15, 1905.* After completing the discussion of Amiel, Mr. Griggs took up the life of a brilliant, unique, yet typically modern woman, Sonya Kovalevsky. Unlike Loti, Sonya wrote with didactic intention, to give some reason for her actions in later life. She had a tender, yearning desire to be understood, to be appreciated. The background of her peculiar situation, differing so widely from ours, makes the Kovalevsky autobiography valuable. It speaks for itself, — the tale of a child who had no touch with the springs of human life and love.

In summing up, Mr. Griggs said: "Human living is a unit. Unity is more important than difference. In these classes we have not concluded anything. Life does not conclude. We have but opened four or five windows through which we may look and get a glimpse of the meadows of human possibility. We can obtain a concrete insight of what life means; not an accurate solution of what it is."

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## Lectures

### *Dr. Richard Burton*

*March 29, 1905.* In the history of English poetry there is no more interesting chapter than that of Romanticism. The freer attitude of the individual, as expressed by the nineteenth-century poets, equals a freer feeling toward or for nature. The relation of this nineteenth-century Romanticism to all English poetry is that of the actual creation of nature.

Keats and Wordsworth were the creators of the expression of nature in our English poetry, Keats being the founder of pictorial poetry, and the originator of the "landscape school." He, beyond all English poets, stands forth as a unique power for the making of pictures. He painted scene after scene, definitely conveyed, and hung up in the gallery of memory.

We must remember in studying this marvellous boy (Keats died at twenty-five) the changes in his work between his twentieth and twenty-fifth years. The question remains, Would Keats not have developed into a great epic poet? Matthew Arnold says, "He lives; he is worth Shakespeare."

The poetry of Keats, like all poetry, is not to be read, but to be re-read. Only after many readings does one find what is really there. Keats evokes the scene, but even he cannot do all. The reader must do one half. The difference between art and mathematics may be stated in this way: a curved line is the shortest distance between two points — when one is reading poetry.

In the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" we have the marvellous description referred to. The shepherd's love seeks to elude him — and always will, "Nor ever can those trees be bare." It is an immortal picture cut forever in the marble of poetry.

Contrast this with the transitory quality of real life. Art seizes these transient shows of earth and, while we move on, fixes them into immovable beauty.

This is well illustrated in the "Ode to a Nightingale." The time passes, the bird itself is gone, but the song — "perhaps the selfsame song" — remains.

When facing Keats's poetry we face one of the fundamental features of all poetry. This is *Beauty*.

Shelley was not as Keats, although, like him, a nature poet. Keats we forget as being capable of having any term applied to him; we think of him as in a meadow of flowers, but getting his comfort and enjoyment out of a single daisy. Shelley takes the meadow as a whole; he cares nothing for one flower; he is more like an overshadowing cloud looking down on all. To Keats, nature equalled many, many beautiful things. To Shelley nature represents an idea.

The influence of Keats over our nineteenth-century poetry is tremendous; the landscape school embraces even Tennyson, who was influenced by Keats. This great school does not look on nature as something over against man, but something with man; something of him. It is a sort of pagan passion; a revolutionary change.

Wordsworth, like Keats, loved nature deeply. Of all English poets he is the most single-hearted. His devotion is longest, and he is not satisfied with beauty for its own sake. He wished to discover the symbol; he was a poet primarily. Nevertheless he stands forth as a teacher of his religion, and nature was his religion. Nature, to him, was God made visible.

To-day nature is a misunderstood veil between us and our Maker. To-day is scientific. To-day Wordsworth is needed more than he was a century ago. Nature gives rest, and healing is swept to man from the fringes of the great robe of God.

Wordsworth was not always a poet, but he does not offend. One must turn to his best. Because a man is great he is not always great.

Wordsworth is exemplar of the simple life; he lived for forty years among the hills. He caused Arnold to be his disciple; he influenced Emerson, Bryant, Whittier, and Whitman; and passing through the agnosticism of more recent years, we see in William Vaughan Moody and Edwin Markham a return to the larger and healthier view; a distinct turn to idealism such as Wordsworth symbolized.

We need this return. Nature is God's first great bible; it is that great good place out-of-doors. It came first chronologically. A. F. R.

*April 5, 1905.* Keats and Wordsworth looked without and found nature. Our own day poets, Browning and Tennyson, found man.

Man can be studied socially or psychologically. Tennyson wrote of man's relation to his fellow men; Browning considered man as a detached spirit. He is the individualist among poets; he studies the ego.

In a sense Tennyson is a nature poet, carrying on Keats's idea, with a difference. He is only so in passing.

In "In Memoriam" he puts before us the wrestles of a human soul, —

the why, whence, whither? It is the eternal question of the individual; the trust, eventually, in the Inscrutable Power. We have the right to *believe*. Through his love for one human being all is solved by Tennyson. His social instinct is so strong it gives birth to faith.

In the King Arthur cycle he shows us that the entire scheme of rarity which the Round Table adopted is spoiled by two who are not true to the social trust.

"Not for ourselves,  
But for those that call us friend."

In direct contrast stands Browning as exponent of soul as detached ego. He is interested in you and me, a dramatist of soul states, not of space. He stands for democratic revolution. He gives us young people of no class, as witness "Evelyn Hope," "Youth and Art."

Browning is always dramatic in his way of viewing life. We need look no farther than his "Confession" and "The Statue and the Bust" for examples of this instinctive of his.

He is accused by many of being obscure, heady rather than hearty. True, he has his "nuts to crack," which may be an enjoyable occupation, though not the function of poetry. But Browning is a poet, though, like Wordsworth, not always a poet. But it is at his best that we must appreciate him, and, appreciating, judge. His best is high.

A. F. R.

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## Platform Manners

I DOUBT if lyceum people realize just how much their manner before an audience counts toward a favorable or unfavorable impression. When I asked a fellow committeeman about a band which he had heard on his course, he replied, "Oh, they came on like a bunch of farmers."

"Can they play?" I insisted.

"Oh, yes," he said, "the best band we have ever had."

Observe, please, that *the more lasting impression was the platform manner*. I had to force from him an opinion of their music, while his disgust at the appearance they made was given ready expression. Not every person in the audience would analyze his impression so as to be able to say what he felt, but any one who does not have a pleasing and winning manner before an audience is greatly handicapped.

Clothes play an important part in the impression which lyceum people make.

Our audiences demand, too, that lyceum people shall be what a friend of mine calls "good-lookers." To be sure, a homely woman cannot be made over into a beautiful woman, but she can dress to advantage, and cultivate a pleasing manner.

But my observation is that men are the greatest offenders in this respect. So many of them wear clothes that have done service too many seasons! How many men come on the platform with a slouchy manner that creates anything



but a favorable impression! A man owes it to his audience to be well groomed, to look and act his best; and those men who disregard these demands of common politeness cannot complain if the well-bred people in the audience think them lacking in the manners of gentlemen.

Clothes are not the only things considered in that first minute or two during which an audience takes the speaker's measure. Does he step forward with an eagerness which shows him pleased to have this opportunity of addressing people who have paid him a compliment by coming to hear him, or does he act as though he were greatly bored by the occasion? Though it may be true that if he had his choice he would prefer a good dinner at home just then, or some other heart's desire, yet he is guilty of great folly and an inexcusable affront if he allows the audience even to suspicion that the task before him for the evening is not one of the most enjoyable treats of his life. — *Talent.*

## Who Would Be a Rover?

*Marshall Pancoast, '06*

A WILD rose and a daisy,  
A bit of crimson clover —  
Oh, that I were the wild bee,  
To roam the meadows over!

A violet and a buttercup,  
A breath of new-born May —  
With one I love communing,  
I am content to stay.

I love the modest daisy,  
I glory in the clover,  
But with my Rose beside me  
I envy then no rover.

## Service

*Cora P. Pritchard, '05*

COULD I but help some other one  
Toward perfect union with life's best,  
This sweetest service, once begun,  
Would ever make my own life blest.  
How sweet the joy to right mistakes  
Which others thoughtlessly contemn! —  
How little duties one forsakes  
Love prompts, through careful stratagem!

Let us be brave, and not despair;  
Let conscience guide our each appeal,  
That those we help may well declare,  
Such service makes our love more real.  
To see the Good, to live the True  
In little things of every day,  
Will call the Beautiful anew  
Into our work — into our play.

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### Edith Coburn Noyes

MISS NOYES, who has been absent from her place on the Faculty of our College for a year, now returns to it to take up her regular work.

Miss Noyes will resume her classes in the new school of gesture with the Seniors, one period a week; and with the Graduate class will give instruction in an interesting course of theory, one period a week, and one period a week in practical application of gesture principles in interpretation of literature, both lyric and dramatic.

The work which Miss Noyes will offer will be the advanced methods of the best French and Italian schools.

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### Editorial

THE Editor puts aside his pen for the summer with a sigh. Good-byes mean partings, and parting means divergent paths.

Three years! What a wealth of memories cluster around them! What friendships and ties they embrace! Have our ideals grown, or have others grown more near to our ideals?

Have not the three years been worth just this?

But there is more, and the more is most. The most is our own best ideal, — ourself at our highest.

Toward that Emerson, dear old Emerson, has helped us.

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### Prospective Students

THE Editor requests the graduates and friends of the College to forward the names of students who are intending entering next autumn, or who might be pleased to read the literature concerning the work. To those whose names are thus forwarded there will be sent from time to time copies of the official publications of the College, and such other information as may guide the high-school student in search of advanced work. With the approaching end of the season this list of names will doubtless receive constant additions. The attendance during the coming year will in all probability show a marked increase as the result of this effective service of the graduates and friends of our Alma Mater.

## Exchanges

*The Minnesota Magazine* always contains excellent articles, and the arrangement of the departments is particularly pleasing on account of a definite and logical order. The article on Constantinople, "The Queen of the East," offers a delightful glimpse into the Byzantine city, while "What's in a Name?" touches on the psychology of names, and the use that poets have made of them in their work. Apart from literary usance the origin of names from geographical locations and occupations has thrown light upon many records, especially as much of the "altruism of the English nation has arisen from this innate desire to keep the family name free from tarnish." The last word upon the value of a good name has been said by Shakespeare:

"Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

"The Rise of the Theatrical Syndicate" is also one of the practical articles in this magazine. Perhaps the public is beginning to realize why newspaper stars and rattle-trap material are being offered the play-lover in place of the attractions our fathers used to see.

*The Criterion*, published by the Wightman and Carlisle Literary Societies of Columbia College, contains a "Criticism of Carlyle's Essay on Burns" and "A Parallel Between the Masters of Music and Literature." The subject of the "National Fraternity in Women's Colleges" is also treated ably, and the value and success from such organizations in their contribution to college life. The editorials and magazine review in this number were most interesting.

It would be much appreciated if the exchange column of *The Mitre* would indulge in the usual criticism of some more college magazines. Our one theological number is naturally in the line of literal inspiration, and we look to it for more light.

*The Forum* enjoys historical and political subjects, and concludes in this issue "The United States in the Texas Revolution," and the Lone Star State must appreciate the honor directed to itself. "The Value of a Picture" deserves special comment.

*The Idealist*, from Kee Mar College, Hagerstown, Md., contains an interesting article on "A Few of Shakespeare's Doctors." Three have names, Doctor Caius in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Doctor Butts, in "Henry VIII.," and Cornelius, the royal physician in "Cymbeline." It is perhaps worth remembering that the most completely delineated physician in Shakespeare is morally upright, and conscientiously devout, even in the corrupt and polluted court of the tyrant of Dunsinane.

Ann Hathaway is the subject of the essay on "Wives of English Men of Letters" in the *Winthrop College Journal* for this number. Little is known of the authentic facts of her life. "The rest is silence." Whatever may have been the details of her life and the qualities of her nature, she rests secure in her immortality as the wife of William Shakespeare.



In this last number of the Magazine for the college year the Editor thanks all the magazines for the courteous interchange that makes this department both helpful and instructive. It has enabled the work and scope of college endeavor in this line of expression to enter many other schools and colleges, and has brought intimate association with the general line of work pursued by other institutions through the exchange column.

The Editor acknowledges the following: *Aurora, Winthrop College Journal, Collegian, Scio, Idealist, Normal Eyte, Kalends, Holgad, University Cynic, Forum, Mitre, Kimball Union, Minnesota Magazine.*

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### “Emerson College Chansonettes”

*To the Editor:*

I was much impressed on Friday last, as I listened to the masterly way in which Miss Chamberlin accompanied our physical exercises, with the great value of the music that has been specially arranged for them.

As I have never seen any mention of it in the Magazine, I wondered if the students, who will soon leave the College for all sections of the country, realized how much this music would add to the presentation of the exercises — if they *even knew* that it was made to exactly fit and give support to each exercise.

After all kinds of experiences with many so-called musicians, it was a revelation, inspiration, and a joy to hear the music so expressively interpreted, and I wanted to call attention to the opportunity of our students not only of taking a copy of the “Emerson College Chansonettes” with them, which they will find indispensable in their teaching, but also urge them to talk the subject over with Miss Chamberlin for suggestions about training an accompanist.

MARY L. SHERMAN, '93.

*Director of Physical Culture, Cantabrigian Club, Cambridge.*

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### The Development of College Oratory

*George R. Laird, '00.*

THE success of college orators in these days is indeed remarkable. Thirty years ago but little attention was given to oratory in American colleges. Both rhetoric and elocution were sadly neglected. At about that time representative students of several Western colleges met in Chicago and formed the Interstate Oratorical Association. The purpose of this association was to hold a series of contests between the colleges and universities of the Central West, and thus to develop college oratory.

One of the first men to win the interstate contest was Albert J. Beveridge, with an oration on “Capital and Labor.” A few years later, Governor Yates of Illinois took first honors with an oration on “The Evolution of Government.” Another winner was Governor La Follette of Wisconsin, with a bril-

liant exposition of Shakespeare's Iago. Many other men, now prominent in the various professions, gained their first fame in the contests of the Interstate Oratorical Association; and time has proved the wisdom of its founders.

Besides this association, there was formed a few years ago the Northern Oratorical League, which includes the universities of Iowa, Chicago, Wisconsin, Oberlin, Michigan, and Minnesota. This league holds annual oratorical contests between the representatives of these institutions, and maintains a high standard.

Closely allied are the numerous debating leagues which have been formed during the last decade. These leagues now exist in nearly all our Western universities, and in many of our colleges. And there is no fooling in these debates. There is genuine debate from the first tap of the gavel. The men who prove their worth in these discussions represent their universities in the great debates with other universities.

Parallel with the development of debate and oratory among college students is the growing importance of rhetoric and elocution in college curricula. There was a time when the study of our English language was neglected for the study of the ancient languages. The knowledge of these languages is, of course, essential to a liberal education, but the direct study of English is certainly of vital importance. A noted educator has well said, "The mastery of one living language is of more practical value than the knowledge of all the dead languages." The study of oral expression does not as yet receive the attention it deserves. We should not forget that much of the world's best literature was first expressed by the voice. The poems of Homer and of Virgil, the dramas of Shakespeare, the messages of the Prophets and of Christ, the folk-lore of all nations, were so expressed. No printed page can give us such an appreciation of literature as comes from vocal interpretation. Through this interpretation we feel the charm and the power of the reader's personality. Thus literature becomes a living force as it is an expression of life. Professor Burton, of Harvard, is emphasizing the value of this method of literary study in a series of lectures which he is now delivering in Chicago University. He says, "No one can fully appreciate a great poem or oration except through vocal interpretation." It is pleasing to note that, in Harvard, several teachers devote their time to class instruction in elocution and to coaching debaters and orators. Courses in debate and argumentation are offered, and no Harvard student can participate in an intercollegiate debate unless he has secured a high grade in these courses. In Yale and Princeton the requirement for debaters is but little less rigid. In nearly all Western colleges courses in oratory are elective or required. Indeed, in many of these institutions a special Department of Oratory is maintained. Such departments exist in the universities of Iowa, Chicago, Michigan, Oberlin, Northwestern, and Wisconsin. In each department from four to seven instructors are employed, and the enrolment averages two hundred and fifty students.

If we pause to consider the reasons for the development of college oratory, we find the chief cause to be the change in methods of instruction. The new method recognizes the dual nature of expression. It emphasizes the fact that speech is psychical as well as physical.

When we study oratory in the light of psychic principle we gain a more natural style of speech, and indeed the word "natural" best expresses the aim of modern oratory as distinguished from the artificial style of the old school of elocution. The mental method frees the student's individuality, and, while rigorously eliminating mannerisms, develops his personal power and thus secures that naturalness which is the distinctive quality of genius and of art.

The old elocution may occasionally have developed excellent mimicry; more frequently it resulted in parrot-like performances which, however amusing to the unthinking, could not but disgust the judicious.

Happily the days of this tribe of speakers are numbered. In their place have come cultured entertainers,—artists whose scholarly interpretations of literary masterpieces are growing in popularity. A brighter day has dawned for the lyceum platform, the theatrical stage, and the public speaker, whether at bar, in pulpit, or in Senate or House.

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## The Caricature

"A CARICATURE is a figure or description in which the peculiarities of a person or thing are so exaggerated as to appear ridiculous." This old definition still holds in the modern press; and although it is more commonly called a "cartoon," we see it every day on the front page of our newspaper.

The caricature is not a thing of the last two or three centuries, but we see it here and there in history ever since primitive man attempted to reproduce the things about him by marking with a sharp stick in the sand. It seems to most of us that the Egyptians were caricaturists when we look at their carvings, and some of us may think Queen Matilda, with her historic tapestry, "The Battle of Hastings," was the mother of the cartoon. Cartoonists, however, do not go back so far in the history of their profession, but begin with the "bill-poster" era of caricature. These were posted on walls and buildings, much as our advertisements are now, and in a great many instances they were put up at night, and with the greatest secrecy.

France was the birthplace of the caricature, but it was in Holland that it was first used as a weapon. The Dutch artists used them fiercely, and Louis the Fourteenth writhed under their pictorial shafts, and was maddened by them, as is a bull by the red mantle of the matador. Besides driving their enemy to frenzy, the cartoonists gave encouragement to their countrymen by these displays of wit, which must have been of marvellous construction to appeal to the humor of the stolid Hollanders.

The papers in England began to print pictures drawn by Gillray, and other clever caricaturists of the early part of the nineteenth century, and some writers go so far as to say that Napoleon ascribed a considerable share in his downfall to the cartoonists who fostered, by their cartoons of "The Corsican Upstart," that spirit of stubborn resistance against which, at the battle of Waterloo, Bonaparte hurled his Imperial Guard in vain.

During all this time we had had no cartoons in America. Our native mod-



esty helped us to answer the question why we had none, and it was pretty generally admitted, at least among ourselves, that we were too bright a people to need cartoons in our politics. We were, as a people, enjoying this answer to the problem, and cultivating a proper disregard for caricature and the kindred arts, when Thomas Nast, with his marvellous talent, appeared, and in the pages of *Harper's Weekly* issued a series of cartoons which wrought greater havoc against an existing evil than printed pages could ever hope to accomplish. "Boss" Tweed and his fellow ringsters struggled in vain against a laughing but indignant public. Their faces became public property, their deeds were caricatured with force and brevity, and whole pages of disgraceful history were given in the fewest words.

It is doubtful whether the power of a cartoon was ever more forcibly illustrated than when the one entitled "Let Us Prey" appeared. This familiar and significant cartoon, which represented the leaders of Tammany as vultures, with human heads, perched on the bones of Justice and Liberty, waiting for the storm of public opinion to blow over, shows the force and courage of Nast, and, by its results, the great influence a caricature may exercise. Nast fought valiantly in the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884 against the great magnetism of Blaine, who has since been spoken of as the most popular man with the people since Lincoln. Albert Bigelow Paine, in an article on Nast in *Pearson's* for November, 1904, sums up the influence of his various cartoons by saying, "A change of a few more than five hundred votes would have altered the result. That the influence of Nast alone swayed many times this number will hardly be denied. So, in a sense, it may be fairly said that in his last great campaign in the land of his adoption, the little lad of Landau 'had made a President.'"

We can see Nast's influence still in the life of one over whom his influence was admitted, and which alone would have made him great. In another part of the article above quoted are these sentences: "When Theodore Roosevelt, as president of the New York Police Board, had made his excellent showing, Nast called one morning to congratulate him on his work. Mr. Roosevelt smiled, and said, in his impulsive manner, 'Well, Nast, I ought to make a good official. I learned my politics of your cartoons.'" His death did not leave us entirely without able cartoonists, as we see from day to day the importance of their work emphasized.

The importance of the caricature is measured accurately by very few classes of people. Newspaper men and the victims of their pictorial attacks are naturally the two most interested. We can see that the newspaper realizes the value of its cartoon by first observing its position; second, the large salaries paid to secure an able artist; and third, by the fact that campaign years see cartoons in greater numbers than other years because the paper is then trying its hardest to make the public see things the way it sees them and to vote the way it advocates.

Politics, in which Nast's work lay, is not the only field for the cartoonist. We see caricatures of every class of people. We look upon cartoons of the rich and their amusements, and go away with the impression conveyed by the cartoon with us. We see caricatures of farmers, and think every countryman —

except those we know — has a little bunch of whiskers on his chin, trousers to his shoe-tops, and a wisp of straw in his mouth. When we hear of a trust we think of an octopus; of a boodler, and we can almost see his glittering hat and are dazzled by the diamonds in his shirt-front. Capitalists and Wall Street magnates wear clothes made in large checks with dollar-marks on each one, and they have massive watch-chains, thin lips, and beetling brows. Now, don't they?

The history of the caricature does not always show it as a weapon of righteousness,—for the righting of the conditions of oppressed humanity,—but its power for evil should be shown as well as for good. A sword with equal cheerfulness will serve either a robber or a patriot, although its effectiveness depends upon the skill with which it is used, and the cause which inspires its usage.

Some say they like a book without illustrations because they prefer to picture the characters themselves, but they are in the minority. People as a rule will, if they have any time at all, read the stories illustrated as the popular artists of to-day illustrate them, and will pass a superior story because there is nothing which attracts the eye at a cursory glance. This shows that in the flood of printed matter by which we are engulfed, and in the use of which a selective process is necessary, only that will be selected which attracts the eye.

Again, a picture can tell a story immeasurably better than words, no matter how deftly they may be chosen and arranged. Kingsley's description of tropical scenes and vegetation and Stevenson's word-pictures are conceded to be among the finest in the English language, but take a thousand readers and suddenly endow them with the power of the greatest painters, give them canvases and brushes and tell them to express their ideas on these word-pictures, and look at the result. There would be one thousand entirely different pictures.

There is a great section of the public which likes to have its opinions formed for it, which likes to be led; and if this can be done without any exertion on their part they are all the more satisfied, and the wise editor has those things he wants emphasized displayed in his cartoons. If an editor should run Republican cartoons and Democratic editorials a much greater number would think the paper Republican than would be mystified, or would think it Democratic.

Hundreds of people who would not read the editorials delight in the caricatures. Here we have the root of the caricature's influence, in that it appeals to more than one sense. It is a psychological fact that those things which necessitate the use of more than the reason alone make the greatest impression on us. To see a candidate's face pictured as blatant, we will unconsciously come to consider it so. The impression may be either vague or vivid, but the beholder thinks, somewhat dimly it may be, that he knows something detrimental to the man, or that he has seen him somewhere, sometime, in a compromising position.

It has been said that only those can fully appreciate the real effectiveness of a good cartoon, whether for good or for evil, who have been its victims. They alone are familiar with its corroding bitterness. For example, to the

politician who is delicately balancing between right and wrong, a scorching editorial boldly placing him on the evil side is easier to live down than the clever caricature which gives ocular demonstration of his sin. "Boss" Tweed himself said, "The printing don't make any difference; it's the pictures that hurt."

The caricature is, without a doubt, a great and powerful force with the press. If the press molds public opinion, it is its most important mold. If the newspaper is an organ expressing the will and ideas of the people, the strongest language it can use is the caricature.—*E. E. S.*, in "*The Shurtleff College Review*."

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### Y. W. C. A. Notes

At the meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association held March 3 the following officers were elected: president, Miss Josephine Goodspeed; vice-president, Miss Elfrieda von Rohr; secretary, Miss Dora Sims; treasurer, Miss Mabel Hall; chairman of Religious Meeting Committee, Miss Anna Flansburg; chairman of Missionary Committee, Miss Beatrice Lacey; chairman of Music Committee, Miss Ethel Dennison; chairman of Social Committee, Miss Edna Johnson.

March 8 the Association had a social gathering which was much enjoyed by those present.

March 24 we had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Mr. Jelliff, who spoke concerning his work as missionary in East New York. The method of the work in this field, as outlined by Mr. Jelliff, is to fit the church to the needs of the people. This is done by approaching them from all sides, as, when poverty exists, work is procured for them, and the money necessary to fit them out with clothes, etc., is provided — not by giving it outright, which robs them of their self-respect, but by means of loans, which they almost invariably are eager to return. In order to alleviate suffering, the church provides nurses, doctors, hospitals, and fresh-air homes. Ignorance is overcome by nurseries, kindergartens, and schools. The inherent love of pleasure is satisfied by providing decent and legitimate pastimes.

By these and other means the people are raised from their squalid conditions and are taught to appreciate the good and to discard the bad.

The members of the Young Women's Christian Association of Emerson College hope that more of our students will attend the meetings, and, if disposed to do so, join the ranks of these Christian workers, who aim, among other things, to develop Christian character, to cultivate a spirit of helpfulness, and to have a personal interest in all.



## Alumni Notes and College News

*"Who loved the work would like the little news"*

### E. C. O. Club of New York

THE Emersonians in New York City and vicinity have organized a local alumni club. The objects of the club are, to quote its constitution, "personal culture, social and intellectual advancement, cultivation of the altruistic spirit inculcated at the Emerson College of Oratory, assistance to the said College, and the formation of a recognized centre for the promotion of said objects."

The officers are as follows: president, Mrs. Ethel Hornick Walker; first vice-president, Miss Luella Phillips; second vice-president, Mr. W. Palmer Smith; secretary, Miss Lizette J. Gumpertz; treasurer, Miss Lottie E. Granger; corresponding secretary, Miss Bertha E. Colburn.

The club's by-laws prescribe that there shall be at least four monthly meetings during each winter; and to the Executive Committee, which consists of the officers and three other members, the club's constitution gives large powers for the purpose of adjusting the work and possible work of the club.

Although it is intended to have the future annual dinner at the beginning of each winter, in order to help stimulate interest and attendance at the monthly meetings, yet the time of the club's organization made the first dinner desirable in springtime. This dinner was held at Hotel St. Denis on Saturday evening, April 15, 1905, and was attended by forty-five members and guests, including the guests of honor, Dean and Mrs. Southwick.

Mrs. Walker, the president, made a short speech at the beginning of the informal toasts, paying a well-deserved compliment to Miss Luella Phillips and Mrs. Olive Palmer Hansen, the dinner committee, for the abundant work of several weeks done by them in order to make the club's first dinner a success. A small sample of this committee's work, supplemental to their having written very numerous letters to the Emersonians, and attending to all necessary arrangements in detail, is the appropriate Shakespearian or other classic quotation printed for each course in the menu. Likewise the remainder of the folder and all of the dinner arrangements were planned and executed artistically.

Miss Margaret H. Klein gave a few reminiscences of the older days of Alma Mater. Miss Lizette J. Gumpertz, the representative of the "baby" graduate class, gave reminiscences of her three years' attendance. Mr. W. Palmer Smith described and predicted a bright future for the club.

Mrs. Southwick being asked for a few words, gave a charming talk upon the significance of reunion movements, the strength and helpfulness which come from common interests and memories, and individual development, leading to the betterment of the race.

Dean Southwick gave a masterly impromptu address, speaking of the Emerson College of the past the recent changes, and the plans for the fu-

ture. Mrs. Southwick kindly consented to give her unapproachable "Swiss Good-Night," and responded to an encore.

May this alumni club in our big city inspire many others, until, finger-tip to finger-tip, we form a magic electrical circle encompassing the entire land.

Those who attended the banquet were, besides Dean Southwick and Mrs. Southwick, Miss Bertha Colburn, Edwin E. Cox, Mrs. Jessie Cromette, Miss Grace Burt, Mrs. G. C. Donnelly, Miss Lottie Granger, Miss Margaret Klein, Mrs. Minnie Mc C. Nally, Mrs. Ethel Hornick Walker, Miss O. E. Alexander, Miss Helen M. Wood, Miss Florence Cannif, Mrs. W. A. Dennison, Mrs. Clara Louan, Miss S. M. Barber, Helene C. Tuttle, Miss Lizette J. Gumpertz, Mrs. Olive Palmer Hansen, Sylphie W. Thompson, Mr. F. H. Cox, Mrs. F. H. Cox, Caroline M. Page, Flora G. Treadwell, Leslie Thompson, Mrs. Bessie P. Williams, Mrs. Ada D. Hemstreet, Mrs. Grace B. Purdy, Mrs. Mae Stevens Paynes, and Miss Mary Benson.

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We have a letter before us, from Jennie Ray Ormsby, which we wish we could publish in full, so finely the writer's enthusiasm, energy, and poise show up in every line. Miss Ormsby has left Fort Wayne, where she had an enrolment of one hundred and sixteen pupils (of whom thirty-two were men), for "a larger field"! She has gone to Indianapolis, and reports favorably of her prospects there. Surely such a spirit deserves success.

Mae Belle Names writes from Portland, Ore., in an interesting manner concerning her work there. She says, "It takes time to awaken people to the value of true work in a system of oratory; to teach them that it is educational and not something to be tacked on."

How good to hear that something "takes time" in these whizzing days!

Miss Names sends programs of work by her students. If the twisted phrase, By their programs ye shall know them, be true of people in our line Miss Names has no grounds for fear.

Miss Amelia F. Lucas, of Normal, Ill., sends us an attractive program of a Browning recital given by her last winter. The daintiness of the folder is such that it seems to suggest a clearness and fitness of taste in the work presented. The numbers include "Saul," "Natural Magic," "Boot and Saddle," and some of the shorter lyrics.

Miss Lucas also tells of her new system of phonics in a pleasant letter which we regret space prohibits our publishing.

A delightful letter is at hand from Miss Sara Huntsman, of Michigan Seminary, Kalamazoo, Mich. Miss Huntsman ends her letter with "Of course Emerson is going onward and upward! Here 's to her good health and continued prosperity!"

Mrs. S. B. Powers, of Stamford University, sends a notice of "The Rivals," which she has just produced there, and which the consensus of opinion places at the head of dramatic productions at Stamford to date.

Miss Elizabeth Mack, '03, writes, "The Magazine is now truly a *student* magazine, one which should mean as much to the alumni as to the home body of the school. My wish is that it might reach all our graduates, for it brings with it the real college atmosphere, revealing through its pages the actual work of the school. I am particularly grateful for the résumé of Mr. Griggs's lectures. The inspiration of such a course is inestimable. May the high standard set this year be continued always."

Thank you, Miss Mack. Thank you, all you others who have written such encouraging words, too.

Miss Mayme Miller, principal of the Owensboro School of Expression, Owensboro, Ky., gave a recital on March 3. From an Owensboro paper we clip the following:

"Miss Miller's program was varied, and full of life and color. The literary selections contained the elements of things worth while, and carried with them the impress of the reader's magnetic personality and soul power. Her rendering had in it the charm of simplicity and naturalness. She exhibited rare ability in picking up her audience and holding it throughout the entire program."

Miss Elizabeth Purser, '05, has been teaching this year at Blue Mountain, Miss. We are glad to hear of Miss Purser's success as an instructor, and of her platform work, as well, which has covered quite a bit of Southern territory.

Much credit is due Miss Agnes Hersey, the instructor of elocution at the High School, under whose direction the contestants prepared for last evening's contest. The students not only did themselves credit, but also showed the high standard of excellence that the High School seeks to reach with all under its jurisdiction. — *From the Glens Falls "Times," Glens Falls, N. Y.*

Miss Hersey is of the class of '02.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bunyan Kilpatrick announce the engagement of their daughter, Judson, to Mr. Edgar Marchant Kilby. The wedding will take place at the Kilpatrick homestead, Hixon, Ala., on June 29, 1905.

A recital was given by students of oratory, physical culture, and piano, under the direction of Miss Ruth Adams Woodwell, at the Chatham Episcopal Institute, Chatham, Va., on Friday night, April 28.

March 7, at Odd Fellows' Hall, North Cambridge, the class in physical culture and oratory of the Cantabrigia Club, of Cambridge, presented the play of "Breezy Point," a comedy in three acts, by Belle Marshall Locke, under the direction of Mrs. Mary L. Sherman, '93, for the benefit of the Radcliffe Scholarship Fund of the club. A good sum was realized.

March 16, "Guest Day" of the Cantabrigia Class was held. A very large audience was present, representing many towns and cities around Boston. The first half of the time was given to physical training exercises, the last to oratory, in the shape of recitations, monologues, and a little play, "Zerubbabel's Second Wife," by Emma E. Brewster. The class had a membership of fifty-one.



March 22, the play of "Breezy Point" was repeated in Winchester for the Fortnightly Club, and was very successful.

Mrs. Sherman has had classes in the Middlesex Club of Lowell, the Fortnightly of Winchester, the Cantabrigia of Cambridge, besides private teaching. She feels that there is a good field for the Emerson work in women's clubs throughout the country, as so much of our work, such as walking, breathing, voice exercises, besides physical culture and oratory, can be put to a practical use in them. She will be very glad to talk the matter over with any who wish to engage in this line of our work.

March 19. Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, of Boston, was the guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Johnson. A rare treat was given by them Wednesday evening to a few friends who were invited to attend a recital by Mrs. Southwick.

This gifted woman does not need an introduction to Memphis people, as her reputation is national. Her personal magnetism, grace, and delicate beauty, her broad culture and fine interpretation of lyric and dramatic literature, capture and retain the attention of her hearers.

Mrs. Southwick's monologue of the court scene of "The Merchant of Venice" would have placed her in the front ranks of histrionic celebrities, but immediately afterward her rendition of Tennyson's "Brook" and "Bugle Song," Shelley's "Skylark," Bunner's "Un Beau Ideal," and other pieces, demonstrated her remarkable versatility of talent. — *Commercial Appeal, Memphis, Tenn.*

Mrs. Southwick made an excellent speech. Her manner was easy, and she was the living expression of her subject, "Some Principles in Vocal Expression." Mrs. Southwick gave an account of the proper use of the breath and the chest while speaking. She made much of those things, and was disposed to think that many a good sermon and other public address had been spoiled by want of knowledge of the correct principles of voice use. Still, the speaker was not to be deceived by speciousness of good elocutionary efforts into thinking that they were the only or even the best methods of reaching the hearer. Mrs. Southwick called attention to the worth to the public speaker of enthusiasm for truth, saying that it was the secret of all great successes on the platform. — *Brooklyn Daily Eagle, April 18, 1905.*

Recitals given during March by Gertrude I. McQuesten:

March 7, Plymouth, N. H., Miscellaneous program; March 13, Gardner, Mass., Miscellaneous program; March 21, Brooklyn, N. Y., Miscellaneous program; March 27, South Boston, "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" March 29, Peace Dale, R. I., "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Miss McQuesten's season closed, on April 15, with a recital in Manchester, N. H.

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#### STUDY NOTES

The course in Department VII., No. 5., Outline History of Philosophy, will next year take the form of an exposition of the Idealistic Doctrine of Plato

and Kant, with an attempt, at the close of the year, to set forth the nature and tendencies of present-day Idealism. As an introduction to the study of Idealism students should read the "Phaedo" of Plato and Emerson's "Essay on Nature."

FREDERICK TOWERS.

Miss Chamberlin announces the Required Reading for Browning and Tennyson Course (Graduate):

Browning: the volume entitled "Dramatic Lyrics and Romances" (Camberwell Edition). Tennyson: *Idylls of the King*, edited by Dr. Rolfe.

Required Reading for Victorian Prose Course (Senior):

Disraeli: *Conningsby*. Carlyle: *Sartor Resartus* (Book II.). Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*. Dickens: *Dombey and Son*. Thackeray: *Vanity Fair*. Macaulay: *Essays on Clive, Hastings*. Ruskin: *Discussion of Turner in Modern Painters*; *Sesame and Lilies*. Stevenson: *The Master of Ballantræ*; *Virginibus Puerisque*. Meredith: *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. Matthew Arnold: *Essays on the Function of Criticism, Sweetness and Light*. Walter Pater: *Essay on Style*; *Two Renaissance Studies*. (Send for this to T. B. Mosher, Exchange Street, Portland, Maine. 10 cents.)

Mr. Gilbert offers an interesting course of work for the Graduate class next year, and suggests that each prospective graduate student prepare, either by dramatizing or through original composition, a one-act play for production during the graduate year at the *matinée* recitals.

## Class News of the Month

'04

On Wednesday afternoon, May 10, at 2 o'clock, in Jordan Hall, the Post-graduate class held its exercises. These began with two admirable papers, read by W. Fred Allen and Miss Alma Gitchell, entitled "Dramatic Work and Its Place in Emerson College" and "The Literary Work in Emerson College," respectively. In order came readings by Miss Marion Nichols, who gave Act 3 from "The Sin of David," and "Polly Ann's Memorial Party," given in costume by Miss Dawn Willow Nelson. All enjoyed the work of these students, who proved themselves so ably at their Senior Commencement a year ago.

Part II. consisted of the production of an old Morality-Interlude, entitled "The Marriage of Witte and Science."

The work of all taking part was most interesting, and the graduates, in their quaint characters of Reason, Wit, Will, Idleness, Shame, Study, Tediousness, etc., proved themselves amply able to support the sixteenth-century atmosphere they assumed. Especially to be mentioned are Mr. Herbert D. Bard, as Will, and Miss Hastings, as Idleness. Both of these talented actors won fresh laurels in a new way.

Altogether, '04 gave a delightful, unique, entertaining, and instructive program in a most accomplished manner.

'05

## COMMENCEMENT NEWS

The heavens smiled on Emerson this Commencement Week, and Tuesday morning, May 9, 1905, at 9.30, the revels began at the Posse Gymnasium. Miss Currier carried off the palm with her snake twist in the ladder exercises. The work of the students showed surprising results and promised much for the future of those who will be required to teach physical culture.

At 2 P.M., Tuesday, May 9, under the direction of Mrs. Hicks and Mr. Tripp, the Senior class produced "Mice and Men," at Jordan Hall. All of the large cast acquitted themselves with honor, and frequent curtain calls attested the appreciation of the audience. The cast was as follows:

Mark Embury	Archibald F. Reddie
Roger Goodlake	Guy F. Farley
Captain George Lovell	D. Floyd Fager
Sir Harry Trimblestone	George E. Whittier
Kit Barniger	Blanche Townsend
Peter	Nola Venable
Beadle	George E. Whittier
Joanna Goodlake	Vivian Cameron
Mrs. Deborah	Bertha Silva
Peggy ("Little Britain")	Jane E. Mitchell
Matron of the "Foundling"	Elizabeth E. Strang
Molly	Nellie M. Jones
Foundlings and Masqueraders	Katherine V. Hayes
	Grace Holland
	Cora P. Pritchard
	Mildred B. Rolfe
	Nellie M. Jones
	Leno E. Cooper

On Wednesday, May 10, at 9.30, the Debate and Pantomime program was rendered. The subject for discussion was: "*Resolved*, That William Shakespeare sympathized with the attitude of his age toward the Jews."

On the affirmative were the Misses Richardson, Schwartz, and Taylor; on the negative, the Misses Wills, Murray, and Moralley.

The debate was spirited, and point by point was fought with wit, will, and reason. Both sides won distinction, and so close was the question drawn that the three judges were unable to reach a unanimous verdict, two deciding in favor of the negative, the third for the affirmative.

This debate, a new feature on the Commencement program, proved so interesting a feature, exploiting so many sides of our college work, that it is hoped that following classes will adopt it when their turns at graduation shall come.

Following the debate came a fine Dutch Pantomime, entitled "Jan and Mina." Those participating were the Misses Pritchard, Moulton, Stuart, Throssell, Van Horne, White, Moralley, Reed, Sutherland, McIntyre, Spaulding, Bender, and Cole, kindly assisted by the Misses Gray and Emerson, of other classes.



To Mr. Gilbert, who trained the students, is due great praise for showing in such a clever way how a comedy can be completely enacted without the aid of words, and to Mrs. Patten, of '06, the class of 1905 extends its hearty thanks for the music she adapted so delightfully, and, with the aid of her daughters, rendered so efficiently. Indeed, music and plot and actors were harmonized into a compact creation most beautiful at times and always exquisitely funny.

Miss Stuart easily carried off the honors by her droll work as the little maid from Holland who had such a load at her heart, and Miss Van Horne supported Miss Stuart (in more ways than one) in fine style.

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Thursday morning, May 11, was Recital Day. Two dramatic scenes, fully costumed and staged, were given. The first was a scene from "Bleak House," presented by Miss Frances L. Hess, as Mr. Tulkinghorn, and Miss Luvia E. Mann, as Lady Dedlock. The work of these two is already so well known that further comment is unnecessary. Suffice it that, like those in the "David Copperfield" scene following, they made the essence of the novel live again in their interpretation of their lines.

In the scene from "David Copperfield" Mrs. Butler, as Mr. Peggotty, reached great heights of dramatic power. Indeed, it was difficult for her best friends, even, to realize that the real Peggotty was not there. The other parts were played with distinction. Mrs. Spaulding as Mrs. Gummidge, Miss Ione Latham as Ham Peggotty, and Miss McIntyre as David Copperfield made a powerful impression on the audience.

The scenes were coached by Dean Southwick, and we are not surprised, in considering this, that the great literary quality was preserved so remarkably.

The four readers were the Misses Mallery, Miller, Joslin, and Whipple. Each in her own line was inimitable: Miss Mallery in impersonation of children, Miss Miller in pure pathos, Miss Joslin in gayest comedy, and Miss Whipple in intense dramatic sweep. '05 was most fitly represented, and the public could have no better examples of what Emerson can do for her students than was evinced by the four foregoing.

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Class-day is looked forward to by every class member, and not a student of the year '05 was disappointed on Thursday afternoon. The class marched in to a popular air, two of the class children (we have four!), Florence Butler æt. 4, and MacIvor Reddie, æt. 6, bringing up the rear. The class President, Mr. Fager, opened the exercises by conducting the class song, "Oratorical Knowledge," adopted in our Junior year, and written by Mr. Reddie. The President's address followed, after which the Historian, Leno Ellen Cooper, took charge of past and present for a while. There was a decided, but enjoyable, odor of roasted student, and roasted Faculty as well, while Miss Cooper was before us, but all was good-natured, and hearty response from across the footlights showed no signs of thin skin anywhere.

The oration by Mr. Lean was dignified and poetic. Only lack of space forbids its publication in these pages.

Miss Pritchard was next called upon for the Class Poem. Miss Pritchard rendered her verses with great charm and ease, proving her adaptability and versatility with every line she spoke.

Following in order came the Prophet, Miss Maude E. Hill, who invested her subject with a naïveté all her own. Under Miss Hill's management the Prophecy became a regular Domestic Science Cookery-Book, for not only roasting came therefrom, but broiling, frying, hashing, and browning to a turn as well. However, Miss Hill, like Miss Cooper, kept her spices so carefully blended that the "Sweet Marjoram" was always more prominent than the "pepper," and her frequent curtain calls attested the love of all her class.

The exercises closed with the singing of "Nineteen Hundred Five," written by Mr. Fager.

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The Alumni Banquet was held at Young's Hotel, on Thursday evening, May 11, at 6 P.M., attended by a larger number than usual. Mr. Kidder was chairman of the occasion, and Mr. Tripp toastmaster. The readers of the evening were Mrs. Southwick, Mr. Foland, and Mr. Lean; the speakers, Mr. Southwick, Mr. Fager, and Miss Olga White.

Mr. Southwick spoke of the present condition of the College, its ideals, and of hopes he has concerning the fulfilment of them, hopes which are earnestly shared by every daughter and son of E. C. O.

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Commencement Day was another one of "God's odes to nature, written for man." Boston and the Emerson girls and boys were at their best, and everything passed off beautifully.

The speakers were President Rolfe and Professor Ward. President Rolfe also awarded the diplomas, and no student graduating from '05 will ever forget, I am sure, the honor of receiving his Alma Mater's award from the hands of this distinguished scholar who occupies our presidential chair.

After the award of diplomas the graduating class appeared, gorgeous with hats and ruffled parasols of the class colors, and the other classes being similarly prepared, the hour was given up to demonstration of general jubilation.

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Friday afternoon closed the year. The rooms of the College were crowded with leave-takers from two to five. Refreshments were served in Room 9, and Room 1 was cleared for a *matinée* dance.

Finally, after expressions of regret at parting and assurances of reunion in the autumn, each Senior folded her parasol like a Japanese mousmé, but, unlike the Oriental maiden, did not steal away silently! Not so. This is a College of Oratory. Live it Forever, dear in the heart of every alumnus, of every one who has ever been enfolded in its loving arms.

Long live our College!

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On the afternoon of Tuesday, May 9, a brilliant audience assembled in Jordan Hall to enjoy the play, "Mice and Men," which was presented by the Seniors. Those who were so favored as to be present at the performance car-

ried away something not soon to be forgotten; for as a whole the charm of the delightful play was revealed in a way that appealed to the audience very strongly and roused the enthusiasm at times to a very high pitch. With a passing suggestion in regard to more careful attention to words of but one admissible pronunciation, our criticism becomes almost entirely favorable and laudatory. The accommodations of the spacious Jordan Hall left little desired in stage-setting and aids, and the accomplishment of a very creditable piece of work was left to nought-five. In Mr. Reddie's Mark Embury the audience saw a remarkably fine piece of acting. In his portrayal of the generous and self-sacrificing guardian Mr. Reddie seemed to reach high-water mark. Much as we have come to expect of him whenever he appears on the boards, his Embury must be acknowledged as surpassingly fine. The suggestion of underlying strength and depth was well sustained, and the sympathy of the audience held throughout the later scenes. Mr. Farley offered a very strong piece of work in his Roger Goodlake, while Mr. Whittier proved himself not only an acceptable Beadle, but as Sir Harry Trimblestone was a delight, and one which would be hard to improve upon. Brilliant is the one word to describe Miss Cameron's acting as Joanna Goodlake. The repeated recalls attested the charm and success with which Miss Mitchell presented the delightful, naive, and refreshing heroine "Little Britain," in her simplicity and directness. Bertha Silva as Mrs. Deborah made an ideal housekeeper. Mr. Fager appeared as the gay and dashing young Captain Lovell, nephew of Mark Embury, who wins the day with Peggy over his uncle. Miss Townsend as Kit Barniger, Miss Venable as Peter (Embury's servant), Miss Strang as Matron of the Foundling Hospital, Miss Jones as Molly (the maid), and Miss Cooper, Miss Hayes, Miss Holland, and Miss Rolfe as Foundlings and Masqueraders left little to be desired in their respective parts. All combined, in careful attention to detail and the ensemble, to produce beyond question one of the best pieces of stage work seen for a long time in amateur circles, a production of which all concerned may justly feel proud, and long remember.

MARSHALL PANCOAST.

'05 wishes to thank Mr. Byron and his committee for their very courteous and efficacious assistance during Commencement Week, for the many kindnesses in way of programs, services of ushers (how pretty those '06 girls are!), and all which helped to make our events pass off so smoothly.

### '06

On Wednesday, April 26, at the regular annual meeting of the class of '06, the following officials were elected to serve for the ensuing year: president, Florence C. White; vice-president, Thomas C. Roquemore; secretary, Ethel C. Dennison; treasurer, Sydney Thomas.

Well, the Juniors are not as happy as they might be just now. The committees are worked to death, and they say house hunting is *nothing* compared to hall hunting. Mrs. Marmein is thinking of writing a monologue, I under-



stand, which will equal anything of Mrs. Fisk's. The subject-matter will deal with her experiences of the past week. Our president has been recuperating nervous energy this week, and class business has been very much depressed. We shall take new lease of life with his return.

What 's the matter with the Seniors? Are they too dignified to give "stunts" in chapel or too *original*?

We would like to congratulate the "little ones" on their physical work in the mornings. It is certainly inspiring.

Dear old P. G.'s! "Play"-days are over for them!!!

You are cordially invited to attend our pantomime classes. I don't believe the *Seniors* could do worse.

NINA E. GRAY.

Can't the Seniors do worse? Try them once! We *won't* be beaten, even at doing badly!

'07

The election for the ensuing year resulted in the following officers being chosen: president, J. A. Garber; vice-president, Miss Whiting; secretary, Miss Elizabeth White; treasurer, Miss True; sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Alfred Ball.

## A Personal Letter to the President of '08

BOSTON, May 12, 1905.

Dear Unknown:—

Whoever you are, wherever you are, I greet you in the name of friend.

Just think! you may be any one of the hundred and fifty odd who will comprise the class of '08. It is possible that it may be you who are reading this, you with the b—— eyes.

Well, you have a beautiful task before you, whoever you are. Nothing, to me, seems such a privilege as being able to be in a position where one can serve to strengthen and unite many. Not being a Class-President myself, you see it is my privilege to lean back and say all these things; I have a private box here in the Editor's corner, and can view things from a distance point.

We have a noble race of Class-Presidents here at Emerson, and it behooves you, I can assure you, to gird your armor on and keep your lamps trimmed and burning, or they 'll catch you napping.

Surely, though, none of our present Presidents have napped much. Mr. Bard, I am sure, does not sleep overtime, and Mr. Fager is always on hand, night or day, when he is wanted; and as for Miss Florence Chaffee White—well, if she does n't get the fattest worm no other bird will. And then there is our President from under Southern skies, Mr. Garber, commonly known as "J. A." Mr. Garber is not exactly in a comatose state, either. He's the biggest rustler for a Freshman we've ever seen—*except you, of course!*

Well, I've ambled withal, and galloped withal, but I assure you, dear fellow student, time will stand still withal until I grasp you by the hand. So hurry up and enlist, and then, when you get here next September, get your class organized at once, and then call at the Magazine desk and ask for yours truly; he will do what he can to make your stay pleasant.

Until we meet, and thenceforward,

Yours cordially,

ARCHIBALD F. REDDIE.

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## A Child's Cosmos

*Archibald F. Reddie, '05*

I WONDER why clouds in the sky  
Are always 'way, 'way up so high?  
And stars at night shine out so white  
They sometimes put me in a fright.

And then the spring's a funny thing,  
With all the flowers it does bring —  
And winter, too, when winds go whoo!  
Also puzzles me, through and through.

I guess the clouds are little shrouds  
That angels use to wrap the crowds  
Of babies in, so white and thin,  
Who'd rather die than live and sin.

And then — the stars — Venus and Mars,  
And Saturn with the funny bars —  
What can they be, unless maybe  
Each is a lamp to light a baby

On through the dark (out in the dark  
Is worse than being lost in the Park) —  
The sky's so deep — I go to sleep —  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep —











